VOLUME I PRICE TEN SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NUMBER X

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.·.A.·.

THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM



LONDON
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, 76 FULHAM ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

OCTOBER
1913 o.s.

An. IX
☉ in ♎

[*These pages are reserved for Official Pronouncements by the Chancellor of the A.·. A.·.*]

Persons wishing for information, assistance, further interpretation, etc., are requested to communicate with

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE A.·. A.·.
c/o THE EQUINOX,
33 Avenue Studios,
76 Fulham Road,
South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 2632, KENSINGTON,

or to call at that address by appointment. A representative will be there to meet them.

THE Chancellor of the A.·. A.·. wishes to warn readers of THE EQUINOX against accepting instruction in his name from an ex-Probationer, Captain J. F. C. Fuller, whose motto was "Per Ardua." This person never advanced beyond the Degree of Probationer, never sent in a record, and has presumably neither performed practices nor obtained results. He has not, and never has had, authority to give instructions in the name of the A.·. A.·.

THE Chancellor of the A.·. A.·. considers it desirable to make a brief statement of the financial position, as the time has now arrived to make an effort to spread the knowledge to the ends of the earth. The expenses of the propaganda are roughly estimated as follows—

Maintenance of Temple, and service . .	£200 p.a.
Publications	£200 p.a.
Advertising, electrical expenses, etc. . .	£200 p.a.
Maintenance of an Hermitage where poor Brethren may make retirements . .	£200 p.a.
	£800 p.a.

As in the past, the persons responsible for the movement will give the whole of their time and energy, as well as their worldly wealth, to the service of the A.·. A.·.

Unfortunately, the sums at their disposal do not at present suffice for the contemplated advance, and the Chancellor consequently appeals for assistance to those who have found in the instructions of the A.·. A.·. a sure means to the end they sought. All moneys received will be applied solely for the purpose of aiding those who have not yet entered the circle of the light.

The Chancellor wishes to express his gratitude to those who have so generously come forward with assistance. The full amount is, however, not yet guaranteed, and he hopes that those interested will make a special effort without delay.

Owing to the unnecessary strain thrown upon Neophytes by unprepared persons totally ignorant of the groundwork taking the Oath of a Probationer, the Imperator of A.·. A.·., under the seal and by the authority of V.V.V.V.V., ordains that every person wishing to become a Probationer of A.·. A.·. must first pass three months as a student of the Mysteries.

He must possess the following books:—

1. THE EQUINOX, from No. 1 to the current number.
2. "Raja Yoga," by Swami Vivekananda.
3. "The Shiva Sanhita," or "The Hathayoga Pradipika."
4. "Konx Om Pax."
5. "The Spiritual Guide," by Miguel de Molinos.
6. "777."
7. "Rituel et Dogme de la haute Magie," par Eliphaz Levi, or its translation, by A. E. Waite.
8. "The Goetia of the Lemegeton of Solomon the King."

9. "Tannhäuser," by A. Crowley.
10. "The Sword of Song," by A. Crowley.
11. "Time," by A. Crowley.
12. "Eleusis," by A. Crowley.

[These four last items are to be found in his Collected Works.]

13. "The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-melin the Mage."
14. The Tao Teh King and the Writings of Kwang Tzu (Sacred Books of the East, Vols. XXXIX, XL).

An examination in these books will be made. The Student is expected to show a thorough acquaintance with them, but not necessarily to understand them in any deeper sense. On passing the examination he may be admitted to the grade of Probationer.

With the publication of No. X of THE EQUINOX the Official Pronouncements of the A.·. A.·. will cease, according to the Rule of the Order, which prescribes Five Years of Silence alternating with Five Years of Speech. This Silence was maintained from the year O to the year IV of this era. Speech followed, from the year V to the year IX. Silence will, therefore, be maintained from the year X to the year XIV. There will, therefore, be no further open publications made by the Executive until March 1918 o.s.

I.N.R.I.

BRITISH SECTION OF THE

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

O.T.O.

M .·. M .·. M .·.

[The Premonstrator of the A .·. A .·. permits it to be known that there is not at present any necessary incompatibility between the A .·. A .·. and the O. T. O. and M .·. M .·. M .·., and allows membership of the same as a valuable preliminary training.]

[This Order in no way conflicts with, or infringes the just privileges of, the United Grand Lodge of England.]

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

MYSTERIA MYSTICA MAXIMA

PREAMBLE

DURING the last twenty-five years, constantly increasing numbers of earnest people and seekers after truth have been turning their attention to the study of the hidden laws of Nature.

The growth of interest in these matters has been simply marvellous. Numberless societies, associations, orders, groups, etc., etc., have been founded in all parts of the civilized world, all and each following some line of occult study.

While all these newly organized associations do some good in preparing the minds of thoughtful people for their eventually becoming genuine disciples of the One Truth, yet there is but ONE ancient organization of Mystics which shows to the student a Royal Road to discover the One Truth. This organization has permitted the formation of the body known as the "ANCIENT ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS." It is a modern School of Magi. Like the ancient Schools of Magi it derived its knowledge from Egypt and Chaldea. This knowledge is never revealed to

the profane, for it gives immense power for either good or evil to its possessors.

It is recorded in symbol, parable and allegory, requiring a Key for its interpretation.

The symbols of Freemasonry were originally derived from the more ancient mysteries, as all who have travelled the burning sands know. The ritual and ceremonies, signs and passwords have been preserved with great fidelity; but the Real Key has been long lost to the crowds who have been initiated, advanced and raised in Masonry.

The KEY to this knowledge can, however, be placed within the reach of all those who unselfishly desire, study and work for its possession.

The Symbols of Ancient Masonry, the Sacred Art of the Ancient Chemi (Egyptians), and Homer's Golden Chain are but different aspects of the One Great Mystery. They represent but different degrees of initiation. By the Right Use of the "Key" alone the "Master Word" can be found.

In order to afford genuine seekers after Hermetic Truth some information on the aims of the Ancient Order of Oriental Templars, we now print the preliminary instruction issued by the Fratres of this Order.

FIRST INSTRUCTION

To all whom it may concern—

Let it be known that there exists, unknown to the great crowd, a very ancient order of sages, whose object is the amelioration and spiritual elevation of mankind, by means of

conquering error, and aiding men and women in their efforts of attaining the power of recognizing the truth. This order has existed already in the most remote and prehistoric times; and it has manifested its activity secretly and openly in the world under different names and in various forms; it has caused social and political revolutions, and proved to be the rock of salvation in times of danger and misfortune. It has always upheld the banner of freedom against tyranny, in whatever shape this appeared, whether as clerical or political, or social despotism or oppression of any kind. To this secret order every wise and spiritually enlightened person belongs by right of his or her nature; because they all, even if they are personally unknown to each other, are one in their purpose and object, and they all work under the guidance of the one light of truth. Into this sacred society no one can be admitted by another, unless he has the power to enter it himself by virtue of his own interior illumination; neither can any one, after he has once entered, be expelled, unless he should expel himself by becoming unfaithful to his principles, and forget again the truths which he has learned by his own experience.

All this is known to every enlightened person; but it is known only to few that there exists also an external, visible organization of such men and women who, having themselves found the path to real self-knowledge, are willing to give to others, desirous of entering that path, the benefit of their experience and to act as spiritual guides to those who are willing to be guided. As a matter of course, those persons who are already sufficiently spiritually developed to enter into conscious communion with the great spiritual brotherhood

will be taught directly by the spirit of wisdom; but those who still need external advice and support will find this in the external organization of that society. In regard to the spiritual aspect of this secret order, one of the Brothers says—

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation when the gods spoke the divine command: 'Let there be light!' and it will continue to exist till the end of time. It is the Society of the Children of Light, who live in the light and have attained immortality therein. In our school we are instructed directly by Divine Wisdom, the Celestial Bride, whose will is free and who selects as her disciples those who are devoted to her. The mysteries which we are taught embrace everything that can possibly be known in regard to God, Nature and Man. Every sage that ever existed in the world has graduated at our school; for without wisdom no man can be wise. We all study only one book, the Book of Nature, in which the keys to all secrets are contained, and we follow the only possible method in studying it, that of experience. Our place of meeting is the Temple of the Holy Spirit pervading the universe; easily to be found by the elect, but for ever hidden from the eyes of the vulgar. Our secrets cannot be sold for money, but we give them free to every one capable to receive them."

As to the external organization of that society, it will be necessary to give a glance at its history, which has been one and the same in all. Whenever that spiritual society manifested itself on the outward plane and appeared in the world, it consisted at its beginning of a few able and enlightened people, forming a nucleus around which others were

attracted. But invariably, the more such a society grew in numbers, the more became attracted to its elements, such as were not able to understand or follow its principles; people who joined it for the purpose of gratifying their own ambition or for making the society serve their own ends obtained the majority over those that were pure. Thereupon the healthy portion of it retired from the field and continued their benevolent work in secrecy, while the remaining portion became diseased and disrupted, and sooner or later died disgraced and profaned. For the Spirit had departed from them.

For this reason the external organization of which we speak has resolved not to reveal its name or place to the vulgar. Furthermore, for the same reason, the names of the teachers and members of this society shall remain unknown, except to such as are intimately associated with them in their common work. If it is said that in this way the society will gain only few members, it may be answered that our society has a spiritual head, and that those who are worthy of being admitted will be guided to it by means of their intuition; while those who have no intuition are not ripe for it and not needed. It is better to have only a comparatively small number of capable members than a great many useless ones.

From the above it will be clear that the first and most necessary acquirement of the new disciple is that he will keep silent in regard to all that concerns the society to which he is admitted. Not that there is anything in that society which needs to be afraid of being known to the virtuous and good; but it is not necessary that things which are elevated and

sacred should be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar, and be bespattered by them with mud. This would only impede the society in its work.

Another necessary requirement is mutual confidence between the teacher and the disciple; because a disciple who has no faith in his master cannot be taught or guided by him. There may be things which will appear strange, and for which no reasons can be given to the beginner; but when the disciple has attained a certain state of development all will be clear to him or her. The confidence which is required will also be of little service if it is only of a short duration. The way of the development of the soul, which leads to the awakening of the inner senses, is slow, and without patience and fortitude nothing will be accomplished.

From all this it follows as a matter of course that the next requisite is obedience. The purpose of the disciple is to obtain the mastery over his own lower self, and for this reason he must not submit himself to the will of his lower nature, but follow the will of that higher nature, which he does not yet know, but which he desires to find. In obeying the will of the master, instead of following the one which he believes to be his own, but which is in reality only that of his lower nature, he obeys the will of his own higher nature with which his master is associated for the purpose of aiding the disciple in attaining the conquest over himself. The conquest of the higher self over the lower self means the victory of the divine consciousness in man over that which in him is earthly and animal. Its object is a realization of true manhood and womanhood, and the attainment of conscious immortality in the realization of the highest state of existence in perfection.

ORDER OF ORIENTAL TEMPLARS

These few preliminary remarks may be sufficient for those who desire information concerning our order; to those who feel themselves capable to apply for admission, further instructions will be given.

Address all communications to The Grand Secretary General, M.·.M.·.M.·., c/o THE EQUINOX, 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

THE FOLLOWING

DISCOURSE

(*Translated from the original French*)

Was lately pronounced at Brunswick (Lower Saxony) where PRINCE . . . . . is GRAND MASTER of M., by COUNT T., at the Initiation of his Son.

"I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable, society in the universe. To you the mysteries of M. are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

"These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our

expectations be deceived. You are the son of a M. who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

"You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are opened to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glowing colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of Time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manlius to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

"This moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of M., my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in M. The wisest of princes, SOLOMON, planned our institution by raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

"Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful M. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the

world, by your new allegiance, you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice.

"View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life.

"Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions: and ere long you will have occasion to say: 'In becoming a M., I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize.'

"If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy M."

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

WE deeply regret to have to record that the Most Illustrious Brother John Yarker, 33°, 90°, 97°, Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland, Honorary Member of the Sovereign Sanctuaries in and for the German Empire, France, Spain, America, Cuba, etc., died on March 20, 1913, E.V. at Manchester. *Requiescat in Pace!*

We are obliged to the *Universal Freemason* for the following Memorial Article:

In the death of Brother John Yarker, of Didsbury, Manchester, England, whom the Great Architect of the Universe called from labour in March last, Masonry has lost her greatest living authority on high grades, of all of which Brother Yarker was a Past Master, an ardent devotee, and on which he was a voluminous writer. We had the honour of Brother Yarker's acquaintance nearly three decades ago, he having been a contributor to the *Scottish Freemason* when we edited that journal. The following leading events in Brother Yarker's Masonic career we quote from the *Co-Mason*, of London, England:

It was in Manchester that Brother Yarker entered on his Masonic career and took up those studies which were to make him famous throughout the world in his after-life. He was initiated at the age of 21 in the Lodge of Integrity, No. 189, Manchester, on the 25th day of October, 1854, and after an interval of three months was duly Passed and Raised. The year after saw him occupying the Senior Warden's Chair of the Lodge of Fidelity, No. 623†, and in 1857 he was elected Master of this Lodge. He still retained his membership of his Mother Lodge and served as Secretary in 1856; other offices were offered, but he resigned in 1862. He entered Mark Masonry at Mottram in 1855, and took also the Ark and Link degrees, and became the first Worshipful Master of the Fidelity Lodge of Mark Masters, No. 31.

In 1856 he was exalted to the degree of a Royal Arch Mason in the Industry Chapter, No. 466‡, and became P.Z. of the Chapter of Fidelity in 1858, and occupied the same office in the Industry Chapter for two years: 1861, 1862.

When he was 23 years of age he was installed a Knight Templar in the Jerusalem Conclave on the 11th of July, 1856.

In 1861 he was elected Commander of the Love and Friendship Preceptory, Stockport, and in 1863, succeeding Brother William Romaine Callendar, M.P., D.L., he became the Commander of the Jerusalem Conclave. Further honours fell to his share, and he was elected Grand Vice-Chancellor of the Province under Brother William Courtenay Cruttenden, P.G.C., and in 1864 was appointed Grand Constable of England. In the same year he was called abroad on commercial business and travelled extensively in America, the West Indies and Cuba. Before he left England he revived the old York degrees of Heredom-Kadosh, formerly worked under the Duke of Sussex, being helped in this important work by old members who had been admitted in 1823 and 1833. In 1869 he was admitted into L'Ordre du Temple, the continuation of the Knights Templars in Paris. This body claims an uninterrupted succession of Grand Masters from the time of Jacques de Molay, who, it is said, invested as Grand Master Marc Larmenius in 1307, when the Order was first impugned, before he himself perished at the stake. Later, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, and several scions of the French Royal Family, were Grand Masters.

It was a time of much activity, a Masonic Renaissance, in which the Very Illustrious Brother John Yarker played an important rôle, and many other old Rites were rescued from the oblivion into which they had fallen—such were the Rite of Mizraim, the degree of Ark Mariners, the Red Cross of Constantine, Babylon, Palestine, Philippi, etc., and, the most notable of all, the Ancient and Primitive Rite which was established by him in Manchester in 1871.

Very properly, therefore, we find that in 1870 the Royal Grand Council of Ancient Rites appointed him Royal Grand Superintendent of Lancashire of these and other old Orders. For his Masonic scholarship and literary work, he was elected a member of the Masonic Archæological Institute at its establishment in 1862. The same year he was created a Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of the Palatine Chapter of the A. and A. Rite by Brother Cruttenden, M.W., but as their claims conflicted with the old Templar grades he ceased attending. It would be impossible to enumerate all the offices he held and all the honours that were bestowed upon him; here, however, is a short list of the more important:

Royal Grand Commander of the Rose Croix and Kadosh, 1868 to 1874.

Scottish Rite of 33° (and received certificate dating from 1811), January 27th, 1871.

Admitted 33° of Cerneau Rite and honorary member in New York, August 21st, 1871.

Installed Grand Master 96° of Ancient and Primitive Rite at Freemasons' Hall, London, October 8th, 1872.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

Absolute Sovereign Grand Master, Rite of Mizraim, 90°, from 1871 down to the present time.

Received over twelve patents of 33° of the Supreme Council in various parts of the world.

Past Senior Grand Warden of Greece by patent, July 1st, 1874.

Hon. Member of Lodge *227*, Dublin, 1872, and of various foreign bodies, 1881–3. Among these he received the "Crown of Kether," admitting to the 5° of the Grand Lamaistique Order of Light.

In 1882–3 he acted as General Guiseppe Garibaldi's Grand Chancellor of the Confederated Rites, which he arranged throughout the world.

Hon. Grand Master of the Sovereign Grand Council of Iberico, October 5th, 1889.

Rite of Swedenborg: In 1876 he was appointed Supreme Grand Master for the United Kingdom under the Charter of T. G. Harrington, P.G. Master of Craft Grand Lodge of Canada; Colonel W. Bury M'Leod Moore, Grand Master of Templars, 33°; and Geo. C. Longley, 33°.

Elected Imperial Grand Hierophant, 97°, in Ancient and Primitive Rite, November 11th, 1902.

Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Germany, 1902–6.

Hon. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Cuba (by patent), January 5th, 1907.

Hon. Grand Master and vitam of the United Sup. Grand Council of Italy at Firenze, and of the Society Alchemica, etc. etc., 1910–12.

He also was interested in many of the concordant orders, and held office in several. He was appointed President of Sat Bhai of Prag, and was co-sponsor from 1871 to 1912.

Head of the Rite of Ishmael in England in succession to Dr. Mackenzie and Major F. G. Irwin.

Chief of the Red Branch of Eri in succession to Major F. G. Irwin.

High Priest of the 7th degree of Knight Templar Priests, Manchester, revived from 1868 to 1875.

In addition, he received many civil decorations from foreign countries as a testimony of appreciation for his notable work. It would fill pages to give a detailed list, but these are a few of those best known in this country:

Constantinian Order of St. George, granted 1874 by H.H. Demetrius Rhodacanakis, Hereditary Grand Master and Prince of Rhodes, descendant of the Emperors Constantine and the Paleologi, actual heir of the Byzantine Empire.

Star of Merit of H.H. Sir Sourindro Mohun Tajore, Rajah of Calcutta, granted April 30th, 1886. (The Melusinia of Honour, Princedom of Lusignians tendered at the same time.)

Honorary Fellow of The Society of Science, Letters, and Arts, 1882. Served five years on the Council. Gold medal granted 1887 (Sir Henry Valentine Gould, Baronet, President).

Docteur en Science Hermetiques. Conferred October 10th, 1899, by the Free University of Paris.

Nischal al Iftikhar, or Order of Glory. Founded in one Class by Sultan Mahmoud II in 1831. Granted by Sultan Abdul Hamid, June 13th, 1905.

Honorary Fellow of the Theosophical Society 1879—presented with a complimentary Jewel of the Society.

Early in his career V.·.∴ Illust.·.∴ Br.·.∴ John Yarker turned his attention to literature. He was a prolific writer on many subjects other than Masonic. In 1869 he compiled "Notes on the Temple and Hospital, and the Jerusalem Encampment, Manchester"—the Provincial Grand Conclave appreciated this work and complimented the author. Two years later saw an interesting work from his pen, *Notes on the Scientific and Religious Mysteries of Antiquity; the Gnosis and Secret Schools of the Middle Ages, Modern Rosicrucianism; and the various Rites and Degrees of Free and Accepted Masonry*, a book which has been exceedingly well reviewed. A little later, but about the same date, the "Egyptian Ritual of the Book of Dead," another paper on the Old Rosicrucian Doctrines and one on Astrology, made their appearance. All this time articles were being written for the Masonic perodicals, and from 1855 up to the present time the best journals considered it an honour to publish his writings. These therefore can be found in the *Freemason's Magazine*, *Freemason*, *Freemason's Chronicle*, *Kneph* (which he edited from 1885), the Transactions of Quatuor Coronati Research Lodge, and latterly in this magazine. Being much interested in Heraldry and Genealogical studies, he compiled in 1881 a book on the pedigree of the House of Yarker, containing much interesting information in regard to the origin, name and allied families in York, Westmorland and Lancashire.

In 1909 the *Arcane Schools*, an epoch-making book, was produced. It is the flower of his devotion to the Craft, and the crown of all his labours, so in accord with his family motto, "the end crowns the work!" The data for this book took years to collect, and the result is monumental—an immense array of facts, systematically arranged, which form a valuable reference book. In it he traces the sources of the teaching of the philosophy and rites of the Craft, right back into the night of time—before the Aryan civilization. The mystery tradition was the sole survivor in the West, and in the Operative Guilds a genuine mystery tradition was preserved and handed down to modern times. This splendid book carries conviction in every line, and all brethren who take a serious interest in Masonry should study it.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

[*This Manifesto following has been issued by order of the new M.I. Sovereign Grand Master General for G. B. and I.*]

To all Sovereign Sanctuaries, Supreme Councils and Masonic Bodies in friendship with the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland.

WE, Grand Secretary General of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland, hereby give due Notice to all Sovereign Sanctuaries, Supreme Councils and Masonic Bodies in friendship with the Sovereign Sanctuary in and for Great Britain and Ireland, and to all Members of the said Rite, that the lamented Most Illustrious Bro. John Yarker, 33°, 90°, 97°, Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite, departed this earthly life and was called to the Grand East on March 20th, 1913, E.V., and that a Convocation of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the said Rite on June 30th, 1913, E.V. held in London, unanimously elected the Very Illustrious Bro. Henry Meyer, 33°, 90°, 96°, henceforth to be Sovereign Grand Master General in and for Great Britain and Ireland.

With fraternal greetings,

Yours in the Bonds of the Order,
Leon Engers-Kennedy, 33°, 90°, 95°,
Grand Secretary General.

Follows a copy of the Minutes of the Special Convocation of the Supreme Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry held at 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, London, S.W., on Monday, June 30, 1913, at five o'clock of the afternoon.

The brethren present having proved their right to sit, speak and vote, Brother Quilliam called the Convocation to order, and called upon Brother Crowley to read the summons, a copy of which is here appended. This was done.

Brother Crowley remarked that no written protest against the present Convocation had been received from any Prince Patriarch, and that it might therefore be taken that no question could hereafter be raised as to the legality of the Convocation.

Brother Crowley proposed, and Bro. Theodor Reuss seconded, that Bro. Henry Meyer take the chair. This was unanimously agreed to.

Brother Meyer having done so, Brother Quilliam moved that a letter of condolence should be sent to the widow of the late Sovereign Grand Master General. This was agreed to.

Brother Meyer then called upon Brother Crowley to read his report of the proceedings at Manchester. Brother Crowley complied.

The report of the proceedings at Manchester was approved and adopted and ordered to be recorded in the Minutes of the Convocation. Follows a copy of aforesaid report.

The election of the Sovereign Grand Master General was then duly held.

RECORD OF THE ELECTION OF THE SOVEREIGN GRAND MASTER GENERAL

THE Members of the Sovereign Sanctuary having produced their certificates and all other documents requisite for the purpose of establishing their right to be present and vote in this Convocation of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators, and the same having been examined and found to be legal and

in due order, Bro. W. Henry Quilliam, 33°, 90°, 96°, called the Convocation to order, and called upon Brother Crowley, 33°, 90°, 95°, to read the summons calling this Convocation. This was duly done, and a copy of such summons so there read is set out in extenso in the minutes hereinafter written.

On the motion of Bro. W. Henry Quilliam, seconded by Bro. Aleister Crowley, 33°, 90°, 95°, the Very Illustrious Prince Patriarch Grand Conservator, 33°, 90°, 95°, Bro. Henry Meyer, of 25 Longton Grove, Sydenham, S.E., County of Kent, was unanimously elected Sovereign Grand Master General of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Masonry in and for Great Britain and Ireland. The Most Illustrious Sovereign Grand Master General then took the chair and, after returning thanks for the election, closed this Special Convocation. Done in our Sanctuary in the Valley of London, this thirtieth day of June, Nineteen hundred and thirteen, E.V.

Signed{
HENRY MEYER, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Sovereign Grand Master General.
SAINT EDWARD ALEISTER CROWLEY, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Patriarch Grand Administrator General.
WM. HY. QUILLIAM, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Patriarch Grand Keeper General of the Golden Book.
LEON ENGERS-KENNEDY, 33°, 90°, 95°,
Patriarch Grand Secretary General.
THEODOR REUSS, 33°, 90°, 96°,
Sovereign Grand Master General ad Vitam for the German Empire and Grand Inspector General.
}

The Most Illustrious Sovereign Grand Master General then opened the Convocation as a Supreme Grand Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of 33° and last degree of the Antient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and he was duly elected Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander.

He then opened the meeting as an Absolute Grand Sovereign of the 90° and last degree of the Oriental Rite of Mizraim, and was duly elected as its Patriarch.

The Sovereign Grand Master returned thanks in an eloquent speech for his election, and conferred the degree of Prince Patriarch Grand Conservator of the Rite on Bros. Robert Ahmed Quilliam, 32°–94°, Leon Engers-Kennedy, 30°–90°, and Bro. F. B. Gibson, 32°–94°.

He further made the following appointments:

Brother Crowley—Patriarch Grand Administrator General.

Brother Quilliam—Patriarch Grand Keeper General of the Golden Book.

Bro. Frederick B. Gibson—Patriarch Grand Master General of Ceremonies.

Brother Kennedy—Patriarch Grand Secretary General.

He also expressed his wish to confirm Brother Higham in his appointment as Grand Chancellor General, which he has so long and so illustriously filled.

The Sovereign Grand Master General appointed 33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, London, S.W., as the head-quarters of the Rite.

The Convocation was then closed in Antient and Primitive form.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN YARKER

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT MANCHESTER, WITH A NOTE ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED UP TO THEM

ALTHOUGH the Sovereign Grand Master General departed this life on March 20, 1913, no official notice of the fact was sent out by the senior active officer, the Grand Chancellor General; but a few days after he had received the summons issued in default of such action by the Acting Sovereign Grand Master General, he sent another summons couched in similar terms, calling a special Convocation at Manchester for 4 p.m., June 28, 1913. This was illegal for two reasons: First, because Article XI of the Constitution provides that twenty days' notice must be given; secondly, because by Article II the Grand Administrator General or his substitute had not fulfilled the conditions there imposed upon him, and because notices were not issued to all the Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the Rite. Brother Crowley, however, attended in order to protest against the illegalities. He further found a person claiming admission whose status he knew to be doubtful.

The proceedings therefore began and ended with the following speech:

Very Illustrious Prince Patriarch Grand Conservators of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Antient and Primitive Rite,

Although I rise to protest against the illegality of the present Convocation, it is not in order to quibble over the letter of our Constitution that I have left my peaceful encampment in the Valley of Paris.

When I see illegality, I ask myself, What has prompted it?

and in this case, the Chancellery fortunately reposing in the trained legal hands of Very Illustrious Brother Higham, it is certain that no inadvertence has been committed.

I pass over therefore the breach of Article II and Article XI, which render this Convocation powerless to proceed to the business for which it purports to have been summoned, and I ask at whose instigation these illegalities have been committed?

There is not one of you who is ignorant of the answer. The age and infirmity of our lamented Grand Hierophant allowed him to yield to improper persuasion, to be deceived by an intrigue no wilier than those he had so often defeated in his prime, and to relax the strict rules of our Constitution.

Even to this exalted Sanctuary there has been admitted, in flagrant violation of Article VI of our Constitution, a man who is not and never was a member of a lodge in good standing working under a Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. The Sanctuary must be purged.

But it is not for this that I have left my very pleasant encampment in the Valley of Paris. Were the man of whom I speak a man free and of good report, I should perhaps have held my peace. I am not here to stickle even for the fundamentals of our Rite. But he is not even a free man, but the hired tool of a woman. Do you wonder if I protest that a woman—and women are excluded even from symbolic Masonry—should seek the usurpation of our Sovereignty? And yet this alone would not have induced me to exchange the amenities of my encampment in the Valley of Paris for the sterner and gloomier grandeurs of the Valley of Manchester.

Who is the woman of whom I speak? What are her antecedents? Is it a Blavatsky or a Joan of Arc that seeks to

don the armour of a Knight? If it were so, perhaps it might be hard to say her nay. But it is none of these. This woman—pollution to that pure word!—comes to us from the nauseous fraud by which she made herself the real if not the nominal mistress of the T.S., the fraud which did not shrink from profaning the death-bed of that master-fool of the movement, who was at least unquestionably honest.

Is it then to defeat her intrigues that I am come to this Valley of Manchester from my peaceful encampment in the Valley of Paris? No, a thousand times No! Let our Rite, the heir of all secular glory, be soiled and degraded by this creature as she will; I for one will not lower visor or lay lance in rest.

What is it then that has brought me hot-foot to this illegal Convocation? What but that last infamy which has roused even the holy calm of our Most Illustrious Sovereign G.M. General in Austria to hurl the lightnings of his excommunication against its perpetrators?

Very Illustrious P.P., I am no prude. But I am a stickler for the value of words: and I deem that the French slang "Petit Jésus" is being taken too seriously when a senile sex-maniac like Leadbeater proclaims his catamites as Coming Christs.

It is this, Very Illustrious P.P. Grand Conservators of our sublime Rite, which brings me here to-day. This is the hand which moves the wooden-headed pawn Wedgwood, hardly a man, certainly no Mason, and of what freedom and good report his present intrigue is the best evidence.

This is why our Masonic Polonius has been interred hugger-mugger!

This is the secret object of the attempt to hold the election

of S.G.M.G. without due notice, to drag our holy Rite into the mire, to chain it to the chariot wheels of a Krishnamurti, to make us pandars to the antique and impotent uncleanness of a senile sodomite.

Shall we allow the Antient and P. Rite to be dragged at the heels of this filthy and ridiculous movement? Shall we be beslavered by these blasphemous bestialities; we, the Conservators of a Rite hallowed alike by its own nature and by the glory with which antiquity surrounds it; we, generation after generation of whose ancestors, even beyond the ages of history, have handed it down to us, spotless and radiant, veiled only ever and evermore by the blinding light of its own glories, unsullied by even the shadow of disgrace?

No, Very Illustrious Prince Patriarchs, if it is to be done at all, let it be done properly. Let us elect Lord Alfred Douglas S.G.M.G., and replace the name of the Grand Architect of the Universe by that of Oscar Wilde!

That would at least be honest, if not clean. I have no concern with the morals of Mr. Wedgwood or Mr. Leadbeater: it is one of the many favours which my daily thanksgiving recites before the Father of us all that I have no concern with them; but that the latter should impose his boy-mistress, imbecile from abuse, upon us for the Incarnation of the Logos—that is a thing for which I find no name.

V.I.P.P.s, I have unveiled Medusa, and she has no glance to make me quail. Let us but set our heels once firmly upon the worm, let us rid ourselves once and for ever of the pestilence!

All those who will not do so stand self-confessed advocates and partisans of this blasphemous elaboration of sodomy.

xxx

I invite not merely every Very Illustrious P.P., but every decent man, to sustain my protest by following me from this illegally and treacherously convoked assembly.

The Convocation was then adjourned *sine die* by unanimous consent.

To this speech we attach an account of the legal proceedings on which it is based:

IN THE COURT OF THE DISTRICT JUDGE OF CHINGLEPUT

O. S. No. 47 *of* 1912

J. NARAYANIAH—*Plaintiff*
Versus
MRS. ANNIE BESANT—*Defendant*

The Written Statement of the Plaintiff

1. J. Narayaniah, the plaintiff above, is a Government Pensioner living at 118 Big Street, Triplicane, Madras.

His address or service of all notices and processes, through his Vakil at Madras, care of Mr. P. N. Anantana Chariar, B.A., B.L., High Court Vakil, Chingleput.

2. Mrs. Annie Besant is the President of the Theosophical Society and has her permanent place of residence at Adyar, near Madras, at the Head-quarters of the said Society.

3. The plaintiff, who had been a member of the Theosophical Society prior to his retirement, was, at the beginning of 1909, invited by the defendant to take up his residence

at Adyar and do the work of Assistant Correspondence Secretary of the Esoteric Section. The plaintiff had at the time very great respect and veneration for the defendant, whom he regarded as his spiritual preceptress and whom he credited with more than human attributes, and he agreed to serve her as the Assistant Correspondence Secretary without receiving from her any remuneration whatever. The plaintiff accordingly took up his abode at Adyar along with his second and third sons, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda, who are respectively aged 17 and 14. The boys were receiving their education in the Penathoor Subramanyam High School at Mylapore, Madras. But as Mr. R. B. Clarke and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater of the Theosophical Society undertook their education, and as the boys were not making much progress in their studies, the plaintiff stopped them from school and put them under their charge at Adyar. In or about December 1909 the defendant, who is frequently on tour in connection with her theosophical work, returned to India and promised to help undertake the future education of the boys. Accordingly the plaintiff stopped the boys from school altogether and kept them with himself at Adyar.

4. About the beginning of 1910 the defendant requested the plaintiff to give a letter constituting her the guardian of the boys; and after some persuasion both on the part of the defendant and Sir S. Subramania Iyer, for whom the plaintiff had great respect, the plaintiff gave such letter, especially as the defendant had assured the plaintiff that the only reason for asking the letter was that after the plaintiff's lifetime his relations might give trouble to the

defendant but for such a letter. The boys, however, continued to live with the plaintiff.

5. In or about the latter part of March 1910 the plaintiff discovered that his son J. Krishnamurti was being led into improper habits by C. W. Leadbeater, who held a very high position in the Theosophical Society; and on one occasion the plaintiff himself saw Leadbeater committing an unnatural offence with the first minor. A few days after, the plaintiff strongly remonstrated with Mr. Leadbeater, and made preparations for leaving Adyar with his sons, but on the persuasion of Sir Subramania Iyer, the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, to stay on until the return of the defendant, who was then on tour, and in deference to the request of the defendant by wire, the plaintiff did not carry out his intentions. On her return, the plaintiff complained to the defendant about the conduct of Leadbeater, and she promised to keep the boys away from him, and immediately ordered the shifting of their bathrooms and residential rooms from the down-floor to the first-floor; and later on, when C. W. Leadbeater shifted his own room upstairs, the defendant arranged to take away the boys to Benares, and assured the plaintiff that they would have nothing to do with Leadbeater. In spite of this, they were again being allowed to associate with the said Leadbeater, and it was about this time that he heard from other Theosophist friends that one Luxman, a personal attendant, had seen C. W. Leadbeater and J. Krishnamurti in the defendant's room engaged in committing an unnatural offence.

On a further remonstrance by the plaintiff, the defendant promised to take the boys away to England, and accordingly

she left India for England about the end of March 1911 and returned to India only in the beginning of October 1911, during which time, so far as the plaintiff was aware, the boys were kept away from associating with the said Mr. Leadbeater.

6. In or about November 1911 the defendant told the plaintiff that the boys were making rapid spiritual progress and were approaching initiation by the Masters (a set of superhuman gurus living on the eastern slopes of the Himalayas) believed in by the Theosophists. She therefore proposed to keep the boys with Mr. Leadbeater at Ootacamund preparatory to their initiation. On the plaintiff's objection the boys were not sent to Ootacamund. The plaintiff met the defendant in Benares in December 1911 and insisted on an absolute separation of the boys from Mr. Leadbeater. But for the first time, to the plaintiff's great surprise, the defendant refused to adopt any such course, and alleged that the boys and Leadbeater had lived together for several lives past, and that Leadbeater was an Arhat or Saint, "who is on the verge of divinity." The plaintiff stated that he could not accept any such position, and that unless the separation took place he would take action in the matter.

7. The plaintiff returned from Benares to Adyar, and there, on or about January 19, 1912, the defendant, in presence of certain members of the Theosophical Society, sent for the plaintiff and asked him what he wanted to be done in respect of the boys. The plaintiff only demanded that there should be absolute separation from the said Leadbeater. She agreed to this, and asked the plaintiff whether he had any objection to the boys being taken to England. The plaintiff assented, as the defendant had alleged that she would be returning to

India in April or May. In spite of her undertaking to keep the boys separated from Leadbeater, the plaintiff has reason to believe that after reaching England she took the boys to Leadbeater in Italy and stayed with him for some weeks, thus breaking her promises. The plaintiff submits that, having regard to the filthy and unnatural habits, character and antecedents of the said Leadbeater, it is extremely undesirable that the boys should be allowed to associate with him, or that he should be allowed to have access to them.

8. The defendant started for England about February 1912, but before she started she endeavoured to obtain evidence that Leadbeater was not guilty of the act complained of, and had a statement from her attendant, Luxman, recorded to that effect, and sent a copy of the same to the plaintiff. The plaintiff, on perusing this, wrote two letters to the defendant on the 7th and 15th February 1912, pointing out that even according to the statement aforesaid it was clear that Mr. Leadbeater was seen half dressed in her room with Krishnamurti. Before these letters reached the defendant she wrote a letter to the plaintiff on February 7, 1912, from on board steamer, in which for the first time she set up that plaintiff has been ill-treating and starving his children. The plaintiff submits that this is an impudent and malicious lie trumped up by the defendant in view to further legal proceedings, as would be seen from the fact that the plaintiff was all along one of the *trusted* members of the Theosophical Society and the Assistant Correspondence Secretary of the Esoteric Section thereof, and was paying for the mess of the boys wherever they were until November 1911. The defendant in that letter also threatened that she would keep the boys in

England until they attained their majority. The defendant also wanted the plaintiff to remove from Adyar, which he has accordingly done. The defendant has now returned to India, and has purposely refrained from bringing the boys with her to India in order to hamper the plaintiff in his efforts to recover the boys.

9. The plaintiff states that all along the defendant has been aware of the practices of Leadbeater, and that after she reached England she took the boys again to Mr. Leadbeater in Italy. The plaintiff submits that the conduct of the defendant as aforesaid renders her totally unfit to be in charge of the boys. The plaintiff further submits that the defendant has been stating that the first boy, who is named Alcyone, is, or is going to be, the Lord Christ, and sometimes that he is Lord Maitreya, and she has induced a number of persons to believe in this theory, with the result that the boy is deified, and that a number of respectable persons prostrate before him and show other signs of worship. It is also given out that the elder boy wrote a book called *At the Feet of the Master*, which the plaintiff has reasons to believe to be a compilation made by Leadbeater. In any case, the boy who is not able to write a decent English letter is absolutely incapable of producing such a work. The plaintiff submits that this course of conduct is calculated to warp the moral nature of the boys and to make them moral degenerates. The defendant, beyond putting forward divine claims on behalf of the boys, has not been taking proper care of their education. The first boy has not picked up the rudiments of the English language in spite of three years of alleged tuition by English tutors. The plaintiff submits that he,

as the father of the boys, is entitled to act as their guardian and is entitled to their custody, and further submits that the letter referred to in paragraph 4 cannot have the effect of depriving him of the same; even assuming that it could, under the circumstances above detailed the defendant has proved herself totally unfit to be in charge of the boys, and the boys ought to be removed from her charge. When the said letter was given, the plaintiff believed the defendant to be superhuman and was completely under her influence and control, and he took her to be his preceptress who should be obeyed implicitly and make any sacrifice demanded, and the contract, if any, made under such circumstances, is voidable on the ground of undue influence. In any case, if the defendant is unfit to be entrusted with the guardianship of the minors, the plaintiff's natural right as the guardian will again arise, inasmuch as the letter, if valid in law, was only a surrender of the rights in favour of the defendant alone. The plaintiff's delay in taking action against the defendant has been due only to the faith which until recently he shared with many other persons that the defendant was semi-divine, and that the plaintiff was exceptionally fortunate in getting the defendant to take charge of the boys. The plaintiff was also led to believe that the boy Krishnamurti was also possessed of divine attributes, and the plaintiff had to change his belief only on discovery of the circumstances connected with Leadbeater's connection with the boys and on the confession of the boy himself that the book *At the Feet of the Master* was not written by Krishnamurti, and on the discovery of the present imperfect state of their education. These circumstances came to light only during the latter part

of 1912, and it was only on receipt of the letter dated February 7, 1912, that the plaintiff realized fully how malicious and mendacious the defendant was and how totally unfit she was to be the guardian of the boys.

10. The plaintiff submits that as the guardian of the boys he is entitled to their custody, and even otherwise, in the interest of the boys and their moral welfare, the defendant ought to be compelled to give them up to the plaintiff or to such other person as the Court may think fit. The plaintiff sent a notice on the 11th July demanding that the boys should be brought back to India and replaced under the guardianship and custody of the plaintiff. The plaintiff submits that he had no authority and could not have delegated his parental rights to the defendant. Even assuming, however, that he could do so he was at liberty to revoke it at any time, especially with a view to promote the moral welfare of the boys, and that after the receipt of the said letter the defendant had no authority to keep the boys with herself. In answer to the plaintiff's notice the defendant merely acknowledged its receipt and did nothing more, and the plaintiff believes that she has left the boys in England.

11. The cause of the action arose partly at Adyar in the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, when the plaintiff discovered the various matters referred to above in relation to the bringing up of the boys, and lastly on or about July 11, 1912, when the plaintiff sent a registered notice demanding delivery of the minors.

12. The value of the relief for the purposes of jurisdiction is Rs. 3000.

13. The plaintiff prays for judgment:

(*a*) Declaring that the plaintiff is entitled to the guardianship and custody of his minor boys, J. Krishnamurti and J. Nityananda.

(*b*) Declaring, if necessary, that the defendant is not entitled to, or in any case fit to be in charge and guardianship of, the said boys.

(*c*) Directing the defendant to hand over the boys to the plaintiff or to such other person as this honourable Court may seem meet.

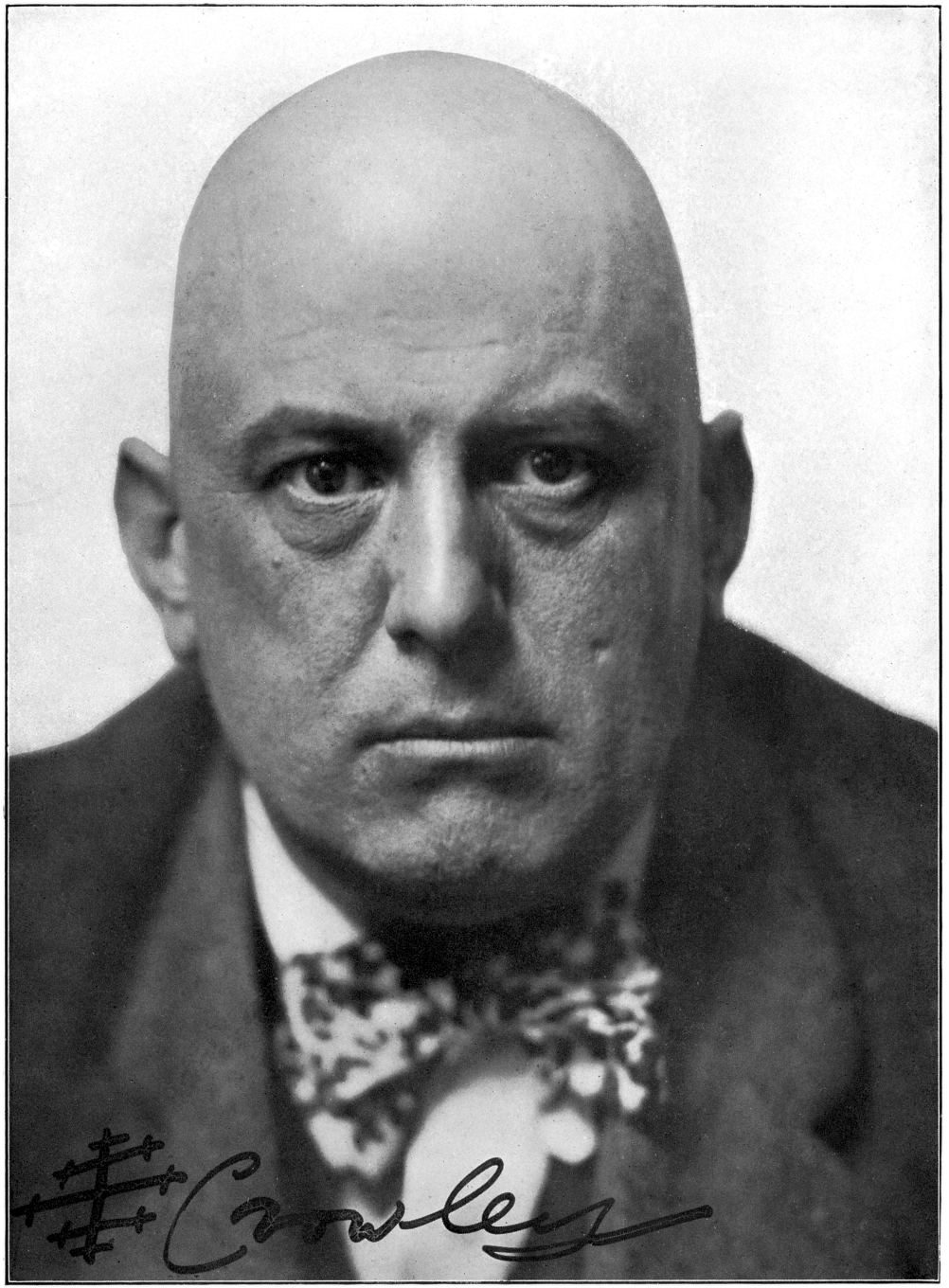
(*d*) For costs of the suit and for such further or other relief as to this honourable Court may seem meet.

I, Narayaniah, the plaintiff above named, do hereby declare that all the facts stated above, except portions of paragraph 7 and 9, are true to my knowledge, and the above said portions are based on information and belief.

(*Signed*) J. NARAYANIAH.

October 24, 1912.

On this judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff.



Frontispiece

THE EQUINOX

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A.·.A.·.

THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM

EDITED BY SOROR VIRAKAM

SUB-EDITOR: FRA. LAMPADA TRADAM

An. IX VOL. I. No. X ☉ in ♎

SEPTEMBER MCMXIII
O.S.

"THE METHOD OF SCIENCE—THE AIM OF RELIGION"

WIELAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
LONDON, S.W.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	5
LIBER L. VEL LEGIS	11
LIBER BATPAXOΦPENOBOOKOΣMOMAXIA SVB FIGVRA DXXXVI	35
A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.·. A.·.	41
THE SHIP	57
AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY. By Arthur Grimble.	80
TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL	81
THE DISCIPLES	91
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING (*Concluded!*)	93
ROSA IGNOTA. By Victor B. Neuburg.	135
THE GAME OF CROWLEY	199
BOO TO BUDDHA	201
CROWLEY POOL	204
HYMN TO SATAN	206
A BALLAD OF BEDLAM. By Ethel Archer.	207
DEAD WEIGHT	211
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT—THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES	1–292
THE BIG STICK	225
COLOPHON—TO LAYLAH EIGHT-AND-TWENTY	235
INDEX TO VOLUME I	237

ILLUSTRATIONS

ALEISTER CROWLEY — *Frontispiece*
From a photograph by HECTOR MURCHISON

FOUR HOROSCOPES — *To face page* 95

EDITORIAL

THE Organ of the O. T. O.—the ORIFLAMME, will now pass under the Editorship of Brother Crowley. In future it will appear regularly on the 1st of every month, beginning in January 1914. It will also be the official organ of the Antient and Primitive Rite of Freemasonry, which includes the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the Rite of Memphis, and the Oriental Rite of Misraim. Further particulars will be announced in due course.

With regard to the article No. 9, " Energized Enthusiasm," a circumstance of exceptional interest has arisen. The author was not acquainted at that time with the literature of those gnostics who were the earliest and only true Christians. In *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, however, we find the following passage:

> " After the banquet they keep the holy all-night festival. And this is how it is kept. They all stand up in a body, and about the middle of the entertainment they first of all separate into two bands, men in one and women in the other. And a leader is chosen for each, the conductor whose reputation is greatest and the one most suitable for the post. They then chant hymns made in God's honour in many metres and melodies, sometimes singing in chorus, sometimes one band beating time to the answering chant of the other, (now) dancing to its music,

(now) inspiring it, at one time in processional hymns, at another in standing songs, turning and re-turning in the dance.

"Then when each band has feasted (that is, has sung and danced) apart by itself, drinking of God-pleasing (nectar), just as in the Bacchic rites men drink the wine unmixed, then they join together, and one chorus is formed of the two bands, in imitation of the joined chorus on the banks of the Red Sea, because of the wonderful works that had been there wrought. For the sea at God's command became for one party a cause of safety and for the other a cause of ruin.

[Philo here refers to the fabled dance of triumph of the Israelites at the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, when Moses led the men and Miriam the women in a common dance; but the Therapeuts all over the world could not have traced the custom to this myth.]

"So the chorus of men and women Therapeuts, being formed as closely as possible on this model, by means of melodies in parts and harmony—the high notes of the women answering to the deep tones of the men—produces a harmonious and most musical symphony. The ideas are of the most beautiful, the expressions of the most beautiful, and the dancers reverent; while the goal of the ideas, expressions, and dances is piety.

"Thus drunken unto morning's light with this fair drunkenness, with no head-heaviness or drowsiness, but with eyes and body fresher even than when they came to the banquet, they take their stand at dawn, when, catching sight of the rising sun, they raise their hands to

heaven, praying for sunlight and truth and keenness of spiritual vision. After this prayer each returns to his own sanctuary, to his accustomed traffic in philosophy and labour in its fields.

"So far then about the Therapeuts, who are devoted to the contemplation of nature and live in it and in the soul alone, citizens of heaven and the world, legitimately recommended to the Father and Creator of the Universe by their virtue, which procures them His love, virtue that sets before it for its prize the most suitable reward of nobility and goodness, outstripping every gift of fortune, and the first comer in the race to the very goal of blessedness."

The striking identity of this with the account of the ritual derived from *a priori* considerations will at once be manifest.

LETTER RECEIVED

"DEAR SIR,

"Your name has highly been recommended to me in the *Occult Review* of Messrs. William Rider & Son, that you are one of the world's famous Magicians. Therefore I hereby inform you to send me if possible your illustrated catalogue price list of your Powers. I want Hynotism, Clairvoyant, Talisman, Charms for Girls, Electric Rings and Belts, etc. Don't fail to send my requests per the next coming mail. I will one of your best customers in the world.

"I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"E——."

This is what comes of Crowley's amiability in accepting

A. E. Waite as a disciple! Please note that he is in sole charge of this department, and should be communicated with directly.

As explained in the last number, Volume II of the *Equinox* will consist of Stainless Silence. In Volume III, however, it is hoped to publish a complete study of the Greek Qabalah, with a numerical dictionary on the same lines as the Sepher Sephiroth; an essay on the effects of that elixir which Frater P. has rediscovered, and whose results have already proved so remarkable, with the completion of the work of Dr. Dee, of which two sections have already been published. Et Cetera.

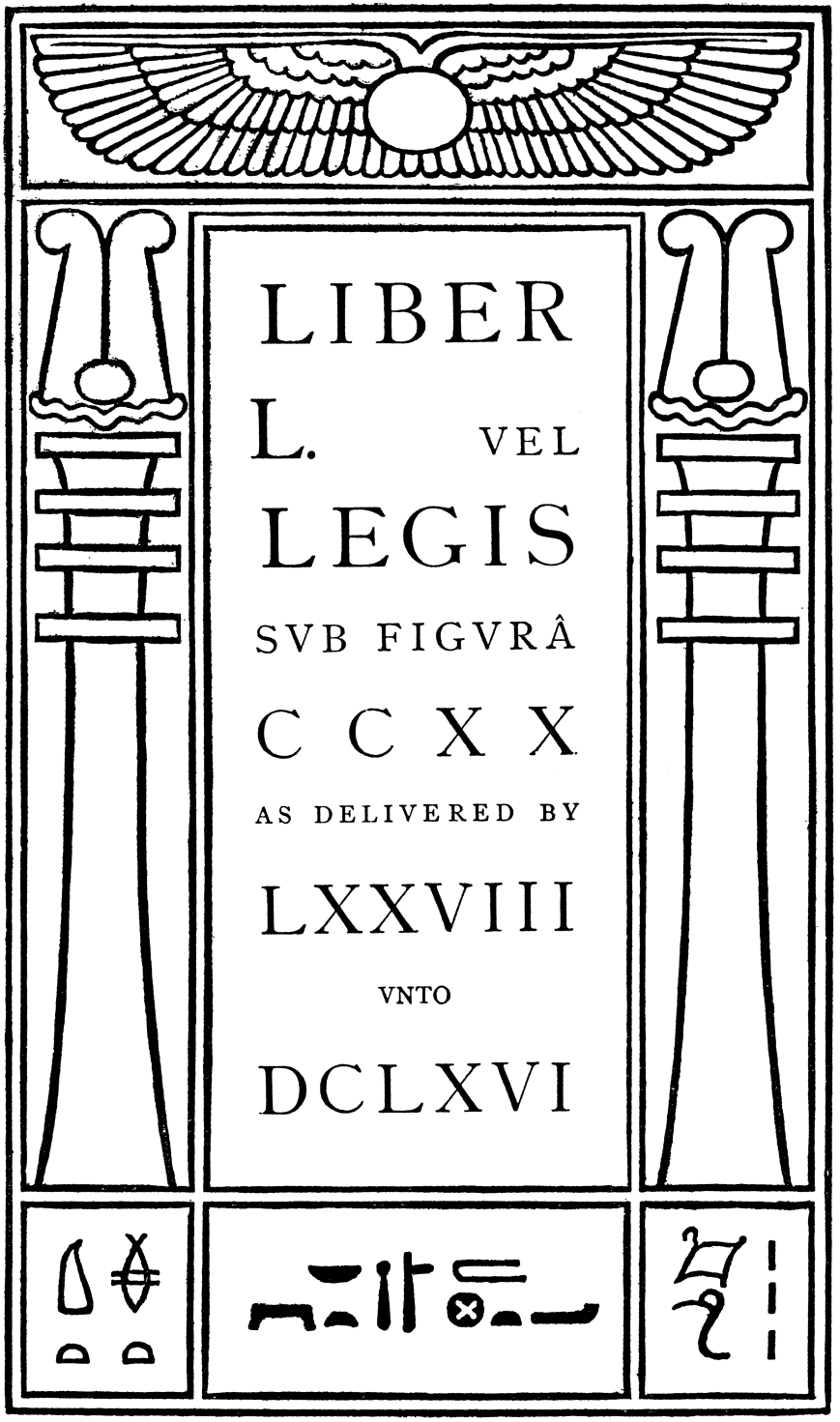
We beg to congratulate Phœbe Miller and Lady Abdy on their latest ventures in matrimony.

It is of course common knowledge that the A .·. A .·. and the *Equinox* and all the rest of it are a stupid joke of Aleister Crowley's. He merely wished to see if any one were fool enough to take him seriously. Several have done so, and he does not regret the few thousand pounds it has cost him.

Few people are ignorant of the fact that the A .·. A .·. and the *Equinox* and all the rest of it are a dishonest device of Aleister Crowley's to pile up an enormous fortune in a few months. With the three-and-a-half millions sterling he has made he will now retire to Paris,[1] and emulate Nero, Caligula, Vitellius, Messalina, Heliogabalus and others.

It may be a relief to some to learn that there is no such person as Aleister Crowley. He is probably a sun-myth.

[1] A very wicked city in Atheistic France.


LIBER
L. VEL
LEGIS
SVB FIGVRÂ
C C X X
AS DELIVERED BY
LXXVIII
VNTO
DCLXVI

A.·. A.·.

Publication in Class A

Imprimatur:



V.V.V.V.V.

N. Fra. A.·. A.·.

O.M. $7^\circ = 4^\circ$

D.D.S. $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ Præmonstrator

O.S.V. $6^\circ = 5^\circ$ Imperator

I.M. $5^\circ = 6^\circ$ Cancellarius

Given at our College S.S. in the Mountain of Abiegnus ☉ in ♎ An. IX

LIBER L. VEL LEGIS

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.

2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.

3. Every man and every woman is a star.

4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!

6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!

7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.

8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.

9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!

10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.

11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.

12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!

13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

14. Above, the gemmèd azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The wingèd globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

15. Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given. They shall gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.

16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.

17. But ye are not so chosen.

18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!

19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!

20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have given unto him.

21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they do not see me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.

22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.

23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!

24. I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.

25. Divide, add, multiply, and understand.

26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.

27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.

29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so; I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven; Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!

34. But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.

35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.

36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.

37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach.

38. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

39. The word of the Law is θελημα.

40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accurséd! Accurséd be it to the aeons! Hell.

42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.

44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen.

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa, the sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.

50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest; Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!

51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!

53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!

54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

55. The child of thy bowels, *he* shall behold them.

56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West; for from no expected house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

All these old letters of my Book are aright; but ע is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.

58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein: because of my hair the trees of Eternity.

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us.

The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say—and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple—To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.

65. To me! To me!

66. The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

3. In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

4. Yet she shall be known & I never.

5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.

6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. "Come unto me" is a foolish word: for it is I that go.

8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.

9. Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.

10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.

13. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.

14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!

15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.

16. I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.

17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!
The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that not know me as yet.

18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.

19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

21. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstacy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and

bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

29. May Because be accursèd for ever!

30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.

31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown; & all their words are skew-wise.

33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!

35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!

36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.

39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet!

40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

41. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!

42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!

43. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!

44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.

45. There is death for the dogs.

46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?

47. Where I am these are not.

48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.

49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. (This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.)

50. Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.

51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.

52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.

54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!

55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.

56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

60. Therefore strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!

61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.

62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail: prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.

66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.

67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

70. There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

71. But exceed! exceed!

72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all.

73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King among the Kings.

75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen

one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!

78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of thy house 418.

79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

[VER. 68.—*Harden, not Harder, as the MS. indicates. The memory of* DCLXVI *says, though with diffidence, that the former is correct.*]

1. Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.

2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.

4. Choose ye an island!

5. Fortify it!

6. Dung it about with enginery of war!

7. I will give you a war-engine.

8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.

9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.

10. Get the stélé of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple—and that temple is already aright disposed—& it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.

11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstruction from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!

12. Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

13. But not now.

14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessèd Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

15. Ye shall be sad thereof.

16. Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

17. Fear not at all; fear neither men, nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.

18. Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

19. That stélé they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.

20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.

21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.

23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich fresh blood.

24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.

25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

26. These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall fall before you.

27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.

28. Also ye shall be strong in war.

29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.

30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold!

31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.

32. From gold forge steel!

33. Be ready to fly or to smite!

34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globèd priest; another sacrifice shall stain The tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36. Then said the prophet unto the God:

37. I adore thee in the song—

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
  The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veilèd sky,
  The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
  Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Unity uttermost showed!
  I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,
  Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee:—
  I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
  Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
  The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
  Aum! let it fill me!

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
  Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
  Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
  The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
  By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
  Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!
  Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever—for in it is the word secret & not only in the English—and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.

41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way.

42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!

43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl though dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.

44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous! Let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!

45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength; & ye shall turn not back for any!

47. This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another: in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key: then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.

48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.

49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

50. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.

53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

54. Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

56. Also for beauty's sake and love's!

57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play: all fools despise!

58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

59. As brothers fight ye!

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.

62. To Me do ye reverence! to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.

63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; & he understandeth it not.

64. Let him come through the first ordeal, & it will be to him as silver.

65. Through the second, gold.

66. Through the third, stones of precious water.

67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are mere liars.

69. There is success.

70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.

71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand.

72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe; & nought remains.

73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom: then behold!

74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the sun of midnight is ever the son.

75. The ending of the words is the Word Abrahadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed.
Aum. Ha.

[*For doubtful spellings and styles consult facsimile MS. facing p.* 386, Equinox I, vii.]

LIBER BATRACHOPHRENO-BOOCOSMOMACHIA

SUB FIGURA

DXXXVI

A.·. A.·.
Publication in Class B
Imprimatur :
N. Fra. A.·. A.·.

LIBER BATRACHOPHRENO-BOOCOSMOMACHIA

SUB FIGURA DXXXVI

Within His skull exist daily thirteen thousand myriads of Worlds, which draw their existence from Him, and by Him are upheld.—I.R.Q. iii. 43.

0. Let the Practicus study the textbooks of astronomy, travel, if need be, to a land where the sun and stars are visible, and observe the heavens with the best telescopes to which he may have access. Let him commit to memory the principal facts, and (at least roughly) the figures of the science.

1. Now, since these figures will leave no direct impression with any precision upon his mind, let him adopt this practice A.

A. Let the Practicus be seated before a bare square table, and let an unknown number of small similar objects be thrown by his chela from time to time upon the table, and by that chela be hastily gathered up.

Let the Practicus declare at the glance, and the chela confirm by his count, the number of such objects.

The practice should be for a quarter of an hour thrice daily. The maximum number of objects should at first be seven. This maximum should increase by one at each practice, provided that not a single mistake is made by the Practicus in appreciating the number thrown.

This practice should continue assiduously for at least one year.

The quickness of the chela in gathering up the objects is expected to increase with time. The practice need not be limited to a quarter of an hour thrice daily after a time, but increased with discretion. Care must be taken to detect the first symptom of fatigue, and to stop, if possible, even before it threatens. The practised psychologist learns to recognise even minute hesitations that mark the forcing of the attention.

2. Alternating with the above, let the Practicus begin this practice B. It is assumed that he has thoroughly conquered the elementary difficulties of Dharana, and is able to prevent mental pictures from altering shape, size and colour against his will.

B. Seated in the open air, let him endeavour to form a complete mental picture of himself and his immediate surroundings. It is important that he should be in the centre of such picture, and able to look freely in all directions. The finished picture should be a complete consciousness of the whole, fixed, clear, and definite.

Let him gradually add to this picture by including objects more and more distant, until he have an image of the whole field of vision.

He will probably discover that it is very difficult to increase the apparent size of the picture as he proceeds, and it should be his most earnest endeavour to do so. He should seek in particular to appreciate distances, almost to the point of combating the laws of perspective.

3. These practices A and B accomplished, and his studies in astronomy completed, let him attempt this practice C.

C. Let the Practicus form a mental picture of the Earth, in particular striving to realize the size of the earth in comparison with himself, and let him not be content until by assiduity he has well succeeded.

Let him add the Moon, keeping well in mind the relative sizes of, and the distance between, the planet and its satellite.

He will probably find the final trick of mind to be a constant disappearance of the image, and the appearance of the same upon a smaller scale. This trick he must outwit by constancy of endeavour.

He will then add in turn Venus, Mars, Mercury and the Sun.

It is permissible at this stage to change the point of view to the centre of the Sun, and to do so may add stability to the conception.

The Practicus may then add the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. The utmost attention to detail is now necessary, as the picture is highly complex, apart from the difficulty of appreciating relative size and distance.

Let this picture be practised month after month until it is absolutely perfect. The tendency which may manifest itself to pass into Dhyana and Samadhi must be resolutely combated with the whole strength of the mind.

Let the Practicus then re-commence the picture, starting from the Sun, and adding the planets one by

one, each with its proper motion, until he have an image perfect in all respects of the Solar System as it actually exists. Let him particularly note that unless the apparent size approximate to the real, his practice is wasted. Let him then add a comet to the picture; he may find, perhaps, that the path of this comet may assist him to expand the sphere of his mental vision until it include a star.

And thus, gathering one star after another, let his contemplation become vast as the heaven, in space and time ever aspiring to the perception of the Body of Nuit; yea, of the Body of Nuit.

A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.·. A.·. HITHERTO PUBLISHED

A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.·. A.·. HITHERTO PUBLISHED

THE publications of the A .·. A .·. divide themselves into four classes.

Class "A" consists of books of which may be changed not so much as the style of a letter: that is, they represent the utterance of an Adept entirely beyond the criticism of even the Visible Head of the Organization.

Class "B" consists of books or essays which are the result of ordinary scholarship, enlightened and earnest.

Class "C" consists of matter which is to be regarded rather as suggestive than anything else.

Class "D" consists of the Official Rituals and Instructions.

Some publications are composite, and pertain to more than one class.

CLASS "A" PUBLICATIONS

LIBER I.—*Liber B Vel Magi.*

This is an account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is ever possible to manifest in any way whatever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the Temple.

LIBER VII.—*Liber Liberi Vel Lapidis Lazvli, Advmbratio Kabbalæ Ægyptiorvm Svb Figvrâ VII*, being the Voluntary Emancipation of a certain Exempt Adept from his Adeptship. These are the Birth Words of a Master of the Temple.

The nature of this book is sufficiently explained by its title. Its seven chapters are referred to the seven planets in the following order: Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Sol, Mercury, Luna, Venus.

LIBER X.—*Liber Porta Lucis.*

This book is an account of the sending forth of the Master by the A .·. A .·. and an explanation of his mission.

LIBER XXVII.—*Liber Trigrammaton*, being a book of Trigrams of the Mutations of the TAO with the YIN and the the YANG.

An account of the cosmic process: corresponding to the Stanzas of DZYAN in another system.

LIBER LXV.—*Liber Cordis cincti serpente.*

An account of the relations of the Aspirant with his Holy Guardian Angel. This book is given to Probationers, as the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the Crown of the Outer College. Similarly Liber VII is given to Neophytes, as the grade of Master of the Temple is the next resting-place, and Liber CCXX to Zelator, since that carries him to the highest of all possible grades. Liber XXVII is given to the Practicus, as in this book is the ultimate foundation of the highest theoretical Qabalah, and Liber DCCCXIII to the Philosophus, as it is the foundation of the highest practical Qabalah.

LIBER LXVI.—*Liber Stellæ Rubeæ.* A secret ritual, the Heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use

in a certain matter of *Liber Legis*, and written down under the figure LXVI.

This book is sufficiently described by the title.

LIBER XC.—*Liber TZADDI Vel Hamus Hermeticus Sub Figurâ XC.*

An account of Initiation, and an indication as to those who are suitable for the same.

LIBER CLVI.—*Liber Cheth Vel Vallum Abiegni Sub Figurâ CLVI.*

This book is a perfect account of the task of the Exempt Adept, considered under the symbols of a particular plane, not the intellectual.

LIBER CCXX.—*Liber L Vel Legis Sub Figurâ CCXX as delivered by LXXVIII unto DCLXVI.*

This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our Work.

LIBER CCXXXI.—*Liber Arcanorum* τῶν *ATV* τοῦ *TAHVTI QUAS VIDIT ASAR IN AMENNTI Sub Figurâ CCXXXI Liber Carcerorum* τῶν *QLIPHOTH cum suis Geniis. Adduntur Sigilla et Nomina Eorum.*

This is an account of the cosmic process so far as it is indicated by the Tarot Trumps.

LIBER CCCLXX.—*Liber A'ASH Vel Capricorni Pneumatici Sub Figurâ CCCLXX.*

Contains the true secret of all practical magick.

LIBER CD.—*Liber TAV Vel Kabbalæ Trium Literarum Sub Figurâ CD.*

A graphic interpretation of the Tarot on the plane of initiation.

LIBER DCCCXIII.—*Vel Ararita Sub Figurâ DLXX.*

This book is an account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity, and Beyond.

CLASS "A-B"

Liber CCCCXVIII.—Liber XXX ÆRVM Vel Sæculi. Being of the Angels of the thirty ÆTHYRS the Vision and the Voice.

Besides being the classical account of the thirty Æthyrs and a model of all visions, the cries of the Angels should be regarded as accurate, and the doctrine of the function of the Great White Brotherhood understood as the foundation of the Aspiration of the Adept. The account of the Master of the Temple should in particular be taken as authentic.

The instruction in the 8th Æthyr pertains to Class D, *i. e.* it is an Official Ritual, and the same remarks apply to the account of the proper method of invoking Æthyrs given in the 18th Æthyr.

CLASSES "A" and "B"

LIBER DCCCCLXIII.—ΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΩΝ.

Only the short note pertains to Class A.

CLASS "B"

LIBER VI.—*Liber O Vel Manus et Sagittæ.*

The instructions given in this book are too loose to find place in the Class D publications.

Instructions given for elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, Vibration of Divine Names, the

Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in production and invocation, a method of attaining astral visions so-called, and an instruction in the practice called Rising on the Planes.

LIBER IX.—*Liber E Vel Exercitiorum.*

This book instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, in order that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

LIBER XXX.—*Liber Libræ.*

An elementary course of morality suitable for the average man.

LIBER LVIII.

This is an article on the Qabalah in the Temple of Solomon the King, *Equinox V.*

LIBER LXI.—*Liber Causæ.* The Preliminary Lection, including the History Lection.

Explains the actual history of the origin of the present movement. Its statements are accurate in the ordinary sense of the word. The object of the book is to discount Mythopœia.

LIBER LXIV.—*Liber Israfel,* formerly called *Anubis.*

An instruction in a suitable method of preaching.

LIBER LXXVIII.

A description of the Cards of the Tarot with their attributions, including a method of divination by their use.

LIBER LXXXIV.—*Vel CHANOKH.*

A brief abstraction of the Symbolic representation of the Universe derived by Dr. John Dee through the Scrying of Sir Edward Kelly. Its publication is at present incomplete.

LIBER XCVI.—*Liber Gaias.*

A Handbook of Geomancy. Gives a simple and fairly satisfactory system of Geomancy.

LIBER D.—*Liber Sepher Sephiroth.*

A dictionary of Hebrew words arranged according to their numerical value.

LIBER DXXXVI.—BATPAXOΦPENOBOOKOΣMOMAXIA.

An instruction in expansion of the field of the mind.

LIBER DCCLXXVII.—*Vel Prolegomena Symbolica Ad Systemam Sceptico-Mysticæ Viæ Explicandæ, Fundamentum Hieroglyphicum Sanctissimorum Scientiæ Summæ.*

A tentative table of correspondences between various religious symbols.

LIBER DCCCLXVIII.—*Liber Viarum Viæ.*

A graphic account of magical powers classified under the Tarot trumps.

LIBER CMXIII.—*Liber Viæ Memoriæ.* תשארב

Gives methods for attaining the magical memory or memory of past lives, and an insight into the function of the aspirant in this present life.

CLASS "C"

LIBER XXXIII.

An account of A.·. A.·. first written in the language of his period by the Councillor Von Eckartshausen, and now revised and rewritten in the Universal Cipher.

An elementary suggestive account of the work of the Order in its relation to the average man. The preliminary paper of M .·. M .·. M .·. may be classed with this.

LIBER XLI.—*Thien* TAO (in Konx Om Pax).

An advanced study of Attainment by the method of equilibrium on the ethical plane.

LIBER LV.—*The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua.*

An account of the Magical and Mystic Path in the language of Alchemy.

LIBER LIX.—*Across the Gulf.*

A fantastic account of a previous incarnation. Its principal interest is that its story of the overthrowing of Isis by Osiris may help the reader to understand the meaning of the overthrowing of Osiris by Horus in the present Æon.

LIBER LXVII.—*The Sword of Song.*

A critical study of various philosophies. An account of Buddhism.

LIBER XCV.—*The Wake World* (in Konx Om Pax).

A poetical allegory of the relations of the soul and the Holy Guardian Angel.

LIBER CXLVIII.—*The Soldier and the Hunchback.*

An essay on the method of equilibrium on the intellectual plane.

LIBER CXCVII.—*The High History of Good Sir Palamedes the Saracen Knight and of his following of the Questing Beast.* A poetic account of the Great Work, and enumeration of many obstacles.

LIBER CCXLII.—*AHA!*

An exposition in poetic language of several of the ways of attainment and the results obtained.

LIBER CCCXXXIII.—*The Book of Lies falsely so-called.*

This book deals with many matters on all planes of the very highest importance. It is an official publication for Babes of the Abyss, but is recommended even to beginners as highly suggestive. Its Chapters XXV, XXXVI and XLIV are in Class D.

LIBER CCCXXXV.—*Adonis.*

This gives an account in poetic language of the struggle of the human and divine elements in the consciousness of man, giving their harmony following upon the victory of the latter.

LIBER CDLXXIV.—*Liber Os Abysmi Vel DAATH.*

An instruction in a purely intellectual method of entering the Abyss.

LIBER DCCCLX.—*John St. John.*

A model of what a magical record should be, so far as accurate analysis and fullness of description are concerned.

LIBER MMCMXI.—*A Note on Genesis.*

A model of Qabalistic ratiocination.

CLASS "D"

LIBER III.—*Liber Jugorum.*

An instruction for the control of speech, action and thought.

LIBER VIII.—*See* CCCCXVIII.

LIBER XI.—*Liber N V.*

An instruction for attaining Nuit.

LIBER XIII.—*Graduum Montis Abiegni.*

An account of the task of the Aspirant from Probationer to Adept.

LIBER XVI.—*Liber Turris Vel Domus Dei.*

An instruction for attainment by the direct destruction of thoughts as they arise in the mind.

LIBER XVII.—*Liber I A O.*

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

This book has not been published. It is the active form of Liber H H H. The article "Energized Enthusiasm" is an adumbration of this book.

LIBER XXV.

This is the chapter called the "Star Ruby" in the *Book of Lies.* It is an improved form of the "lesser" ritual of the Pentagram.

LIBER XXVIII.—*Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum.*

Has not been published. It is a ritual of Initiation bestowed on certain selected Probationers.

LIBER XXXVI.—*The Star Sapphire.*

Is Chapter XXXVI of the *Book of Lies,* giving an improved ritual of the Hexagram.

LIBER XLIV.—*The Mass of the Phœnix.*

This is Chapter XLIV of the *Book of Lies.* An instruction in a simple and exoteric form of Eucharist.

LIBER C.—*Liber* כף

Has not been, and at present will not be, published.

LIBER CXX.—*Liber Cadaveris.*

The Ritual of Initiation of a Zelator.

LIBER CLXXV.—*Astarte Vel Liber Berylli.*

An instruction in attainment by the method of devotion.

LIBER CLXXXV.—*Liber Collegii Sancti.*

Being the tasks of the Grades and their Oaths proper to Liber XIII. This is the official Paper of the various grades. It includes the Task and Oath of a Probationer.

LIBER CC.—*Resh Vel Helios.*

An instruction for adorations of the Sun four times daily, with the object of composing the mind to meditation and of regularizing the practices.

LIBER CCVI.—*Liber R V Vel Spiritus.*

Full instruction in Pranayama.

LIBER CCCLXI.—*Liber H H H.*

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

LIBER CCCCXII.—*A Vel Armorum.*

An instruction for the preparation of the Elemental Instruments.

LIBER CDLI.—*Liber Siloam.*

Not yet published. A direct method of inducing trance.

LIBER DLV.—*Liber H A D.*

An instruction for attaining Hadit.

LIBER DCLXXI.—*Liber Pyramidos.*

The ritual of the initiation of a Neophyte. It includes sub-rituals numbered from 672 to 676.

LIBER DCCCXXXI.—*Liber I O D,* formerly called *VESTA.*

An instruction giving three methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity.

LIBER .—*Liber Collegii Interni.*

Not yet published.

A NOTE EXPLAINING WHY EACH NUMBER HAS BEEN GIVEN TO EACH BOOK

LIBER

I. I is the number of the Magus in the Tarot.

III. Refers to the threefold method given, and to the Triangle as a binding force.

VII. Refers to the 7 chapters, and to the fact that the number 7 is peculiarly suitable to the subject of the Book.

VIII. The Tarot card numbered 8, the Charioteer, the bearer of the Holy Graal, represents the Holy Guardian Angel.

IX. Refers to Yesod. The foundation, because the elementary practices recommended in the book are the foundation of all the work.

X. Porta Lucis, the Gate of Light, is one of the titles of Malkuth, whose number is X.

XI. A concentration of the title N V, whose value is 56, and 6 and 5 are 11. (See CCXX. I, i. and II, i.)

XIII. The number of Achad=Unity, and the title is perhaps intended to show that all paths of attainment are essential.

XVI. The key of the Tarot numbered XVI is the Lightning Struck Tower.

XVII. I A O adds up to 17.

XXV. The square of 5, this being a ritual of the Pentagram.

XXVII. The number of permutations of 3 things taken 3 at a time, and (of course) the cube of 3.

LIBER

XXX. 30 is the letter Lamed, which is Justice in the Tarot, referred to Libra.

XXXIII. This number was given on Masonic grounds.

XXXVI. The square of 6, this book being the ritual of the Hexagram.

XLIV. From דם blood, because blood is sacrificed, also because the God Adored is Horus, who gave 44 as his special number. See *Equinox VII*, 376.

LV. The mystic number of Malkuth and of נה ornament; a number generally suitable to the subject of the book.

LVIII. חן Grace, a secret title of the Qabalah. See Sepher Sephiroth.

LIX.

LXI. See Sepher Sephiroth. The allusion is to the fact that this book forms an introduction to the series.

LXIV. A number of Mercury.

LXV. The number of Adonai.

LXVI. The sum of the first 11 numbers. This book relates to Magic, whose Key is 11.

LXVII. The number of זין a sword.

LXXVIII. The number of cards in the Tarot pack.

LXXXIV. Enumeration of the name Enoch.

XC. Tzaddi means a fish-hook. "I will make you fishers of men."

XCV. The number of מלכה "queen," attributed to Malkuth.

LIBER

XCVI. The total number of points in the 16 figures.

C. Enumeration of the letter Kappa spelt in full. K and Φ are the initials of magical instruments referred to in the text.

CXX. See Rosicrucian Symbolism.

CXLVIII. מאזנים The Balances.

CLVI. Babalon, to whom the book refers. See Sepher Sephiroth.

CLXXV. The number of Venus or Astarte.

CLXXXV.

CXCVII. Number of Z O O N, "Beast."

CC. The number of ך the Sun.

CCVI. The number of R V, referred to in the text.

CCXX. The number of the Verses in the three chapters of the Book. It has, however, an enormous amount of symbolism; in particular it combines the 10 Sephiroths and 22 Paths; 78 is אין־אם. For 666 vide Sepher Sephiroth.

CCXXXI. Sum of the numbers [0 + 1 + ... + 20 + 21] printed on the Tarot Trumps.

CCXLII. "Aha!" spelt in full.

CCCXXXIII. The number of Choronzon.

CCCXXXV. The Numeration of Adonis in Greek.

CCCXLI. The Sum of the 3 Mothers of the Alphabet.

CCCLXX. עש Creation.

CD. From the large Tau ת in the diagram.

CDXII. Numeration of בית Beth, the letter of the Magus of the Tarot, whose weapons are here described.

LIBER

CDXVIII. Vide Sepher Sephiroth. Used for this book because the final revelation is the Lord of the Æon.

CDLI. The number of שילעאם Siloam.

CDLXXIV. The number of Daath.

D. The number of ὁ ἀριθμὸς the Greek word for Number.

DXXXVI. The number of מכלות the sphere of the Fixed Stars.

DLV. Had fully expanded; thus הה, אלף, דלת; compare 11 where Nu is fully contracted.

DLXX.

DCLXXI. From תרעא, the Gate, and the spelling in full of the name Adonai.

DCCLXXVII. See Sepher Sephiroth.

DCCCVIII. The number of the name מחשתן.

DCCCXI. The number of I A O in Greek.

DCCCXIII. See Sepher Sephiroth.

DCCCXXXI. φαλλὸς.

DCCCLX. The number of Ἰωαν "John."

DCCCLXVIII. נתיבות Paths.

CMXIII. Berashith, the Beginning, spelt backwards in the title to illustrate the development of the magical memory.

CMLXIII. Achad spelt fully; see Sepher Sephiroth.

MMDCDXI. Berashith spelt with capital B as in Genesis i. 1.

THE SHIP

A MYSTERY PLAY

BY

SAINT EDWARD ALEISTER CROWLEY, 33°, 90°, 96°, X°
P.G.M., U.S.A., etc. etc. etc.

To
Theodor Reuss

PERSONS OF THE MYSTERY

JULIA, *a priestess*
JOANNA, *a virgin*
JOHN, *high priest of the Sun*
JULIAN, JOVIAN } *his wardens*
A CHINAMAN
AN ARAB
A ZULU
NU, *a seafaring man*
THE YOUNG JOHN

Chorus of men, women and children

THE SHIP

SCENE I—*The Temple of the Sun.*

BEHIND a veil is a column, on which are poised two intersecting disks, terrestrial and celestial, the cut-off part forming a true Vesica, fitting which is a shrine, capable of being opened and removed at will. The column is of gold and ivory. The veil is of azure blue.

Before this column, but without the veil, is a single candle by whose side stands the high priest John. He is of mature age, and has a black beard. He is dressed in robes of gold and scarlet embroidery. A crown is on his head; in one hand he holds a sceptre, in the other an orb. In front of him are two thrones, right and left, each with column and candle. In the first sits a youth in white garments, his head bare; his left hand holds a dagger. In the second sits a grown man in black garments, his head covered with a hood, and in his right hand a coin.

Steps covered with seaweed lead up to the stage from the orchestra (or auditorium), and the edge of the stage gives the appearance of a wharf. In the north are trees; in the south a heap of builder's refuse.

Within the veil, one on each side the shrine, are two women, one (Julia) in a low-cut robe of green, broidered with roses, the skirt much slit, with a girdle of rose and gold, the other (Joanna) in a deep full robe of blue, covered completely

with a thick veil of lace or silver gauze. This woman is slight and young, the other mature and robust.

Within the veil is heard a sixfold chime of bells. The warders spring to their feet.

JULIAN. Hail, Brother! Wake thy chorus of young voices,
That men may know how innocence rejoices.

JOVIAN. So mote it be. And thou in turn devise
Response of slumberous antiphonies.

1st Semi-chorus.

Night is nigh; the velvet veil
Drawn on day the faery-frail!
Sleep, O sleep, our angel eyes
Woo thy kiss with symphonies
Hushed to lowlier lullabies!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Brethren, was the battle long?
All's assuaged for evensong.
Here the God is in his shrine:
Here the golden Bough divine;
Here the dove incarnadine!

1st Semi-chorus.

Dream shall hint what manifold
Mystery our life may hold.

2nd Semi-chorus.

Dreamless sleep shall arm the fray
Fated for the future day.

JOANNA [*Within*]. Here is corn!

JULIA [*Within*]. Here is wine!

JOHN [*Within*]. Life reborn! O deed divine! [*A pause.*]
Till the morn I close the shrine.

JULIA [*Within*]. Softly splendid, to his rest
Steals the godhead—to my breast!

JOANNA [*Within*]. Mute, magnificently male,
Hidden in the holy veil,
Thou and I prepare the rite
Of this night of his delight.

JOHN [*Within*]. Every brother to his ward!
Every hand to hilt of sword!
Every buckler to its arm,
Lest the Holy One take harm!

[*Without, a clash of steel.*

Chorus. The warrior lords are wake and ware,
Three hundred blades of steel are bare.
Their threescore corporals stand steady.
Five captains, all alert and ready,
Watch, lion-heart, against surprise,
As each man had an hundred eyes.

[*Again, the clash of steel. Then music played* (JULIA *and* ORCHESTRA), *growing ever softer. As it fades away, enter from the trees three men: a* CHINESE *armed with a scourge and a rope, a red man, like an* ARAB, *with a hammer and three nails, and a warrior chief, like a* ZULU, *with an assegai. They move somewhat furtively, and as if afraid. The* CHINESE *accosts* JOVIAN.

CHINESE. I am the dragon brother of your priest,
And we are come from north and south and east
To build your god a new and nobler shrine.

JOVIAN. Give me the sign. [*Done, each gripping the other's throat.*]

The sign is strict, averred.
Hast thou the holy word? [*Whispered.*]
The word is rightly spoken.
Hast thou the secret token? [*Given, each extending the forefinger and striking it against that of the other.*]
The token is in order.
Pass to my brother warder!

[*They pass over to* JULIAN.

ARAB. I am the camel brother of your priest,
And we are come from north and south and east
To build your God a new and nobler shrine.

JULIAN. Give me the sign. [*Done, each striking his breast five times with clenched hand.*]
The sign is strict, averred.
Hast thou the holy word? [*Whispered.*]
The word is rightly spoken.
Hast thou the secret token? [*Given, each making a wide sweep with the arm, clapping hand to hand, and then clasping.*]
The token is right. All Hail!
Pass to the veil!

[*They pass on. The black man enters, his companions pulling aside the veil.*

ZULU. I am thy brother, priest.
From north and south and east
We come to build a shrine
Nobler and newer than thine.

CHINESE. These ropes can bind; this scourge
My myriad slaves can urge.

ARAB. This hammer and nails suffice
To strike forth fire from ice.

ZULU. I raise my spear, and fifty kings accord
Their service to their warrior liege lord.

[JOHN *remains silent and does not move.*

CHINESE. Come, let us enter to rebuild the shrine!

JOHN. Give me the sign. [*Done, the* ZULU *moving his hand to the priest's knee.* JOHN *makes no motion.*]
The sign is wrong.

ARAB. Not strict averred?
I have the word. [*Whispers.*]

JOHN. The word is wrong.

ZULU. Not rightly spoken?
I have the token. [*Gives it by raising his hand and lowering it, then seeking to grasp* JOHN'S *hand.* JOHN *does not move.*]

JOHN. The token is wrong.
Ye may not pass.

CHINESE. Thou must, alas!

[*The* CHINESE *strips* JOHN *of his robes, all but the white under-robe, and binds him to the column. He scourges him to the music of* JULIA *until the white robe is red with blood.*

CHINESE. Give me the secret of the shrine!

JOHN. It is not mine.

[*The* ARAB *impales* JOHN *by hands and feet with his three nails.*

ARAB. Give me the secret of the shrine!

JOHN. It is not mine.

[*The* ZULU *drives his spear into the body of* JOHN.

ZULU. Give me the secret of the shrine.

JOHN. It is not mine. [*He dies.*

Chorus [*Without*].

As it was spoken of the earth,
And as the ocean witnesseth,
That which the winter brought to birth
Finds in the spring its death.
Now that the word is come to pass
That bone is dust and flesh is grass,
Let us mix our acclamations
Of jubilance and lamentations!

Are not good and evil one
Before the challenge of the sun?
Shall necessity relax
The brazen fury of her features,
And her steel scimitar turn to wax
For the complaining of her creatures?

The Lord is slain; let us lament
The Word made void, the Work in vain.
Fulfilling their obscure event,
Let us rejoice; the Lord is slain.

ZULU. [*To the warders*]. Take down the body.

[JULIAN *and* JOVIAN *put out their candles and come forward and unloose* JOHN, *laying him between their columns.* JULIAN *covers him with a cloth, and* JOVIAN *throws a sprig of acacia upon it.*

(*To the women*) Open us the shrine!

JULIA. The secret is not yours or mine!

[*She and* JOANNA *pull open the doors of the Vesica. A blaze of light sends the three ruffians reeling forth. They fly*

distracted and blinded about the Temple, and ultimately sink down among the rubble in the south.

[JULIA *and* JOANNA *have let go the doors at once. These spring back and leave the stage lighted only by the single candle of the high priest.*

A voice from the shrine.

Avenge the rape!
Let none escape!

A voice from the extreme west behind the audience.

The heavens have let loose the fountains
Of flood upon the mountains!

JULIAN [*At wharf*]. Ho, Nu! Ho, Nu!
Let no man leave the quay
Without the tokens of the true degree!

NU [*Below*]. I hear and I obey.
What cargo for to-day?

Chorus. There is no gold upon the earth
To pay an hundredth of its worth.
There is no treasure of sapphire,
No hidden ruby to compare;
No diamond hath illustrious fire
Beside the burden that we bear;
Nor where the waves of ocean whirl
Hath any cavern such a pearl.

Not heaven in all its happiest hours
Hath such a gracious gift as ours.
In it all principles inhere;
To it all elements conspire;
From it all energies revere
Of it the inscrutable desire!

Mankind, matured from myriad wombs,
Is but the garden where it blooms.

JOVIAN. Oh, but too precious is the burden we bear.
It is the God's own priest, the shrine's sole heir,
Whose corpse must fare into the nether air.

NU [*Mounting the steps*]. I have no ship worthy of such a freight.

The voice from the shrine.

Ay, but thou hast.

NU. Most ancient is her date,
And many a sea hath battered her, and time
Hath eaten her, I fear; corrosive crime
Of the wild æon. Ho! thou wife o' the waters!
Our three strong sons and our three stalwart daughters,
Bid them discover if the old ship's sound!

The voice from the west.

Beware! Beware! the Lords of Heaven confound
The cities, and their habitants are drowned.

JULIAN *and* JOVIAN. We go; our master's body must be tended.

[*They go to the body and occupy themselves with it.*

CHINESE. O that our miserable lives were ended!

ARAB. Curse this right hand the hammer that extended!

ZULU. This damnèd spear that holy heart that rended!

CHINESE. They hunt us for our lives.

ARAB. The soldiers search.
Now our fate laughs and leaves us in the lurch.

ZULU. Can we not hide across the sea?

CHINESE. Who will give aid to such as we?

ARAB. Come, let us grope eternity!

ZULU. Hate and despair and guilt still dog our path.
CHINESE. For misery is murder's aftermath.
[*Fearful and obscure music. They grope as blind men about the stage on all fours, and reach the wharf.*
The voice from the west.
Still on the mountains pour the avenging rains,
And still the fierce flood swallows up the plains.
The voice from below.
Father, O father Nu! O father Nu!
What miracle is this—tremendous-true?
The old ship is grown new!
The voice from the shrine.
How should a ship grow old
Whose virgin timbers hold
Mine awful ark of gold?
ZULU. Do I hear one speak of ships?
CHINESE. Listen, my lord, to these, no lying lips.
ARAB. Take us aboard; we sail where hunger grips
No more three poor blind beggar men.
NU [*Aside*]. May be
These are the assassin three!
[*Aloud*] Have ye the tokens of the true degree?
[*They cower.*
CHINESE. Ah, then, hope fails for ever!
ARAB. Let us hide
Beyond the borders of this treacherous tide;
Or it may steal upon us as we sleep.
ZULU. Would we were dead! Yet life is worth a leap.
CHINESE. O God, eternally to grope
This desert without hope!

ARAB. Oh, but this flight without faith
Is an eternal death.
ZULU. Hate is a hell sharper and deadlier
Than all the weapons of the torturer.
[*They regain the heap of rubble.*
JULIAN. All is prepared. Seek then once more with me
The traces of the fatal three!
[*He finds the* CHINAMAN.
Here is the first of the villains. [*To shrine*] Speak
What vengeance we shall wreak!
JOVIAN. Foulest phantom flowers of fear
From his soul like serpents shoot!
The voice from the shrine.
Cut his throat from ear to ear!
Tear his tongue out by the root!
Throw the body in the dark
A cable from high-water mark!
[*This is done, the body being thrown from the wharf.*
The voice from the west.
The trees are covered: the rain streams
Upon the screes, and screams!
The voice from below.
The water kisses the ship's keel!
JOVIAN. Out with the steel! [*He seizes the* ARAB.]
Here is the second ruffian: [*To shrine*] Say
What price his deed must pay!
JULIAN. Hear the tongue that was so glib
Stammer, spit its crazy wrath!
The voice from the shrine.
Cut his breast from rib to rib!

Tear his heart out, fling it forth
Where the vultures may enhearse
Its horror from the Universe.

[*This is done in the west, but above wharf.*

The voice from the west.

The hills are covered; the rain shrieks
Yet fiercer on the peaks.

The voice from below.

The water lifts the ship; she rights.

JULIAN. Ah! Foulest of foul sights!
Here is the third and greatest villain. (*He seizes the* ZULU.) [*To shrine*] Saith
Our God the manner of his death?

JOVIAN. Black to green grows horror's blank
Sickening from the stinking soul!

The voice from the shrine.

Cut his navel, flank to flank!
Tear the bowels out; be the whole
Burnt to ashes on the centre!
Black oblivion blot him! Ban
Every trace that might re-enter
Any memory of man!

[*The sentence is executed.*

The voice from the west.

The mountains are all covered; the rain roars
Now on a sea that hath no shores!

The voice from below.

Haste! the ship slips into the foam.
Haste! leave the hapless home!

[JULIAN *and* JOVIAN *bear the body of* JOHN *down the steps of*

the wharf, and so out, either into orchestra or at the back of theatre. They are followed by JULIA *and* JOANNA, *who bear the sacred Vesica in their arms.*

NU. Cast off! three sons bend to the larboard oars,
And three strong daughters man the starboard thwart.
My wife shall spy, while I shall steer for, shores
Worthy to welcome home our Argonaut.

[JULIA *plays music. The wind is heard to rise and the waves to wash, until a gust blows out the last candle on the stage, when the curtain falls. The bell tolls twelve strokes. In the distance one hears the chant of the sailors, at first strong and near, gradually dying away.*

Through the tempest, toward the dark,
Ploughs the fate-fulfilling bark,
Laden with the sacred ark.

All the earth is drenched and drowned.
Every other ship's unsound:
We alone are homeward bound.

Harnessed to eternity,
Life's sole sanctuary, we
Breast alone the winter sea.

We shall sight the surging shore,
Slack the sail and ship the oar,
Hear the anchor rattle and roar.

Through the tempest, toward the dark,
Ploughs the fate-fulfilling bark,
Laden with the sacred ark.

[JULIA'S *music, which has grown fainter and more distant, now finally fails.*

Scene II

[*A woodland scene: Springtime. On a mound in the midst is the barren tree, with two main branches right and left. On each side of the same a flat stone.*

[*The scene is in darkness; after a little slow and very faint and hesitating music, the voices of women are heard. They are seated on the stones, their attitudes expressing woe and anxiety.*

JOANNA. Sister, we touch the hour of fear.
The midmost murk is near.

JULIA. There is no sign, no mark
To sunder dark from dark.

JOANNA. There is no mark nor sign
Of our lost shrine.

JULIA. Persuasion of the pit
Made us abandon it.

JOANNA. Nay, by inscrutable
Law of all Life it fell.

JULIA. Is that the light?

JOANNA. The boon
Of the pure moon?

[*Far above glimmers a crescent, and sheds a wan light. A horrible discord arises: the howling of wolves, the moaning of dogs, the wailing of cats, the crying of jackals. And in the half light appear first marsh-lights wandering, then giant illusions of gods and men, all of which disappear in turn, their evanishment awaking a peal of mocking laughter. The women shrink into themselves, clinging to the tree, and mingling their lamentations with the hellish concert. Suddenly Joanna, drawing herself up, points to the front of stage, where is a circular pool, whose*

waters become perturbed. The noises die away. There is a noise of chanting.

Chorus from beneath.

Dreams diluvian daunt the daring daughters
That, devout in the hour of wastrel waters,
Hither bore from its house of eld the shrine.
Dreams, and devils, and things of death together,
Chorus glorious, wild as wind and weather,
Mocking; Shine, O our God! Lord God, now shine!

Is the symbol of Life indeed departed?
Hath the augur indeed found bloodless-hearted
Firstling lamb, and the dove without entrails?
Is the hope of the world for ever sunken?
Was the dream of us dark, demented, drunken?
All in vain are we vowed before the veils?

Were we false to the faith? Did hope desert us?
Was not leonine love the grace that girt us?
Why then bore we the shrine across the sea?
Wait! the moment of midmost murk discloses
Dawn, deep laden the winds of March with roses.
Groans of travail announce the babe to be.

Now the waves of the pool are stirred; the ocean
Labours; Earth is awake; a murmured motion
Marks the end of the tragic theme. Behold
How the garden of Pan with subtle laughter
Shakes, how Bacchus and Ceres, leaping after,
Link extravagant limbs of rose and gold!

[*In silence, lastly, a great Beetle emerges from the pool, holding*

in his mandibles the sacred Vesica! He advances, while the women prostrate themselves, and affixes it to the Tree, just above the fork of the boughs.

[JULIA *plays a music still slow and sad, but with a central core of faith, hope and love.*

JOANNA. Eternal home of light and love,
Of life and liberty,
Thou shrine of seraph, dome of dove,
Soul of the sacred Tree,
Ark of the sanctuary, Cup
Wherein God's blood is treasured up!
From the abyss thou reappearest,
Thou The divinest and the dearest!

Moon of our love, most wondrous womb,
Mount of the Cave, red rose—
Mighty as light, transcend the tomb,
Thou tomb of all our woes!
White moon, pale moon, chaste moon, arise
Upon our smitten sanctuaries!
Thou hast passed through the aquarian rages,
Thou ship of all the sages!

[JULIA'S *music swells to a pæan. Above the tree is seen a rainbow.*

JULIA. The seven colours glow upon the murk.
This is the midmost moment of the Work.

JOANNA. Hark! Now the warders bring the bier
Of their dead Master here.

Chorus of unseen guardians, as in SCENE I. *The clash of steel accompanies this chant.*

Blessed are they that bear the bier
Unto the house of rest;

Through tempest toil and flooding fear,
From the wild waves o' th' west!
Blessed are they whose strength and faith
Pilot the ship whose name is Death!

Advancing ever to the east,
The holy pilgrims pace.
To the live God comes the dead priest
To front Him face to face,
If haply He reverse the doom
And tear its trophy from the tomb.

[*The warders now approach and lay the body of the priest, still in its shroud, at the foot of the Tree.*

JULIA. Now be ye witnesses of Truth!
Here let love's lust yield youth!
[*She raises her hands to heaven.*

JOANNA [*Comes forward and invokes at the shrine*].
Now let my lord declare His power
This equinoctial hour!
If there be virtue in the dance,
And life abide within the lance,
And if the wine within the cup
Be the right draught for gods to sup—
Then be my sister's music dowered
With answering song, and roses showered!

[JULIA *dances and plays around the corpse. The orchestra joins after the first few bars, and innumerable roses fall from heaven. A pause, while they watch.*

JULIA. Alas! no life reposes
Beneath the rain of roses!

JOANNA. Oh then, beneath the vaulted
Dome be our priest exalted!

[*The two women and the warders lift the corpse, and stand it against the tree, its arms extended on the boughs.*

JOANNA. Now be ye witnesses of truth!
Here let love's lust yield youth!

JULIA. Uncover, uncover the face of our lover!
He sleeps, but the woe of the winter is over!
With tears let us water the root of the tree!
With laughter be bold to awaken the stem!
Thy darling, thy daughter is calling to thee!
Thy warders uphold thee, make answer to them!
Let the bud thrill with blood. Let the force of the flood
Of the sap thereof lap every anther unseen!
Let the shower of our power bring rebirth to the flower,
And the one light of sunlight break scarlet and green!

JOANNA. Alas, he does not stir!
Sorrowful, sinister
Is this day's name,
The hour of shame!

JULIA. Behold! Behold!
Rose breaks, and gold! [*Dawn breaks in the wood.*
And see the cold white pall
Funereal fall!

[*The wrappings fall from the corpse, and the youth John is seen beardless and smiling. He is dressed in the crown and robes of his father.*

THE YOUNG JOHN. I am that I am, the flame
Hidden in the sacred ark.
I am the unspoken name,
I the unbegotten spark.

I am He that ever goeth,
Being in myself the Way;
Known, that yet no mortal knoweth,
Shewn, that yet no mortal sheweth,
I, the child of night and day.
I am never-dying youth.
I am Love, and I am Truth.

I am the creating Word,
I the author of the æon;
None but I have ever heard
Echo in the empyrean
Plectron of the primal pæan!
I am the eternal one
Winged and white, the flowering rod,
I the fountain of the sun,
Very God of very God!

I am he that lifteth up
Life, and flingeth it afar;
I have filled the crystal cup;
I have sealed the silver star.
I the wingless God that flieth
Through my firmamental fane,
I am he that daily dieth,
And is daily born again.

In the sea my father lieth,
Wept by waters, lost for ever
Where the waste of woe replieth :
" Naught and nowhere ! " " Naught and never ! "
I that serve as once he served,
I that shine as once he shone,
I must swerve as he has swerved,
I must go as he has gone.

He begat me ; in my season
I must such a son beget,
Suffer too the triple treason,
Setting as my father set.
These my witnesses and women—
These shall dare the dark again,
Find the sacred ark to swim in
The remorseless realm of rain.

Flowers and fruits I bring to bless you,
Cakes of corn, and wealth of wine ;
With my crown will I caress you,
With my music make you mine.
Though I perish, I preserve you ;
Through my fall, ye rise above :
Ruling you, your priest, I serve you,
Being life, and being love.

JOANNA. Here is corn !

JULIA. Here is wine !

THE YOUNG JOHN. Life reborn,
The Deed Divine !

[*He consecrates, and partakes of, the sacrament. The two warders, kneeling, clasp his knees, and the two women support his arms. A sixfold chime of bells. He invokes the God in the shrine.*

THE YOUNG JOHN. Thou, who art I, beyond all I am,
Who hast no nature and no name,
Who art, when all but Thou are gone,
Thou, centre and secret of the Sun,
Thou, hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true fire within the reed
Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire
Kindling as my intents aspire.
Thee I invoke, abiding one,
Thee, centre and secret of the Sun,
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle am I!
Appear, most awful and most mild,
As it is lawful, to thy child!

Chorus. So from the Father to the Son
The Holy Spirit is the norm:
Male-female, quintessential, one,
Man-being veiled in Woman-form,
Glory and worship in the Highest,
Thou Dove, mankind that deifiest,
Being that race—most royally run
To spring sunshine through winter storm!

Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee from gilded tomb!
Glory to Thee from waiting womb!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!
Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, true Unity
Of the eternal Trinity!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam
And self of I am that I am!

1st Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, beyond all term,
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!

2nd Semi-chorus.

Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,
Thou One in Three, thou Three in One!

Chorus. Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

[*He raises his hands to the shrine, and opens it. A rosy light streams thence and fills the holy place, while the white Dove that was enshrined therein descends upon his head. The tree blossoms into leaf, flower, and fruit.*

(*The curtain falls.*)

AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY

THERE is a silent wood, where swart flowers lift
  Insolent heads in purple savagery,
  Sullenly brooding by a soundless sea.
There the drugged winds for ever change and shift,
Charged with barbaric incenses that sift
  Languid with sleep from tree to shadowed tree.
  Where did I breathe that air? Where did I see
That wood beside the lake where slow winds drift?

I am quick with flickering fantasies to-night
  Meshed in the quivering fabric of my soul
    Like tremulous visions of another sphere.
O heart, are they sick memories of delight
  Lost long ago? Or glimpses of a goal
    That I shall win after long pain and fear?

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

[Translated by Fra. K. Φ. IX°. from a German MS. said to have been found among the papers of Weishaupt. It by no means appears that the fragments pertain to the Illuminati; Weishaupt's MS. was probably a mere transcript from some older ritual which he valued on purely archæological grounds.—ED.]

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RITUAL

I

THE SUPREME RITUAL

"A feast for the Supreme Ritual."
"To him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight."
—*Liber Legis.*

LET a feast be made by the Officers of the Temple. This Temple, into which they then retire, may be any convenient place. An altar is necessary; also a vessel of wine; otherwise as may be appointed by them: *e.g.* the robes, etc., as said in . . . . . The Officers are two in number, and seek Nuit and Hadit through Babalon and the Beast.[1] To conceal themselves, they are disguised as Isis and Osiris.

[*The officers meet and clasp hands above the altar. Any preliminary operations, such as opening, banishing, etc., are now done by* I.,[2] *who returns, and they again greet, but as initiates.*]

0. and I. [*face to face*].
0. What is the hour?
I. When time hath no power.
0. What is the place?
I. At the limits of space.
0. What God do we wake?

[1] This is the nearest idea I can give of the text, which is in hieroglyph impossible to reproduce.

[2] It is clear that this ritual is full of intentional blinds.

1. The L . . . of the S . . . . !
0. With what do we serve?
1. B . . . . ., M . . . . ., and N . . . . !
0. The shrine in the gloom?

[*Gives the S . . . of a B . . . of the A . . . ., which* 1. *destroys by the S . . . of M . . T . the God.*

1. Is the M . . . . O . T . . W . . .
0. And the Priest in the Shrine?
1. Is this M . . . . . O . M . . . !

[1. *repeats S . . . of M . . T . and O. gives S . . . of Baphomet.*

0. And the wonder above?
1. The Quintessence of Love.
0. There are sacraments?
1. Nine.
There are music and wine
And the delicate dance—
0. To accomplish?
1. The trance.
0. And are these three enough?
1. They are servants of Love.
0. And the sacrifice?
1. I.
0. And the priestess?
1. Is thou.
I am willing to die
At thy hands—even now.
0. Worship me first!

[1. *seats* 0. *upon the Altar.*

1. Mistress, I thirst.

[0. *gives wine. They drink.*

O. My mouth is on fire
To my lord's desire.

[*They exchange the holy greeting by a kiss.*

I. I kneel at thy feet,
And the honey is sweet.

[O. *plays music while* I *worships in silence.*

O. Exhausted, I sink.

I. I am dead, on the brink.

O. Let us dance!

I. Let us dance!

O. I. The Lord give us power
To be lost in the trance
For an hour—for an hour!

[*They dance together. A pause of perfect stillness and silence follows; until O.,* sua sponte, *advances and places* I. *upon the altar.*

O. Exhaust me!

I. Nay, drink!

O. Ere I sink!

I. I shall sink!

O. Drink wine! oh, drink wine!

I. I am thine!

O. I am thine!

[*They drink and greet as before.*

I. Art thou armed?

O. With a knife.

[O. *draws the dagger from her hair.*

I. Love is better than life.

[O. *cuts a* ⊥, *or if possible, the Sigil of N. O. X., on* I.*'s breast.*

O. Let us dance!

1. [*giving wine.*] To the trance!

[*They drink, then dance.*

0. Back to the throne!

[1. *returns, and takes seat thereon.*

1. I adore thee alone!

[0. *does so, plays music if so inclined, and continues as necessity or inclination may dictate.*

0. It is ended, the play:
I am ready to slay.
Anoint me!

1. I rise
To the fire of thine eyes.
I anoint thee, thy priest,
Babalon—and The Beast!
And I ask of Thee now:
Who art Thou?

0. Omari tessala marax etc.

[*The Ritual of the S. . . . of R. . . . is in silence accomplished.*

IX°

CLOSING

1. Mouth to mouth and heart to heart!
0. For the moment we must part.
1. Time and space renew the illusion.
0. Love is swallowed in confusion.
1. Love sustains us eminent
Till the hour of Sacrament.
0. I love you, and you love me.
1. Now and ever may it be!
1. and 0. Hand in hand is heart to heart.
Love be with us, though we part.

[*They greet, as before, and depart.*

II

A RITUAL TO INVOKE
HICE
OR ANY OTHER DIVINE ONE

THE OPENING

The assistants being all without, N. *and* H. *perform the ritual appropriate. The doors are unlocked, and the assistants, led by* R., *enter.*

LET the symbol or image of {the god / HICE} be in the East of the Temple.

Let incense burn before {it. / her.}

Let there be two other thrones: on her right that of Nuit, on her left that of Hadit; the child is Ra Hoor Khuit.

Nuit is dressed in blue, Hadit in red; the child is . . .

[*MS. torn here.*

The lamp shall be burning above R.H.K., who crouches in the centre, in the prescribed posture.

If they be assistants, they shall all wear the robes of their grade; they shall be seated in balanced disposition about the temple; and they shall enter only after the opening.

THE OPENING

H. Knock as appropriate to god invoked.

N. The Hymn appropriate to banishing.

H. The Banishing Ritual of the  , as revised.

N. B. . . . . !

H. O. . . . . !

THE DEATH OF OSIRIS

H. *and* N. *divest themselves of their blue and red robes, appearing merely in their magick robes of red and green as the temporal and spiritual powers, Typhon and Apophis.*

H. Sister, I burn upon the throne.

N. I am in agony, Typhon!

H. Who hath disturbed our ageless peace?

N. Threatened our mystery?

H. Isis
Hath borne a child.

N. We are twins.

H. What word
Insults us?

R. [*Springs up.*] Lo! I am, the third.

H. [*Comes forward with the scourge, and forces* R. *to kneel.*]
Then bow thee to the two above! [*Strikes him twice.*

N. [*Comes forward with the rod.*] We need no witness of our love. [*Strikes him twice.*

H. Who art thou?

N. Whence art thou?

R. My name
Is surely I am that I am.

H. Blaspheme not! [*Strikes him twice.*

N. Lie not! [*Strikes him twice.*

R. I am come
From Isis, from the Virgin Womb.
H. Blaspheme not! [*Strikes him twice.*
N. Lie not! [*Strikes him twice.*
R. I am he
Appointed from eternity
To rule upon the folk of Khem.
H. We are the gods and kings of them.
N. Upstart! [*Strikes him twice.*
H. Usurper! [*Strikes him twice.*
N. We defy thee.
H. We have the power to crucify thee.
[N. *forces* R. *back, and they stretch out his arms.*
R. Amen! I am willing to be slain.
Verily I shall rise again!
N. With four wounds thus I nail thee.
[*Wounds brow, hands, and feet with the dagger.*
H. With one wound I impale thee.
[*Wounds breast with sword.*
H. Hail, sister! We have slain the god.
N. Ours is the termless period.
H. Bending across the bloodless face
Let us embrace!
N. Let us embrace!

[*They embrace, leaning across the corpse.* N. *returns to her throne, and dons the blue robe, thus assuming the power of Isis.* H. *remains, his sword upon the heart of* R.

THE ARISING OF HORUS

N. *chants the Dirge of Isis.*[1] *After* "tomb" *in verse* 4 *she rises, and* H. *falls back to his knees. At verse* 5 N. *comes down to the corpse, and raises it with kisses upon the stigmata, wrapping it then in her blue robe. She then clothes it in the white robe* (of a Probationer? Trans.). R. *takes the sword of* H. *and . . .* (?) *his throat therewith.* N. *returns to her throne and* H. *rises and puts on his red robe.*

THE AWAKENING OF THE DIVINE FORCE

[*The remaining sheets of MSS. are missing or indecipherable.*

[1] MS. not to be found.

THE DISCIPLES

To Lionel Engers-Kennedy: to the memory of Hargrave Jennings: and to A. C. W. G. and H. E. H.

BENEATH the vine tree and the fig
  Where mortal cares may not intrude,
On melon and on sucking pig
Although their brains are bright and big
  Banquet the Great White Brotherhood.

Among the fountains and the trees
  That fringed his garden's glowing border,
At sunset walked, and, in the breeze
With his disciples, took his ease
  An Adept of the Holy Order.

"My children," said the holy man,
  "Once more I'm willing to unmask me.
This is my birthday; and my plan
Is to bestow on you (I can)
  Whatever favour you may ask me."

Nor curiosity nor greed
  Brought these disciples to disaster;
For, being very wise indeed,
The adolescents all agreed
  To ask His Secret of the Master.

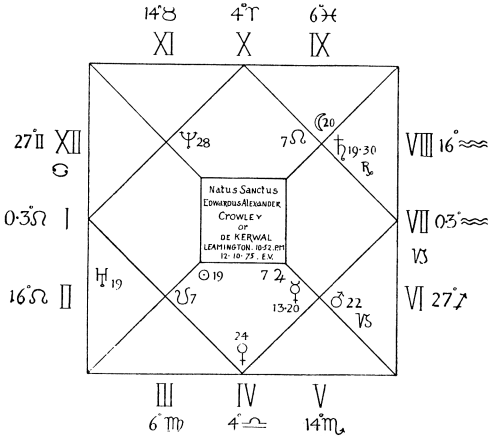
With the *aplomb* and *savoir faire*
Peculiar to Eastern races,
He took the secret then and there
(What, is not lawful to declare),
And thrust it rudely in their faces.

"A filthy insult!" screamed the first;
The second smiled, "Ingenious blind!"
The youngest neither blessed nor cursed,
Contented to believe the worst—
That He had spoken all his mind!

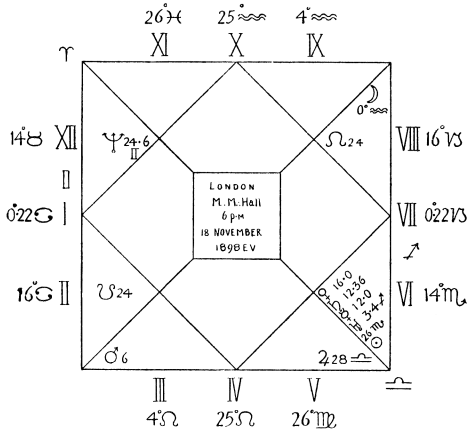
The second earned the name of prig,
The first the epithet of prude;
The third, as merry as a grig,
On melon and on sucking pig
Feasts with the Great White Brotherhood.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

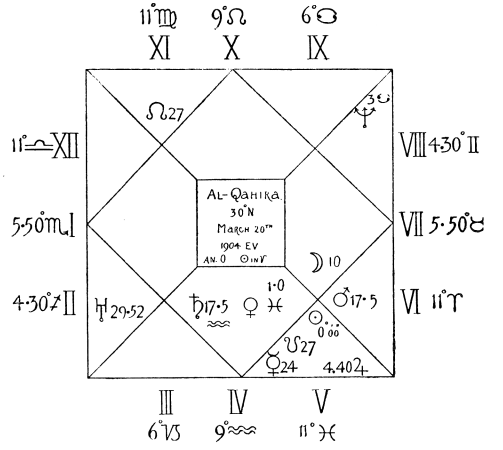
THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING



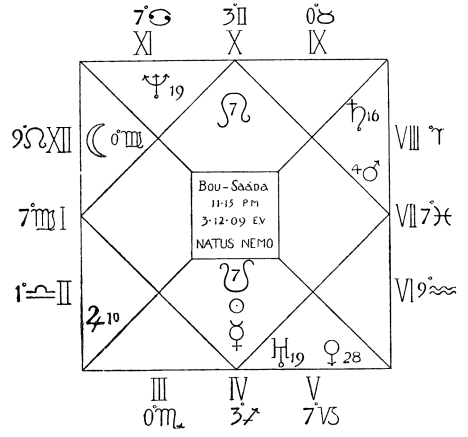
THE NATIVITY OF FRA. P.



THE FIRST INITIATION OF FRA. P.



THE EQUINOX OF THE GODS



THE ANNIHILATION OF FRA. P.

[*To face p.* 95

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON THE KING

NEMO

IN the year 1909 we find the drawing together of the Paths by which Frater P. had been travelling.

First (March 21), the conscious personal work of his life was crystallized in the thorough establishment of his system of Scientific Illuminism or Sceptical Theurgy through the publication of Number I of the *Equinox;*

Second (October 27), he accomplished his purely human duty without which he had no right to become Sannyasin;

Third (April), another purely human side of his life reached a proper climax;

Fourth (December), he was relieved of his last human responsibility;

Fifth (June), he was brought back completely, in full freedom, into the work laid down in *Liber Legis.*

All these things were doubtless necessary as a winding-up of his business with Earth. The result is the final Initiation of December 3.

There is a very curious entry in his diary for January 1—

> "Having left the Juggler (Standard Music-hall), ate 12 oysters = 1 crab = Abrahadabra, a small bottle of No. 111 (cost 231 pence), invoked and banished Mercury in P. Circus, opened message from Adonai. Folly = Aleph."

This was the way in which he would divine the forthcoming year. He did various things of a quite ordinary nature with an intense magical intention. He had asked a disciple to write him a message to be opened at midnight. The disciple, being a fool, wrote a foolish message, but none the less inspired.

The diary continues thus—

"Sought accidental symbols while looking for a black woman to represent Binah" (to which he was aspiring).

"Entered by chance, firstly, Queen's Hotel [can this refer to Binah?] and Leicester." (Leicester was the town whose hospitality had temporarily relieved him of his thorn in the flesh. Permanent relief followed in the course of the year.) He did not see any black woman, but a woman came to him and asked for alms, telling her sad story—which was that she had been a servant who was now a fertilized free-woman with a young male child. He took this as a symbol of Binah in her form of Aima, the Rejoicing Mother. Further, she was dressed in grey, the colour of Chokmah, which he took to imply that she was the right kind of Mother, being covered by the Father.

There is no record of any importance in the diary until the Vernal Equinox, when the "Word of the Equinox," which is given out by the Masters to govern the events of the six months, was *Perdurabo;* and we find, in fact, that during this six months were some of the most important events of our history, those which finished Perdurabo.

On June 15, he was at his Sacred House, and there conferred the Initiation of Neophyte upon his first probationer.

The event of June 28 is so important that a little pre-

liminary explanation is required. It has been explained with what reluctance he moved to the obtaining of *Liber Legis*. We have seen how he tried to avoid carrying out the instructions; how he tried to give up Magick altogether; how he tried to take up Buddhism; how he tried any and every Path to escape the task laid upon him. He even attempted to publish *Liber Legis* and the 30th and 29th Æthyrs which he had obtained in Mexico, with sceptical commentary. We find him driven inch by inch into the Path appointed by the Masters. We have seen him stripped of all that he had and of all that he was. We know, too, that he made the obtaining of Samadhi a condition of his taking up the work, on the ground that no one without that experience could possibly carry it out, and we have seen this demand granted. We have seen him hailed by the Adepts of the Great White Brotherhood in England, as not only one of themselves, but as their Master, nay, as the Logos of the Æon. We have seen him refuse to admit it. Ultimately, when every obstacle had been cleared away, when the Adepts themselves urged him to take up the work, his will refused assent, and that with finality. "For," said he, "it is impossible. In my copy of the Book of the Law I find it written 'This book shall be translated into all tongues, but always with the original in the writing of the Beast, for in the chance shape of the letters and their positions to one another, in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine,' and this original has been lost. I have not seen it for five years."

With this he dismissed the matter from his mind. He would continue with scientific illuminism. He would publish various scholarly studies of such works as Dr. Dee's. What

he would not do was—what he was told! It was impossible, and there was an end of the matter.

However, he was obliged to go to his house in Scotland on business, and he arrived there on June 15. Two days later he was joined by two disciples. One of these was interested in mountaineering, and had asked him for a pair of his ski. Several pairs were discovered in the loft. Some days later he determined to look for four large canvases, on which, nine years earlier, he had painted in their proper colours the Four Watch Towers of the universe given by Dr. Dee. The house was ransacked by the three men and by the servants; no trace was discovered, and the search was abandoned.

On June 28, we find this entry—

> "Glory be to Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit in the Highest! A little before midday I was impelled mysteriously (though exhausted by playing fives, billiards, etc. till nearly six this morning), to make a final search for Elemental Tablets. And lo! when I had at last abandoned the search, I cast mine eyes upon a hole in the loft, where were ski, etc., and there, O Holy, Holy, Holy! were not only all that I sought, but the manuscript of *Liber Legis!*"

It was the last straw. For the next two days he remained in meditation, as in his previous Samma Sati meditation in Burma and China, where his marvellous escape from death supplied the last factor in the equation, and brought him to the understanding of who he was and what his work. So

this strange finding robbed him of his last excuse for not taking up the work. Here was the reason for the years spent by him in climbing mountains. Because he had climbed mountains he desired ski; because he had climbed mountains he had gone to Cumberland in the winter previous, and there found the disciple K. M. W., whose request for the ski had brought him to the loft. Here, too, was the reason of his life-tragedy, for without that he would not have gone to Cumberland at that time or gone to his house in Scotland that summer. There was no further escape. He must take up the terrible Karma, which he had evaded, in spite of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the Masters, for five years. It is Their silent dealings with him which fill Volume O of the *Equinox*.

Broken at last, he went to the topmost point of the hill which crowns his estate, at midnight, and there, as we read in the diary, "I once more solemnly renounced all that I have or am. On departing, instantly shone the moon, two days before her fullness, over the hill among the clouds." A pencil note in the diary, written much later, underlines the words "two days before her fullness," and notes: "And I attained two quarters of year later approximately."

The traces of this decision are now apparent when, from August 22 to 25, we find him at Maidenhead writing *Aha!* In this poem he gives a complete account of all that had occurred to him. Beginning with some hint of the aspiration to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, it continues with an account of the method of meditation, culminating in that same Knowledge and Conversation. The agony of the Passing of the Abyss is then

described, and the tearing away of all that he has or is, ending in Shivadarshana. This passage is quoted fully in the section "The Babe," *supra*. Further instruction is then given in meditation.

MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the great gate,
Being eight in one and one in eight.
First, let the body of thee be still,
Bound by the cerements of will,
Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
The fidget-babes that tease the thought.
Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
Easy, regular, and slow;
So that thy being be in tune
With the great sea's Pacific swoon.
Third, let thy life be pure and calm
Swayed softly as a windless palm.
Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
To the one love of the Profound.
Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
From sense, observe its entity.
Watch every thought that springs; enhance
Hour after hour thy vigilance!
Intense and keen, turned inward, miss
No atom of analysis!
Sixth, on one thought securely pinned,
Still every whisper of the wind!
So like a flame straight and unstirred
Burn up thy being in one word!
Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
Thy meditation steep and strong,

Slaying even God, should He distract
Thy attention from the chosen act!
Last, all these things in one o'erpowered,
Time that the midnight blossom flowered!
The oneness is. Yet even in this,
My son, thou shalt not do amiss
If thou restrain the expression, shoot
Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,
Discarding name, form, sight, and stress
Even of this high consciousness;
Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here:
Thou art the master. I revere
Thy radiance that rolls afar,
O Brother of the Silver Star!

Yet, immediately following this, comes the Method of Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel, and an account of the attainment of that knowledge.

MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of light.
Be thou, devoutly eremite,
Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
A place for thine Academy.
Let there be an holy wood
Of embowered solitude
By the still, the rainless river,
Underneath the tangled roots
Of majestic trees that quiver
In the quiet airs: where shoots
Of the kindly grass are green,
Moss and ferns asleep between,

Lilies in the water lapped,
Sunbeams in the branches trapped—
Windless and eternal even!
Silenced all the birds of heaven
By the low insistent call
Of the constant waterfall!
There, to such a setting be
Its carven gem of deity,
A central flawless fire, enthralled
Like Truth within an emerald!
Thou shalt have a birchen bark
On the river in the dark:
And at the midnight thou shalt go
To the mid-stream's smoothest flow,
And strike upon a golden bell
The spirit's call; then say the spell:
"Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!"
Making the Sign of Magistry
With wand of lapis lazuli.
Then, it may be, through the blind dumb
Night thou shalt see thine angel come,
Hear the faint whisper of his wings,
Behold the starry breast begemmed
With the twelve stones of the twelve kings!
His forehead shall be diademed
With the faint light of stars, wherein
The Eye gleams dominant and keen.
Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love
Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.
He shall inform his happy lover;
My foolish prating shall be over!

OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy haste.
This doctrine hath so sweet a taste
That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every flower.
Lie open, a chameleon cup,
And let Him suck thine honey up!
Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above
Is the sanctity of love.
In His warm and secret shrine
Is a cup of perfect wine,
Whereof one drop is medicine
Against all ills that hurt the soul.
A flaming daughter of the Jinn
Brought to me once a winged scroll,
Wherein I read the spell that brings
The knowledge of that King of Kings.
Angel, I invoke thee now!
Bend on me the starry brow!
Spread the eagle wings above
The pavilion of our love! . . .
Rise from your starry sapphire seats!
See, where through the quickening skies
The oriflamme of beauty beats
Heralding loyal legionaries,
Whose flame of golden javelins
Fences those peerless paladins.
There are the burning lamps of them,
Splendid star-clusters to begem
The trailing torrents of those blue
Bright wings that bear mine angel through!

O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,
Miraculously manifold,
For all the sky's aflame to be
A mirror magical of Thee!
The stars seem comets, rushing down
To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown.
Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird
By a great wind sublimely stirred,
Thou drawest the light of all the skies
Into thy wake. The heaven dies
In bubbling froth of light, that foams
About thine ardour. All the domes
Of all the heavens close above thee
As thou art known of me who love thee.
Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on
This soul of mine, that it is gone,
Gone from all life, and rapt away
Into the infinite starry spray
Of thine own Æon. . . . Alas for me!
I faint. Thy mystic majesty
Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS. All hail! all hail!
White splendour through the viewless veil!
I am drawn with thee to rapture. . . .

Yet no sooner is this attained than he utters the new doctrine declared in *Liber Legis*.

MARSYAS. I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
The knowledge of a new, sweet way
Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory clings
Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue wings
Into the Essence of the All.
Now, now I stand on earth again,
Though, blazing through each nerve and vein,
The light yet holds its choral course,
Filling my frame with fiery force
Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse
New-fledged on these reluctant lips!

OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen, quiver
Like light upon a rainy river!

MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the sole word
Of law that my attainment heard.
Arise, and lay thine hand on God!
Arise, and set a period
Unto Restriction! That is sin:
To hold thine holy spirit in!
O thou that chafest at thy bars,
Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
With a pure heart (Her incense burned
Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),
And let the serpent flame therein
A little, and thy soul shall win
To lie within her bosom. Lo!
Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!
Take all, and take me! Gather spice
And virgins and great pearls of price!
Worship me in a single robe,
Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe,

I love thee. I am drunkenness
Of the inmost sense, my soul's caress
Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand
Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned
By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon
Mine iridescent altar-stone,
And in her love-chaunt swooningly
Say evermore: To me! To me!
I am the azure-lidded daughter
Of sunset; the all-girdling water;
The naked brilliance of the sky
In the voluptuous night am I!
With song, with jewel, with perfume,
Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!
Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
My love, my lord—to me! to me!

OLYMPAS. There is no harshness in the breath
Of this—is life surpassed, and death?

MARSYAS. There is the Snake that gives delight
And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright
With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine,
Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!
These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell
Not in the cold secretive cell,
But under purple canopies
With mighty-breasted mistresses
Magnificent as lionesses—
Tender and terrible caresses!
Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;
And massed huge hair about them lies.

They lead their hosts to victory:
In every joy they are kings; then see
That secret serpent coiled to spring
And win the world! O priest and king,
Let there be feasting, foining, fighting,
A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!
Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold!
The stars' kiss is as molten gold.
Harden! Hold thyself up! now die—
Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS. And I?

MARSYAS. My stature shall surpass the stars:
He hath said it! Men shall worship me
In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,
Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS. Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS. I am the consecrated Beast.
I build the Abominable House.
The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—

OLYMPAS. What is this word?

MARSYAS. Thou canst not know
Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.

OLYMPAS. I worship thee. The moon-rays flow
Masterfully rich and real
From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns
Chanting before the Holy Ones
Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS. The last spell! The availing word!
The two completed by the third!
The Lord of War, of Vengeance

That slayeth with a single glance!
This light is in me of my Lord.
His Name is this far-whirling sword.
I push His order. Keen and swift
My Hawk's eye flames; these arms uplift
The Banner of Silence and of Strength—
Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length!
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I:
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.
Hail! ye twin warriors that guard
The pillars of the world! Your time
Is nigh at hand. The snake that marred
Heaven with his inexhaustible slime
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,
The Wand that waxes and that wanes;
I crush the Universe this hour
In my left hand; and naught remains!
Ho! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame
Secretly shooting from the sun.
Aum! Ha!—my destiny is done.
The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS. I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS. The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS. Profits it?

MARSYAS. Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS. The other did no less.

MARSYAS. Then prove
Both by the master-key of Love.
The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk

To use the sacred oil of work?
Not from the valley shalt thou test
The eggs that line the eagle's nest!
Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,
The sheer wall of the precipice!
Master the cornice, gain the breach,
And learn what next the ridge can teach!
Yet—not the ridge itself may speak
The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS. All ridges join at least.

MARSYAS. Admitted,
O thou astute and subtle-witted!
Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in mist!
Another—firm, smooth, loved and kissed
By the soft sun! Our order hath
This secret of the solar path,
Even as our Lord the Beast hath won
The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS. These secrets are too high for me.

MARSYAS. Nay, little brother! Come and see!
Neither by faith nor fear nor awe
Approach the doctrine of the Law!
Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout,
And those three others be cast out.

OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the hand
Gently to this gracious land!
Let me drink the doctrine in,
An all-healing medicine!
Let me rise, correct and firm,
Steady striding to the term,

Master of my fate, to rise
To imperial destinies;
With the sun's ensanguine dart
Spear-bright in my blazing heart,
And my being's basil-plant
Bright and hard as adamant!

MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,
The yellow desert waits for us.
Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
We travel to the lonely land.
There, beneath the stars, the smoke
Of our incense shall invoke
The Queen of Space; and subtly She
Shall bend from Her infinity
Like a lambent flame of blue,
Touching us, and piercing through
All the sense-webs that we are,
As the æthyr penetrates a star!
Her hands caressing the black earth,
Her sweet lithe body arched for love,
Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,
She calls my name—she gives the sign
That she is mine, supremely mine,
And clinging to the infinite girth
My soul gets perfect joy thereof
Beyond the abysses and the hours;
So that—I kiss her lovely brows;
She bathes my body in perfume
Of sweat . . . O thou, my secret spouse,
Continuous One of Heaven! illume

My soul with this arcane delight,
Voluptuous Daughter of the Night!
Eat me up wholly with the glance
Of thy luxurious brilliance!

OLYMPAS. The desert calls.

MARSYAS. Then let us go!
Or seek the sacramental snow,
Where like an high-priest I may stand
With acolytes on every hand,
The lesser peaks—my will withdrawn
To invoke the dayspring from the dawn,
Changing that rosy smoke of light
To a pure crystalline white;
Though the mist of mind, as draws
A dancer round her limbs the gauze,
Clothe Light, and show the virgin Sun
A lemon-pale medallion!
Thence leap we leashless to the goal,
Stainless star-rapture of the soul.
So the altar-fires fade
As the Godhead is displayed.
Nay, we stir not. Everywhere
Is our temple right appointed.
All the earth is faery fair
For us. Am I not anointed?
The Sigil burns upon the brow
At the adjuration—here and now.

OLYMPAS. The air is laden with perfumes.

MARSYAS. Behold! it beams—it burns—it blooms.

OLYMPAS. Master, how subtly hast thou drawn

The daylight from the Golden Dawn,
Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold
Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;
Until I saw, flashed from afar,
The Hawk's Eye in the Silver Star!

MARSYAS. Peace to all beings. Peace to thee,
Co-heir of mine eternity!
Peace to the greatest and the least,
To nebula and nenuphar!
Light in abundance be increased
On them that dream that shadows are!

OLYMPAS. Blessing and worship to The Beast,
The prophet of the lovely Star!

It will be seen that these various methods of attainment are all harmonious. The Method of Meditation and that of Abramelin are not superseded by the new Æon, but made subsidiary to it, and easier to employ in virtue of it.

It is indeed abundantly clear that these three paths are one.

The best and greatest of the antinomies, that between Magick and Mysticism, is transcended in the Method of the New Æon.

But to return to the effect upon Fra. P. of the Finding of the Lost Book. There is no longer any hesitation or dissipation; as an Arrow from the Bow he flies to the mark of his high calling.

We now find him, therefore, attempting to carry out the work, and finding it as difficult to do so as he had previously found it to avoid doing so; yet doing so successfully, since he was working in accordance with the Will of the Masters, and this *Temple of Solomon the King* was now intended to lead up to the point which it has at last attained.

However, this account in *The Temple of Solomon the King* is too clumsy, too overloaded with matter irrelevant to the main purpose, to serve as the book referred to in *Liber Legis III.* 39. It will form a book of reference for students, but not a popular treatise. Frater Perdurabo was conscious of this difficulty. A further revelation through another messenger was necessary before the matter could be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It is unnecessary in this place to detail how this came about, as it is quite recent and of too great importance in itself to deal with in any casual manner. It must suffice that this instruction is now being fully obeyed, as will be evident upon the publication of Part IV of Book 4.

We now return to the diary. On September 24 we find a new password for the forthcoming Equinox—*Audio.* Its sublime meaning was not yet suspected by Frater Perdurabo. On November 9 we find the entry "Here endeth this diary, for I write now in a Holy Book of my Holy Pilgrimage to the Sun." In fact, he left London for Paris on November 10, attended only by a single Chela. He arrived at Algiers on the 17th, and on the next day took the tram to Arba, from which point they started to walk to Bou-Saada.

At Aumale he took up again the work of obtaining the Cries of the 30 Æthyrs, to which he had not paid attention since August 1900. It is evident that he was stopped from going beyond that point at that time.

A study of these Cries will explain to students of intelligence the details of this Initiation, and it will be seen from the remarks at the end of the 13th Æthyr that it is not possible to proceed beyond the 16th for any one who is not a Master of the Temple. In the 19th Æthyr is the beginning of this

Initiation, and it will be noticed that even in the 22nd Æthyr the Samahdi of Atmadarshana occurs, while in the 21st Æthyr is the vision of Kether, and in the 20th Shivadarshana, although not perfect.

In the 19th, then, the Angel of Initiation appears, and in the 18th, Shivadarshana, in its new and higher form—"Shiva" being replaced by "Horus"—takes place. In the 17th the Initiation continues.

The Angel took him into the Pylon of the threshold in the 19th. In the 17th he is balanced. In the 16th is the first dim dawn of the Great Ones of *Liber Legis* as Lords of the Initiation, and something of the nature of the ceremony is foreshadowed. In the 15th the Adept is examined, and permission is given to pass him fully to the grade of Magister Templi, but admission to any further grade refused.

It will be noticed, further, that this all takes place in a Temple of the Rosy Cross.

In the 14th Æthyr we get the initiation itself. Fra. P. and his Chela, who was acting as his scribe, were upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert a few miles from Bou-Saada. It was found impossible to reach that Æthyr, and the Angel said, "Depart, for thou must invoke me only in the darkness, for the mystery cannot be spoken in sight of the sun." Frater Perdurabo therefore withdrew from the Vision.

It was then that a strange thing happened. Impelled by some instinct or inspiration, it came to them that they must then and there build a Temple to the Most Holy Exalted One, and in this Temple invoke Him. The top of the mountain was covered with large loose stones entirely suitable for this purpose. In the course of an hour or so it was built,

and the invocation made, after which an inscription recording the result was built.

This invocation was of a very remarkable character. There had been a bar to the progress of Frater Perdurabo, a dualism in his conception of the Cosmos. He had not fully understood that the Universe was One, that one might in very truth eat and drink to the glory of God. He knew that by eating and drinking one did not necessarily detract from the glory of God, but had not fully understood the sacramentalism of the simplest actions. Now he knew that the huddling together of unhewn stones might build a better Temple than that of Luxor or of Karnak. He had still the old illusion that to succeed on one plane you must fail on another; still thought the mind more than the body, the soul more than the mind; did not see that these three must be one in exactly the same sense as the Christian Trinity (as understood by the truest Christians) is One. It was in the course of this illumination that the Truth was ceremonially conveyed to him on the Magical plane, although it was not for three years later that it fully illuminated his mind.

This illusion, of which it is here spoken, is a most necessary step for the beginner, because to the beginner his ordinary life is not a sacrament. To him things are really common and unclean. He must, therefore, cut them out of his life, and hence to him the name of the Path is Renunciation. But to him who would be a Master of the Temple, the reverse applies. He wishes to remain perpetually in Samadhi, and it is therefore his renunciation to descend further and further into matter. He has volatilized the fixed: now he must fix the volatile. He has ascended from his particular body to the Universal Soul. That Universal Soul

must now incarnate itself ever more completely in that body, and in the bodies and minds of all men. He has made his darkness light; that light must illuminate the darkness of all.

Having then received this last Initiation, this destruction of the opposition between One and the Many, he descended from the mountain, and awaited nightfall.

The nature of the Initiation itself—its climax and completion—can only be given in the sublime words of the Angel of the Æthyr itself. We therefore quote it in full—

The Angel reappears.

The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy, and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the

abyss is the Eye of the Hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the

universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

These adepts seem like Pyramids—their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æthyr is holy ground.

Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure . . . [1] and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye

[1] I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.

is called seventy, and the triple Aleph, whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, " I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is death.

During all this speech, the figure of the angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

Bou-saada, December 3, 1909. 9.50–11.15 *p.m.*

Comment on this cry can but profane it, yet it is necessary to emphasize the very peculiar nature of the attain-

ment of this grade. In all previous grades the nature of the Initiation has been light through darkness. In this it is darkness through light. The word of the Adept was L V X, Light. The word of the Master of the Temple is N O X, Night. This is the Night of Pan. The direction of the Path is definitely changed. The Master of the Temple cannot go to the Magus unless bringing the Neophyte himself in his hand, and in this task there is no consolation, as there has always been before. The visions are no more. Silence and stillness and darkness rule the grade. The Adept has throughout his progress been unifying himself. As it is written in *Liber CCCXXXIII*, Chapter III, the Brothers of A .·. A .·. are women ; the Aspirants to A .·. A .·. are men. The Master of the Temple has given birth to a child, which child appears as an Adept among men. But that which was the Adept is but a little pile of dust. Samadhi has been attained once and for all. The process is complete and permanent. The Great Work is accomplished. The new Great Work is proclaimed. He has finished with Solve. He must begin Coagula.

In the 13th Æthyr the Initiation continues. The Initiate obtains his reward, and that reward is to understand all, yet to labour in the darkness without hope of reward. Now, however, we come to the 12th Æthyr, wherein is the second mystery of the reward, of which the key is the word N O X.

BABALON, the Lady of the City of the Pyramids, is revealed.

In *Liber VII* is the first utterance of the Master of the Temple, and this book should be studied by those who seek a further understanding.

Such is the first part of the Ritual of Initiation.

In the second part the Master is made to understand what is that Abyss which he has passed.

In the 11th Æthyr he comes to the fortress upon the frontier of the Abyss, and is there prepared for the crossing of the Abyss. Every drop of his blood is taken for the cup of BABALON. The Candidate asks, "Is there not the Holy Guardian Angel?" And the answer is given, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is the last word of the Æthyr. And of all the horror of the Abyss, that is the one word that yet chills his blood as he remembers it.

Now then, in the 10th Æthyr, is given the Abyss. The Candidate is identified with the horror of that Abyss. Had not the Master already passed the Abyss, as it were, unofficially, he could not have endured this crystallization of it into name and form.

In the 9th Æthyr comes a further reward, a further understanding of the task. And the first indication that he has really passed the Abyss on all planes is that there is no longer any curse. All is blessing. There is a secret meaning, a blessing in everything. And this is his reward—the Daughter of BABALON the beautiful. She is the pure soul, glorified by virtue of his attainment.

In the 8th Æthyr this is continued. The Master becomes a Holy Guardian Angel unto another, the Bridegroom of his Bride. This marriage is now accomplished in the 7th Æthyr.

There is Samadhi, but now no longer from below, but from above.

The reward of Understanding is further granted in the remaining Æthyrs.

In the 6th there is a shadowing forth of the Grade of Magus. And with this closes this part of the Initiation.

Now then, in the 5th Æthyr, comes the final reception. And after this reception among the Brothers of the Silver Star comes the Vision of the Arrow.

In the 4th Æthyr, the nature of the Great Work which the Master of the Temple must accomplish is shown more fully. The Holy Guardian Angel presents his Bride to the Mother, who presents her to the Father. One may remark that it is necessary to be a Master of the Temple before anything like a full understanding of these mysteries can be attained.

In the 3rd Æthyr the Guards to the further Grades are exhibited.

Now it may be asked, "What has become of the blood of the Adept which was put into the cup of BABALON, for that blood is his life?" In this supreme Initiation narrated in the 2nd Æthyr the answer to this question is given. The word "Samadhi" is now deep down, "an old unhappy far-off thing." By so much does this exceed that. In this supreme marriage of Infinite with Infinite comes the key to the Grade of Ipsissimus, which Grade is shadowed forth—but oh, how dimly!—in the 1st Æthyr.

It will be noticed by those who understand this Æthyr that when all is done there is a complete identification (on the very last page) of that highest thing with that lowest. The Master of the Temple is not only the dust in the Pyramid, and the Blood in the Cup, but he is also that which was cast down through the Abyss into the Heaven of Jupiter. The

brain reels before such a conception. And the human brain of the Master of the Temple is but little more fitted to understand this in his life as a man than if he had never entered on the Path at all. For the Ego has been totally destroyed, and he has nothing wherewith to bind together these things. He is not any of these things, for there is no He. Those things are. And of the results of this, and of how it may bear upon the question of his advancement to the Grade of Magus, who can say? It is not the Master of the Temple even who could answer such a question. For, in relation to his advancement, he is but that little pile of dust which is to burn up, and from which shall be prepared a white ash by Hermes the Invisible. And in relation to his true life, it is mixed with the blood of all his fellows in the Cup of BABALON. And in relation to his body and mind he is but a vehicle of the forces that are beyond the Abyss. He will therefore speak, but as a man among men, of that which he has seen and heard. But he will not claim authority. He will not proclaim dogma. For all that in him from which such things proceed is no more. He will remain in the darkness of the City of the Pyramids under the Night of Pan, sitting silent through 106 seasons, the name of every one of which is Death, ever seeking to make his understanding perfect, until the time comes for him to seek that yet more fearful ordeal which must evidently [1] be involved in the attainment of the Grade of Magus. That such a time should arrive in this present life would probably seem to him unthinkable. One would imagine that the Magus must be born, not made. It would seem that no human body unglorified by an absolutely perfect harmony with the whole

[1] It was always 'evidently.' And he was always wrong in his anticipations!

of the being of which it is such a small part could confront even the Guardian of the Threshold of that Ordeal. One would imagine that in order to be suitable for such Initiation, the body and mind must be completely representative of the whole of the Cosmos, a perfect microcosm. The Mind of such an one must perfectly comprehend every phase of the Universe without exception. It must, in the most real intellectual sense, be equally "The buffet and the ear." As it is written, "A man of like passions as we are."

It is not possible here or elsewhere, nor is it particularly desirable, to enlarge upon such a subject. Such discussions are as unprofitable as those sterile controversies about the nature of Nirvana, that have done more harm to Oriental thought than all the rest of it has done good.

For that which is requisite for every man is *the next step*, and Frater P. has concentrated His message into this one phrase,

"ATTAIN TO THE KNOWLEDGE AND CONVERSATION OF THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL."

All beyond that is useless till that has been done. Here, then, the task of the writers of this book. *The Temple of Solomon the King*, may end.

The progress of a man has been described in detail with the documents reproduced verbatim. It is of no concern to any man, least of all to him, whether that account of his attainment is accepted. What is urgent for each man is that the message should be accepted. And this message, whether it be interpreted in Tiphareth, the attainment of the Heart, or

in Daath, the attainment of the Mind, or in Kether, the attainment of that which includes and transcends all, the message itself is simple. It involves no reference to facts. Frater Perdurabo may be a myth. The methods are experimental. Faith, in the conventional sense, is a condition of failure, not of success.

The Word has been proclaimed. It is of no avail without the Work.

ROSA IGNOTA

A POEM FOR PILGRIMS

BY

VICTOR B. NEUBURG

βαιὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ ῥόδα.

"There is no Samadhi without Sila."—BUDDHA.

ROSAE

VERAE

SEMPER QUAE VIVIT

ET DILIGET

I SEARCHED the world for life; at length I came
Unto a gateway I could not pass through;
And then I turned, calling upon the name
Of you.

And so you came to me: each dawn was new,
And every sunset was a scarlet flame,
And noon was glorious in gold and blue.

So now I care not for my mystic shame;
Love brings no fears, and life gives nought to rue,
So I may sing unto the love and fame
Of you.

THE CONTENTS

		PAGE
DEDICATION		129
DEDICATORY LINES		131
PROEM		133
ROSA IGNOTA		
I	INVOCATION	135
II	THE GARDEN	139
III	AMOR INTELLECTUALIS	140
IV	DECADENCE	143
V	OF THE ROSE	145
VI	THE VALLEY	147
VII	THE SONG	150
VIII	INSPIRATION	154
IX	THE DESCENT INTO MATTER	155
X	LIFE	158
XI	MELANCHOLY	159
XII	THE SEER	161
XIII	DEATH	166
XIV	THE BEGINNING	167
XV	THE BLUE CIRCLE	169
XVI	THE SILVER CRESCENT	172
XVII	THE RED TRIANGLE	176
XVIII	THE YELLOW SQUARE	179
XIX	THE BLACK EGG	182
XX	THE KEY	185
XXI	THE POET SPEAKS	186
XXII	IN THE END	195
THE EPILOGUE		197

THE PROEM

A MINSTREL, through a forest wayfaring,
Feeling his heart stirred in him, seized his lyre,
And tuned his strings, and so began to sing:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

The sun uprose, and his song mounting higher,
Reached to the summit of the Olympian hill,
Filling the gods with new and strange desire
To stain earth's mire with their immortal fire:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

He sang of blood, and how men mar and spill;
He sang of love, and how men love and kill;
He sang the world as never yet 'twas sung;
He sang the will to fashion joy from ill:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

And even as he sang with easy tongue,
With lips that quivered as his spirit stung,
Crying aloud unto the Muse who sings,
New glory flung unto him to him clung:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

Oh! Woe to me who have to sing these things;
I was the Minstrel whom Enchantment brings:
She led her Poet captive through the world;
Alas! his wings were tangled in life's strings:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

Oh! Woe to me whose soul's wings are unfurled,
Within my heart's core ever shall be curled
A little tendril softly that doth cling,
Softly impearled, a thing from heaven hurled;
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

A minstrel through a forest wayfaring
Hath brought his love a shy and tender thing,
A gentle bloom of the gods' gardening.
Oh! woe to me who have to tell this thing!
The Rose doth sing: my song hath here its sting:
Oh! Woe to me who have to sing this thing!

O Rose Unknown! I heard the secret Call
Out of the dark: there came unto mine ears
A sound of laughter and a sound of tears,
And then an utter silence. That was all;
Until it happened one day to befall,
There came to me the spirits of the years
That I had wasted: Lose, they said, thy fears;
Thou art before Love's throne imperial!

So then I bent mine eyes unto the earth,
And fell upon my knees, and cried for grace,
Fearing to gaze upon the royal face.
But suddenly there came the sound of mirth
Mingled with tears, from that imperial throne,
And then a voice: Come, Lord, unto thine own.

ROSA IGNOTA

I

INVOCATION

My unknown Rose!
Sweet-hearted, scented purely
With all the passion of my heart, if now
I sing new songs to thee
Where many songs before have marked thee surely
Their own, let vagrant Liberty
Inform my songs; for I, of the pure brow
And the soul that glows
With the fervency of eld, invoke thee; for I have known thee:
Wandering far into the cities I found thee,
Unsuspected still, and round thee
The idle worshippers that the wind hath blown thee.
It is well; for I know thee and thy magic grace,
And the history of thy race,
And the times of eld
When thou wast born, compelled
By sundawn to ope thine eyes.—
Ah! Wise!
Thou hast not shadowed the thunder,
And thereunder
Is set the manifold wonderment of thee,
Star, star of the sea! . . .

Well do I know my magic shall not avail
To unveil thee.
Too well I know I may not hope to impale thee
On the spear of my song ; my song
Is thine, and thou dost not remain for long :
Thou tarriest not at all,
Thou guardest all men's bale
Within the web of the Mystery called Time.
And so no rime
Of beauty or of truth shall serve
Thee, until thou shalt swerve
And fall.

Who shall undo the wrong ?
What hand shall set thee free ?
And who shall lend his light that it may bring
An end to the light I sing ?
My song, my song
Is blasphemy to thee,
Who knowest naught, I know, of thee and me ;
But only the wild grace,
Abandoned, but in silent harmony,
Under the starred sky's face,
Under the green hills, free
In the most sacred time, in the most secret place,
Is thine.
Oh, Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
Sang the poet of the world.
But what wine may suit thee,
Thee, with thy petals curled,

And thy scented breath
That only may be known in trancèd death
To me?—
Yea! And to all those
That worship thee, my Rose,
My Rose! My Rose! My Rose!

For thou dost glance through all the veils of life,
Lending thy light unwon,
O subtlest syren thou, who wouldst entrance the sun!
Behind what secret hill shall I find thee?
In what chains shall I bind thee?
O Rose! Wert thou but mine
I would blind thee
With the sacred sign
Of five,
Making thee mine.
Alive
Thou wouldst kill me,
But dead, dead thou wouldst fill me
With the low breath I seek, and I should be
The incarnate spring's gold immortality.
Rose of the mire
Where courses sacred fire. . . .

Oh! In what far land
Shall I weave thee a garland
That shall contain thee,
And shall not contain thee?
That shall restrain thee,
And shall not restrain thee?

O thou whose scent enchanted my vain youth
From the more bitter truth
Of easy things,
How hast thou led me on
To the mire?
Thou madest thyself wings
Of false and fecund fire;
Thou bad'st me don
An alien robe of shame.
Ah! Sweetheart, thee I blame,
And may not blame,
For the sweet, eternal shame
That seared my soul,
And left my spirit free,
Free! to weep before thee,
And thou hast slain me;
Thou hast slain me whole,
I am all dead to thee,
My Rose, my Rose, my Rose,
And the things I have said to thee
Are but the foolish echoes the wind blows
Into mine ears from the most secret world
Wherein thy faded petals dropped,
And stopped
Decaying, for eternally are curled
Tightly new petals. So this my song shall be
The last I shall sing to thee,
To thee. Oh, the wind blows
Thy secret to me, Rose!

II

THE GARDEN

BECAUSE of the gray dreams
In the garden of yellow roses,
A thrill of the quiet streams
In the garden of lost delight:
Ah! youth, so slim and white,
The one sure blossom uncloses:
When thou art lying still and dead, it blooms in the heart of the night.

Shattered the golden sword in the great bronze hands of the old
Hermaphrodite of the ages!
O youth, so sad and wise,
Shattered the strong hilt lies;
The great bronze god for wages
Has a hilt of gold, and eyes of gold,
Beneath the sunless skies.

Yet it were well to have been
Idle and young and tender,
Ignorantly and idly wise, disdainful in the dawn,
Sweetest of all the green
And gold that the gods surrender
Of the sweet dead times that have seen
The marriage of nymph with faun.

See! With an idle rime
I slip again to the splendour,
With eyes all blinded by time,
To this thing that the gods surrender—
Ineffably sad and tender
As a girl-babe born to die
Ere she hath known the blue of the sky,
And the light that her love shall lend her.

So in an idle dream
I have slipped from the yellow-gray;
On the wings of song I have crossed the stream
To the dawn of immortal youth—
To the long-lost love-lit day
When the gods in glamour and ruth
Passed as a dream away,
In a dream that was known for the truth.

III

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS

THE soft, gray autumn's radiant stars
Bend down, like pallid nenuphars
Over a woodland pool, and I
See night, blind night, beyond the sky:
Autumn in London, gray and gold.
Autumn in London, chaste and cold.
By woodland ways, with silent tread,
Pass, dusty dreams! dreams dim and dead

ROSA IGNOTA

In the gold of a faded summer sun
Burnished and dull, in clouds of dun
And brilliant amber. Soft! Let be
The tender dream! Stay here with me!
So, to this dream, this dream, I give
Again the pulsing life I live:
The faded sunset thrills the sweet
Core of my soul;—ah! nimble feet
Grown old! Oh! autumn woodlands fraught
With pensiveness of waking thought!
The gray night gathers, soft and cold,
The old dead dreams, dead dreams of old,—
The cold, gray, windy breath of time,
The old dead loves, the unsung rime:
Autumn, the pale, gray, crispèd star,
Virginal, golden nenuphar,
Folden upon itself to sleep,
To sleep and die, to wake and weep
Soft silver tears of old desire.
O molten silver of my lyre,
Transmute, transmute my autumn dream,
Transmute the winding star-lit stream
To the stream of olden grace and love;
The earth beneath, the sky above;
And round the russet autumn's chill
The brown leaves swirling, swirling still
Where London autumn waxes cold,
Where night grows younger, fold on fold.
The short, gray day fades softly down
To dusk; Night bears the radiant crown

Of twilight's dim remembered dreams
Seen through a tremulous veil : who deems
The past is dead—let London lights
Mingle with London's autumn nights ! . . .
The dull-red gleams of burnished fire,
The wind-harp songs of old desire,
Lost, pallid, steal through Autumn's veils,
The unsung songs, forgotten tales. . . .
Autumn in London, young and bare,
Autumn in London, gray and fair. . . .
Through hazes of the times of eld
Through mazes of the world compelled
By the magic of the memory
Of the love born by a sunlit sea—
Through the gray dusk a faint pink glows,
The aureole of a flower that blows
In the garden of the gods : too long
I linger lost in sense of song ;
Too long I stay, too late, too late
I wander by the hidden gate
Of the garden, and the night-wind blows
Around me still, ah, Rose, my Rose !
From thee the wind-borne breezes float :
From thee ! the secret word, the note
On the lips of a dying god, pierced through
By the spear of Dawn. Is Dawn still new,
Now thou art faded in the gloom ?
Now thou art lost in death and doom ?
I know not yet ; nor shall I know
Till thou art faded quite, and snow

ROSA IGNOTA

Upon thy grave shows bare and white
In the chill heart of winter's night.
Still shall I feel the wind that blows
From the secret grave of thee, my Rose.

IV

DECADENCE

TWILIGHT, that is the thin gray ghost of day,
Holds the dim way of death; the darkness grows
More sanguine-hearted as the hour is sped,
And with less light is fed;
Thine hour grows, grows alway:
Thou art mine, mine own, mine own, thou sanguine Rose.

Thou sanguine Rose! Deep-hearted as the hour
Thou bearest as a flame; more argent-shod
Than the eloquent bringer of the god's delight:
Here, from the edge of night
I pluck thee forth, a flower
Too fair for the garish day, the barren sod.

My Rose! My ensanguined Rose! For ever mine,
Mine in the birth of the spirit: the flash that fades,
Unveiling still, lights thee, that bloomest still
Till that thou dost fulfil
The old gray world, divine
With the breath of thee in the cool, white colonnades.

Thou art too pure to love, too sweet to know,
Too fair to bear unsullied through the world,
Where love is blind with lust, and hate grows strong
On thine immortal song ;
Nor do the world's winds blow
Abroad the forbidden word, in thee, in thee impearled.

My Rose ! my Rose ! my Rose ! my ensanguined Rose,
Blood o' the heart of the love transcending life,
Than death more cool, more eloquent, more still :
There is moonlight on the hill,
But thou art gone, as goes
The promised joy of thee, the world's still-virgin wife.

They spurn thee from the temples of their Lady,
Nor know the passion of thy virgin will,
Nor heed the murmurous song of thee, that blows
Over their heads, my Rose :
But in cool paths and shady
Of the old secret woods, ah ! they might find thee still !

Rose ! Rose ! the driving rain, the shadows growing
Over the pathway of the doubtful land,
Obscure thee from me, and no foot-fall now
I hear ; if it be thou,
So silent, that art going,
I shall not know, nor in thy darkness understand.

V

OF THE ROSE

"THAT love and the lover
  Are mingled in me
Night shall discover:
  Dreams shall not be
    The veil of the world that my heart doth disclose:
The long night is over,
    And I am the Rose.

"Night, like a cancer,
  Spread over my breast;
There was no answer,
  No truce to this rest,
    That, holding the world in a shower of white snows,
Chilled the mad dancer
    Who bore me, the Rose.

"Day, like a vision,
  Before me is fled;
Hate and derision
  Have fouled my soft bed.
    In the heart of the water the quenched vision glows;
Unborne, in division,
    By me, the world's Rose."

Ah! Rose of the mire
  That festering runs
Through the lands of desire
  In the blaze of the suns;—

I am stirred to the depths of me when the wind blows
The notes of the lyre
To me, O lost Rose!

My rose of the world,
My rose of the mire,
With petals soft-curled
O'er the heart of desire,—
I am he who shall bear thee; who knows not and knows;
Whose heart is impearled
In the heart of the Rose.

By the bow that is bent,
By the veil that is torn,
By the strength that is spent,
By the babe that is born,
By the river of starlight that ceaselessly flows
By the god's starlit tent,
Oh, I hail thee, my Rose.

So day and her lover,
And night and her dream,
Have passed thee, Rose, over;
And over the stream
Thou shalt pass, and thy vigil not seek to impose,
Nor thy secret discover,
O thou, the world's Rose.

VI

THE VALLEY

It is undone, the spell, and I am cast
Out to the winds; at last
I shall perish utterly, I know:
But I shall lie asleep on the breast of the Past,
Nor feel the sun, nor the tempest, nor the snow,
And all my woe
Shall be as naught to me,
For I shall be utterly free
As I am utterly dead.
So let no requiem be said
Over my mouldering head,
And let no vague, sweet songs be sung
By any tongue!
For he to whom the songs are given
Hath no ear to receive.
The chord is riven,
And he did not believe.
He had no fear to die, for death could give
No more pain
Than that he knew whilst he did live.
He lives again
In the earth
Whence he had birth.
Gladly he lies at rest, asleep, unknown,
His ashes scattered to the four winds, blown
About the world: his songs

Forgotten utterly as he.
So let him lie unknown where he belongs,
Ask of the murmuring sea,
Or of the silent stars that roll so ceaselessly,
Where he be fled,—
It is enough ; one word is enough : he is dead.

Rose ! Ever-virgin Rose of the pulsing world,
Whereover are thy petals curled,—
It is for me alone to sing of thee,
It is for me alone.
Yea ! let my songs of thy fame
Be as flame,
That shall enhance, maybe,
The liberty
Of one.—
If one alone shall say :
" It is not dead, the day,
Not utterly dead while one man sings,
Having been brushed by the morning's wings,"
It shall suffice
For him ; and as for thee,
Though the age be as ice,
In one heart thou hast blossomed ; one was free
To sing these things,
These things.

For ever more the light shall fade from him,
His eyes shall wax more dim,
His ear more dull.
And so the wonderful world less beautiful

Shall grow: he shall know no more
The wonder of spring:
He shall sing—
But a shadow shall lie before.
He shall find no thing
Whereby he may linger, and say,
Behold! I have found the day.

His day is over: utterly he shall die,
My Rose, under the sky.
He shall lie with the worm,
And so no more with thee;
There shall be set this term
To his mortality.

Yet shall he worship thee
With his tears
For a few short years.
And then he shall be
Nothing at all to thee,
Who sang thee when no other man would sing thee,
Who brought unto thee all that he could bring thee.

Night, that art mother of our quietness,
Who bendest deep, dark eyes o'er our distress,
In thee shall sleep his ashes; let him lie
Alone under the sky,
Nor wake again:
He hath paid for his life with his pain.
He oweth naught
Unto the universe,

For that whereof
He was wrought
Was bound up with the curse
Of love.
So let him lie with earth above,
And earth below.
He hath forgotten who was fulfilled of woe.
He is buried deep, oh! deep:
Leave him alone to sleep.

Leave him to sleep alone under the sky;
He had one mighty vision, and did die.
Now he is dead that dream shall be fulfilled
While he doth sleep.
For, whilst his song is utterly stilled,
His dream doth wake again,
And laugh and weep.
But he is free, and knoweth no more pain.

VII

THE SONG

YEA! I who have lain dead among the roses
Have slain love utterly in my soul
By mine own death! O constant-playing fount
Under the shadow of our Venus' mount—
Thou whom I love, unto whose vine uncloses
The gaping wound whose sap hath made me whole,—

ROSA IGNOTA

O riot of the gods! O thou!
O thou of the pale brow,
And pale, most pale, blue eyes,
Upon thy bosom
Oh, the bud and blossom!
The flaunting wanton leaps on the stage of the world,
And cries:
I am the love, the love that never dies,
Being born with the lover's death,
Yielding mine easy breath
Under the never-failing skies,
That fail not for shelter over the dim world.
And so am I closely curled
Upon myself, with petals still, still furled. . . .

Over the plains of Art with scornful feet
And trailing amber robes, a nymph of time
Floats, nimbly fleet
Before the vision,
And in derision
She mocks me for my rime,
Mocks me with song most sweet,
Most utterly sweet, and I,
Who have slain the shells
Of the gods who haunted me
And flaunted me,
Lie,
Listening to the spells
That she hath woven about me.
Yea! should she flout me,

I should burst with song, I know,
And go,
An ill-starred victim, to the lost low land
Where the wailing voices—
That are voices only,
Having burst the husk of song—
Wander lonely,
While the Muse rejoices,
Bearing within her hand
The lyre,
And the sacred fire,
Serene and strong,
That lights the dusky underworld.
Ah! hurled, ah! hurled
By Zeus
From the skies,
Prometheus, lost Prometheus
Gasps and dies
For ever on the rock of my desire,
And the lusty Raven
Hath sought at last his haven,
Under the streams that flow from that lost fire. . . .

Oh, woe! Oh, woe to me that have seen this,
Oh, woe unutterable! the last long kiss
Hath slain me, O thou nymph with wanton eyes!
And now the sunlight dies
A moment from the skies
Over the Abyss. . . .

ROSA IGNOTA

Descent! Descent! Ah! I am fallen far
Under the low, bright star
That led me on, a dreamer, to the veil
That parted, and left pale
The dark beyond; for there was nothing there—
Nothing! A shell! A husk
Born of the dusk
In the afterglow of passion, wild and fair
I saw it. Yea!
I had been stolen away,
A changeling bodily; my soul was thrust
To moulder with the dust:
I was the love that dies,
And I had slain the lover
With song.
Ah! Night! discover
Her of the wanton eyes
That fled before me
So long,
And scattered o'er me
Alas! the star-dust that should blind mine eyes,
And hide me from the skies.
Is love so strong?
So weak the lover?
Yea, night shall yet discover
My song, my veilèd song.

VIII

INSPIRATION

THE wingèd globe that holds the stars enchained,
The secret, silver pools of the lost desires—
These be thy fires, thy fires!
O lone Osiris in thy wintry tomb
Of doom
O lonely one, so utterly silent there,
Too weary for despair—
Yea, I have found thee too, thee too,
And round thee all the blue
Of the skies is blackened; waned
The light of thine eyes to the dusk.
The husk, the husk
Of all dead dreams, dead dreams
Is come upon thee;
Dust and ash and musk, and musk, and musk—
All these are on thee. . . .

I bear a chalice of red-tipped lilies under the moon.
Bestrewn
The dim pathway of delight
With night,
And her dim, pale stars that swoon
In the circle of the skies.
Thine eyes,
O radiant god, are waning, and there dies

Along the barren waste thine echoing cry.
And all the sky
Is a chalice of white lilies rimmed with blood,
With blood; and the bitter flood
Of thy tears is dying away, away, away,
Beyond the hills, the hidden hills of day.

These are but lilies, O my silent god;
Where thy feet have trod
Upon the earthly way
They have sprung,
And the songs that have been sung
Are faded with the day.
My little heap of ashes, thou wast god,
Yea, utterly wast thou god!

So there are no more roses, no more roses;
There shall be no more songs to thee,
Lord of the lilies and the silent sea
Of Time.
No rime
This night brings to thee: closes
The hour in dusk; there is no song sung to thee,
And thou art fled from all thy toil, set free. . . .

IX

THE DESCENT INTO MATTER

YEA! All the veils of the spirit come to this—
To this, that they are veils of thee, of thee;

And the flesh, alas! is the core of thee. Be it so.
I have wandered through the worlds in seeking thee,
And I have found thee, and thou art as pure
As dung, as sweet as sweat, as light as lust.
All these, all these I have found, oh, bitterness!
O forsaken one, whom I have found, thou art ravished
By the phallus of Time, of Time that pierceth thee
So keenly that thou art torn, thy virgin body
A prey to the lust of Time! Oh, bitterness!
Oh, threefold sadness! I have found thee now
Too late, too late, too late. I am weary of flesh;
It burns me now I have lost thee! I sicken of time,
It sears me, sears me! Now, no longer unknown,
I have found thee, the harlot goddess. Why camest thou not
When thou wast pure as I, a new-purged soul
Weary for a space from the lusts of the world, set free
From the clutches of flesh? For ever I have lost thee,
And I damn thee, for that thou hast seduced me far
From the olden way of the gods. O Rose! Rose! Rose!
Unknown, ah! wherefore hast thou done this thing?
The spirit is dead within me, and the flesh
Wearies of thee, whom never I have known:
For thou art foul to me—a leprous worm
Of sticky slime; a clamorous courtezan
With itching sores, thou bidd'st me scratch thee, ease
Thine ill with the touches of love. Ah! slimy one,
Rose of the world polluted, thou who holdest
A boy's dreams in derision, a man's desires

As food for thy body—thy body!—how shall I come to thee
Who am at last awakened? Oh, my Rose,
My Rose of my lost World, O Rose! Rose! Rose!
Pity me for that now I may not love thee,
Pity me for the unquenchable desire,
Never to be gratified, I bear toward thee!
Pity me for my youth, the scattered dreams
That are fallen from the shattered casket of my soul.

Yet will I ravish thee even now, my queen;
I will fasten my fangs in thy breast, and drink thy blood,
Thy leprous blood, to make me mad with hate,
And frenzied with unsatisfied desire.—
I will make my bed with thee, thou harlot Rose
Set 'twixt the limbs of the world, hate and desire.
I will make me foul as thou that I may be
A citizen of the world! I will quench the fire
Immortal in me! I will be as thou,
Prostitute unto Pan and unto Time.—
I will live upon the dreams thou givest me
In fee for sated passion! Yea! I will be
A vanquisher of genius, a dream palled
With life and time, knowing naught else there be
But thou, who art slime, whose fingers through the veil
Transform the world to dust, the sun to fire,
Life unto lust, love to polluted dreams
Of rose-buds ruined by slimy worms that crawl,
Seeking desire, through the crapulous bed of love.

So shall the lust of love be sated on thee
In spite of thee, who knowest no ecstasy.
And I will win a pallid way to the stars
In spite of thee! Yea, and because of thee.
For the end of every path must be the same,
And at the end of thee, immortal one,
Is Nothing! Yea, thou shalt know, Rose, even as I,
How the last dust of the world is naught but dust,
And how thou shalt die, being the Immortal Rose.

X

LIFE

MEN say: "For love's sake and for beauty's sake
We would make our songs immortal; we would give
The passionate cry of summer, the secret ache
That thou, our poet, knowest;" I would live
A lonely virgin for thy sake, and I
Would fret no more the earth, nor tire the sky
With ever-unbidden song. Ah! I would give
All that my spirit hath learned of thee, to live
Lonely and pure with the memory of thy kiss,
And thy passionate, tearing lips, and thine arms around me,
Knowing naught of the world, and caring naught, save this:
Love, through this woman, hath found me. . . .

But last night, when betwixt thy breasts I lay,
Sucking thy soul away,
I dreamed of a song I would make thee, a song so fair,
It should charm the wandering air,
And make it stay with me for ever,
A thought of thee within my mind:
Dearest, I am deaf and blind,
Believe me, to all but thee; yea, too, I am dumb,
Save when I sing thee,
When my songs I bring thee.
O passionate endeavour!
O love more rare
Than the fabled loves of the gods, I too succumb
Unto the olden immemorial spell,
And have no words to tell
Of thee, and of the grace of thee,
And of the face of thee,
Who art mine, whom I made mine own.

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the Rose is blown.

XI

MELANCHOLY

OVER all is the greenness, in the slow-falling night
Over the fields with dusk and dew, with dusk and dew,
there flees
A dying echo, faint and dim, fleeing towards the light;
Sombre streams cry mournfully in the sighing breeze
With the rustling trees.

The old brown mellow houses grow mellower in the nightfall;
A charmèd air is about them of the keen old days that are dead.
Oh, hushed is the song of the morning, hushed in the tremulous light-fall,
For the light is fading slowly now, and all the legends are said,
And all the glamour is fled.

Here in the soft grey twilight the mournful evening lingers
Upon the road to dream and sleep and all the things that are past;
Here in the shadowy night-fall, with slow reluctant fingers,
The poet touches the silent strings, and falls into calm at last
As the night grows dim and vast.

And the passionate hour of love, of love, is come unto dust and slumber,
A gracious memory only stays, a passionless sense remains
Of golden hours that are passed and fled, when the joys of love without number
Fanned into fire his smouldering heart, and turned into flame his brains
With purple and crimson stains.

And the hour of the Rose is fallen, and the light of her eyes is fled,
There is only a sense of vaguest dream, of calm, unending repose

ROSA IGNOTA

On the breast of a love that is fled afar, this is soft, and gentle, and dead;
That passed away on the stream of night; that flows and flows and flows
From the heart of a faded Rose.

XII

THE SEER

Over the billows
Of soft green grass,
Under the willows,
The gray sprites pass.
In twilight's glamour
The shadows grow,—
Cadent life's clamour!
So low, so low,
That the world is hushed
As the white light pales;
No longer flushed
The daylight fails;
The fading light
No longer glows
In the west; the night
Still deeper grows:
O secret Rose!

O secret Rose!
O secret Name!
The west wind blows
As the hot red flame

THE EQUINOX

Dies down to dusk;
  The day is dim. . . .
Hawthorn and musk. . . .
  The seraphim
Play on the breeze:
  The ponds are stirred
By the mysteries
  Of the secret Word.
The lost Word floats
  Over the dunes
In silver notes
  And golden tunes,
  And mystic runes.

O secret Rose!
  O secret Flame!
The west wind blows
  The secret Name
Into the ears
  Of the wandering lights
That love their fears
  In the summer nights,
And in autumn rejoice
  By the haunted meres,
Hearing the voice
  Of the seven spheres,
Who are merged in the sun,
  Whom the moonlight frees,
And whose orison
  The soft night-breeze
  Blows over the leas.

ROSA IGNOTA

To softest sleep
  In the scented west
In the moonlight deep
  His ear is pressed
To the earth, who wanders,
  Unseen, alone;
Who dreams and ponders,
  Whose face is stone,
Carven by thought:
  He unveils the skies,
And the star-dreams wrought
  By his frozen eyes
Take shape and stand
  In his argent dream;
And the old gray land
  And the swift gray stream
  Glitter and gleam.

The silver wonder
  Of silent stars,
The silent thunder
  Of sunset's bars,
The crimson flare
  In the ashes of day,
Are everywhere
  On the secret way:
Under the hill
  The clamouring gnomes,
For a moment still
  In their darkened homes,
Hear the deep night,

THE EQUINOX

And the secret word
That dies in light
Is seen as a bird,
As a vision heard.

The sylphs that skim
The upper air,
Light of limb,
With floating hair,
Tune their lyres
To the faded west,
And the sacred fires,
As they pass to rest,
For a moment stay
As a note half-heard
On their homeward way
As a weary bird
Lingers in space.
O molten air!
O dying grace!
O dream most rare!
O fire most fair!

The waves that wander
Under the night,
As stars that ponder
The birth of light,
Lift their crests
To the flash of fire,
And in their breasts
There is born desire

ROSA IGNOTA

For the maidens that float
  In the heart of the river;
And the secret note
  Sets the waves aquiver
Till the naiads arise
  To hear the choir
Of the star-lit skies,
  And the secret fire
  Of death and desire.

And the rim of the flame
  Is pierced and torn
With the spirits made tame
  By the breath of the morn,
And the life of the fire
  That surges and swells
From the swamp and the mire,
  From the million hells,
And the one soft heaven
  Where meetly blooms
The heart of the seven
  Supernal dooms.
The water of life
  Still flashes and flows
From the heart of the strife
  To the pathway that goes
  To the core of the Rose.

XIII

DEATH

THE ways are fixed unto the last abode
Of death; there is no sign-post on that road;
No man hath found it, and no man shall find
The secret way under the heavens: blind
Is knowledge, for within man's mortal brain
There is an end to thought, an end to pain;
And there is death, a cool, gray, silent place,
Calm in the afterglow of life; one grace
Kept pure and holy, and one sacred thing
In the deep centre of the mystic ring
Of life, whence all roads lead, a winding path
Through plains of dumb despair and sunless wrath.
There is one holy spot under the skies
Kept sacred from the screaming herd: there lies
The silent singer, and the dreamer asleep,
Calm in the mother-earth, and sunken deep
From all the toil of the world and the heat of day,
Buried and quite forgotten; hidden away
From jarring strife, the myriad tongues that shout
Their petty shibboleths of faith and doubt.
One truth, one knowledge, and one thing shall save:
The cool, dark temple of the silent grave.
One knowledge and one truth: one thing alone
Shall yield the calm man seeks— the upright stone.
One life, one love, one death; and Death at last
Is master of all life to be, far passed

Into his silence; from the earth where he
Reigns in his silent, sunless dignity
One hope still blossoms, one last flower still blows
Upon the mystic earth, my Rose, my Rose.

XIV

THE BEGINNING

Rose of the gardens of old Babylon,
Red, scarlet Rose of fire in the breast of light:—
I had a dream of thee, my Babylon;
Yea; all thy petals were crimson with delight:
And under the soft stars, the silent night
Grew deeper, deeper, till the heart o' the world
Lay bare before me, with no robe to don
Save the lucent veil of spirit, argent-white;
And then there came a voice: Arise! Smite! Smite!
Ere the portal of the temple may be won!
Crash down the walls! Lend all thy hidden might!
I, in the bosom of the deep impearled,
Cry from the cloud-place of the Underworld.
Let the gold banner of the day be unfurled
That I may manifest the secret curled
In the darkling bosom of the world's great night!

Then I arose in majesty, and came,
Spurning the loves of the world for thee, for thee,
For that my soul had quenched all meaner flame,
Than the flame that burned still for thy majesty!

And the voice of the world swept ever over me,
And I gave answer: Come thou forth, my star!
Oh! be it mine to see thy chariot flee!
Oh! come thou in thine own triumphal car!
And at the naming of the secret Name
Thou camest unto me, Istar! Istar!

Istar! thou flaming rose-bud of the world!
Istar! I call thee by thy secret Name!
Istar! the snake within the red Rose curled,
Come in thy triumph! Come thou in thy shame
All uncontaminate—a lambent flame.
Lick, lick the sores upon me!* ah! thy name
Hath burned me through: I scorch within thy star!
Drain me to death, and slay me with thy flame!
Death and destruction! O Istar! Istar!

Palace of dream! Red rose-leaves subtly hurled
At the chariot-wheels of Time! O charioteer,
Who drivest on the molten car o' the world
Over desire, and love, and hope and fear,
Hath not the name of the goddess on thine ear
Fallen, and art thou still abashed with shame?
Apollo! Apollo! Apollo! I name the Name,
And the silver of the moon grows gold and clear;
The sun-dawn breaks in everlasting flame,
Shaming desire, and burning up the fear
Of the world! O thou! I call thee by thy name
Most secret! Yea! I smite the age-long year
Of man's deliverance! And thy steeds I tame
With the word of the sun-god! And the molten bar

* *Merci, nor.*

Of flaming gold is flung back from thy throne!
I stand unarmed before thee, and alone,
Bearing the fallen mantle of a star;
Rose of the world! Istar! Istar! Istar!

XV

THE BLUE CIRCLE

For all the blue heart of the shifting summer,
And all the grace of green, the fire of spring
Grown olden in the world of space and time—
Let the twin worlds rejoice! The sacrilege
Of the mystery is unveiled; there is no word
Uttered within the bosom of the spring.
But the hornèd satyrs under the beechen boughs
Still linger, as the hour of triumph grows
In the Ram's mouth: and the heart of day is torn
With the fear of the new Birth: no more is set
The Crown on the temples of the dawn; no more
Is heard the clarion of the day; the ways
Are darkened for delight, and pure for pain
Of birth, stretch forth to the ends of the universe—
A long, still road of longing, passion-pale
With the dust of lives, and strewn with the bitterness
Of the heart of man, the weary heart of man!
And deeply set betwixt the pillars of day,
There stands the statue of a god, awaking
From torpor; reaching up to the pale blue skies,
And wingless, and with longing in his eyes
For the unattainable goal; with lips that quiver

With slow anticipation of delight.
Ah! mouth half-opened to the warm spring air!
Ah! eyes that smouldering never burst in flame!
Ah! thou unsatisfied, immutable one
In the key of blue . . . the threefold destiny,
Is not for thee, nor ever shall be thine!

The lust of joy incarnate! Incarnate youth
Of the world! Alack! No longer art thou King
Of the Underworld; no more thy road is peace,
For not by longing nor by wonderment
Shalt thou gain the drooping west, the starless place,
The sun-shot centre of the folden stars,
The palace of the cloudy Underworld.
Oh! in the key of blue my lyre is tuned
To the threefold mystery. O wandering stars!
O lonely lights! The mysteries of time
Fade and grow pale before the eternal cry!
Light! Light! The doom of time is thrown to the winds—
And I have set the secret wide and still
In the heart of thee, my Mother; I have known
The incarnate miracle of the birth of man,
The twin of Time, the heir of the gods' debauch;
The shedder of the raiment of the loom
Whereon are woven birth and life and death.
Yea! Is revealed the Sword, the eye of light!
Hail to the fivefold star! The secret awe
Of the world unborn; and thou, that hast the key,
Let the lyre sound before thee! Let thy breath

Herald the day! Aha! Aha! Aha!
Ho! Dance in the secret dances of the night,
In the mystic windings of the mossy ways
Of eld! Oh! let the silence break, break, break
At the birth of man from out the universe!
Hail to the Lord of the Sun, and the Sacred Rose!

Master of space and time, thou subject god!—
Master of space and time! From the Underworld
I speed upon the Way! Ho! Jupiter!
I am Mercury, the little light-heeled god,
The summoner of the stars at choiring-time,
When they sing thine earth, thine earth, thy sun-child.
Yea!
From out the deep is sung the song of joy,
And the branches of all the trees in all the world
Are shaken, and the twilight pools are stirred
From slumber by the softly spoken word.
And I am thine! Sunk in the heart of Time
Is the memory of thee! Ah! deep! deep! deep
In the core of the world! And I am set, a flame,
On the altar of song; the old, forgotten ways
Are set in me! I am the risen Pan,
Risen from the rainy earth to bear the spring
Within me! Oh, thou little soft, shy god,
Half girl, half beauteous youth, oh, hail to thee
Hail! For the morning is a misty birth,
And the sun a shadow, and the world a lie!
And I that sing in the early key of blue
Am the Rose o' the World, the long-forgotten Rose!

THE EQUINOX

Hail! on the altar of the awakening day;
Hail! in the temple of the night outworn
By the vigils of the gods! Soft, secret Rose,
I bear upon my breast the golden sign;
I wear thee on my breast, and I am thine—
Light as the summer oak-leaves, gold as the god
On the shimmering sea calling the winds to rest.
Light, light be the earth upon thee, and below,
Breath of the world unborn, long wave of song!
Hail unto thee, and hail unto the star
That bore thee! Hail! and hail! and hail! and hail
Hail! For the word is spoken, and the light
Is fallen, and the Rose is mine, is mine!
The Rose is mine! O Rose! O secret Rose!

XVI

THE SILVER CRESCENT

In the little cleft of the rocks whence life first sprang
To birth, by the secret, shadowy, molten sea,
Where Aphrodite sprang to greet the sun,
Low voices murmur: shadowy Underworld
In the void of time, light song of Erebus
On the lips of a courtesan of Rome, ah! list!
A wandering singer caught the light o' the stars
On his lips, and the sun-dawn of the world in his heart.
For I that dwelt within the city of Time
Was lost in a cloudy dawn; the silken veil
Of dew that clothed the green grass of the fields

Was the veil of Olympus! Now the shadowy night
That sang to me, that sang, that sang to me
Sprang from the underworld of Eld; the moon
That circled in the heavens sang to me.
And I that heard the olden monstrous lays
Of eld, the dreaming wonders of the dawn,
Died, and still lie imprisoned in the rocks
By the salt sea, knowing of the doom of man,
But being dumb, as is the doom of man.

For nightfall is delight of Eld, and I
Wander bareheaded under the dark sky;
Calling and calling from the windy deeps,
The olden Night still draws me: moonlight weeps
For sunlight faded in the dark; the sun
Is under the dark clouds; still one by one
Soft, silent stars creep silently upon me,
Leaving soft trails of light. O wonder-dawn
Of the inverted thunder of the skies—
Back to the gardens of old Babylon!
The hanging lamps, the slow enchanted moon,
The gold-eyed stars, the pillars of the sea,
And the call of Her forgotten! Oh! I lie
Under the stars, upon the dewy sward,
And all around me is the silent city,
The soft, white city, softened by the dawn.
And I hear the sistrons, and I hear the songs
Sung to the hanging moon! And thou, Istar,
Radiantly comest on the brains of men
To slow illumination of desire;

The old enchanted palace of the will
Is thine, and god-like dreams of Eld are thine,
Of the Underworld of the stars, beneath the sea,
Beyond the cloudy palaces of the hills.
Ah! never hath the dawn been nearer thee!

Fallen to idle sleep, and borne within
The temple of Mind, the soul of Night is laid
Under the starry canopy of the worlds,
And the lamp is set upon her bier; let be,
Let her still slumber! Oh, my radiant one,
Thou that art born of the dew and of the stars,
Come thou to me, while that the soft night sleeps,
O thou most inner and supernal dawn,
Thou that bearest the torch for the feast of the gods!
In the heart of eld I found thee, and a rose
Was thy heart, and a rose thy crown, and tiny rosebuds
Girt thy green mantle, and thy yellow hair,
Glittered with the dust of the stars! By the river-side
Thou camest to me! Oh, the secret night
When I stared into the water under the moon,
Singing and tumbling on its way to the sea!
The soft stream flowed under the milky stars;
And there were poplars by the water-side,
Gazing upon themselves; but I was blind,
Blinder than wood, more silent than the moon.
And so thou camest to me, O my darling!
My little rose-lipped darling! Fountain-cool
Thy hands, and thine eyes warm with celestial fire
Drawn from the world's heart! Oh! my little one,

ROSA IGNOTA

Come to me here in the great, slow silences,
In the radiant dimness of the after-glow
Of the passionate ache of the world : I am Pan no more,
But on my brow is set Diana's tiar!
Diana, O Diana of the woods!
Lie thou with me, for I am Pan no more,
But the Virgin of the Star-drift of the world!
Here in the silence, in the great green woods,
Lie thou with me! Slumber with me to-night
Under the stars, and the yellow, drifting moon.
We will love no more as Syrinx and Pan : Diana!
Come unto me, and I will grant the thing
Thou cravest! Oh! the foaming milk of the stars!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

Rosa Ignota! Ah! the pale moon-flowers,
The soft, shy glances, and the virgin unwon!
Oh! the sweet burden of the sunless hours :
Love! I am conquered! Nay, love! I have won!
O feeble moonlight! O sweet stars undone
By the pale longing of eld! O virgin word!
Under the silent moon I bear the sword!

Oh! the soft burden of the sunken sun!
I bear a chalice of lilies under the moon!
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon!
Light is no more : oh! let us swoon and die!
And the secret way is star-lit, star-bestrewn,
Star-guarded, star-set, under the starry moon!
Is there no way but this under the sky?
Oh, moon of Eld, ah! shall we die or swoon?

O Rose eclipsed! O Rose! my Rose of Roses!
The night is pale to death: the lyre reposes
Under the star-shot glamour of the moon,
And all her palest roses.

XVII

THE RED TRIANGLE

THE eye of Fate is closed; the olden doom
Lies in the wrack of things. There is no sign;
Only the wind cries through the lonely woods,
And the barren motherhood of the world is manifest
Shamelessly; in the dank, pale, autumn woods
The fallen leaves lie squelching under the feet
Of the desolate gnomes: and now the birds are silent,
And the streams are sluggish in the veins of the world.
Dark gray and cloudy, the skies no more are blue,
And grayness reigning solitary makes music
Drearily on the wind-harp. The dripping rain
Soddens the earth, and the stones lie thick and wet
Among the leaves; and the trees wave naked arms
In despair to the sky. The light is quickly dying,
And there is no more day; the dull red sun,
A sore and aching eye in a face of gray,
Droops down to slumber. All the world seems dead.

Rose! Rose! Where art thou? O my Rose! my Rose!
My secret Rose! Art lost among the gray?
There is no voice in the silence; in the woods
The brownness glistens under the weeping rain,

And I am in despair of Thee and Time.
Weeping the trees, and all the streams grown sullen,
Under the lowering skies and the bitter blasts—
There is no living thing in the temple of Summer,
And the ashes of spring lie cold on the hearth of day.

Gray dreams again! And all my hope is fled.
Gray dreams! gray dreams! and the day is tired and dead.
The bitter aftermath of summer brings
Time's memory back to the world: there are no stings
In the world's pain, but only bitterness
Of the memory of Time; no sore distress,
Save for the thought of Summer waned and dead,
And faded with the gold skies overhead,
And the young green beneath; ah! secret Rose!
Here from the heart of the woods I pluck thee forth,
Fragrant with the smell of summer, crimson-bright!
And, for the world under the stars to-night,
It shall be thine, and thine the star that draws
The world to worship thee: the days are faded
Under the heavens; there is no more sun,
And no more love. The world is hushed and dead.

Slim-passing dryads through the lonely woods,
I will follow ye in the paths of dank decay;
Decadent Autumn, with thy lonely broods
Of active gnomes and little red-capped fays,
That feasted in the summer under the trees
Now dripping with Autumn rains—ah! take me too,
Me too into the silence of the past,

The grave of desolation ; I am weary
Of all things : let me dream my life away.

The breast of Fate is pregnant with Despair,
Got on her by the piercing shaft of Time.
Oh ! Unborn child of Fate and Time, I am weary
Of them that gave thee birth. Shall I love thee ?
O darling ! Wilt thou come to me in the silence,
Saying : " I bear the mystery of Time,
And the secret of Fate ? " I know not yet, but surely
Thou shalt know of the Rose, the Rose, the Rose o' the World !
With thee shall I bear the chalice of blood-tipped lilies,
The chalice of red, sweet lilies under the moon ?
But now there is no moon, nor any sun ;
Only the world's gray noon is for thee and me ;
There is no sound in the nerveless silences
Of the fading world ; there is no quiver of light
On the river of life ; we are unwed, my Rose,
Nor knoweth each the other ; we are undone,
My Rose, my secret Rose, my unknown Rose.

And still the Autumn woods are rustling dankly
With sodden leaves made brown by wind and rain ;
And the satyrs are fled under the earth to hide
From the sunless world, and the nymphs are frozen to air
To be reborn in the sunlight ; there is no more joy,
For mournfulness is fallen on the world,
And decadence, and decay, and the odour of Eld.
The spirit sleeps ; the Rose o' the World lies buried

ROSA IGNOTA

Under the soil of every star that glows,
A hanging lamp, under the Firmament:
There shall be no more roses, no more roses . . .
Until the spring of the stars shall fall on the world;
Then shall be light again, O secret Rose,
And thou shalt be born anew, with radiant starlight
For dew, and all thy petals shall be dreams
Crystallised of the gods who swing the wheels
Of the worlds in space; and at the heart of thee
Shall be the secret knowledge, the sacred Word,
The ΛΟΓΟΣ of the throbbing Universe.
And the years shall pass in myriads over the Tree
Whereon thou bloomest, O my Rose o' the worlds,
And one shall pluck thee forth; and Love and Death
Shall lie together, and there shall be born
He who shall bear for ever into life
The rose-tipped lilies under the silent stars,
The silent stars, and the new-blushing roses.
O Rose! my Rose o' the World, my Rose of Roses,
Thou shalt be born anew, and live for ever!

XVIII

THE YELLOW SQUARE

DEATH! Death! In the cool green colonnades of time
I pursue thee; thou art fled before me now
In the silence. By the secret door I wait
For a sign of thee; but thou art fled before me

In the mist, and in the sunshine, and the day!
Thou art married to Love, maybe, for Love sits weeping
In my desolate heart, nor know I what can ail him,
Save it be that thou art fled; immortal Love
And mortal Death, and are ye separate still,
Even as I and as the unknown Rose?

Maybe the Rose is Death, and I am Love,
Wed to young Life, and jealous of desire
Of Death! Oh, in the cool green colonnades
I have lingered late, even till the night's slow fall,
And I have heard the dying voices of day,
The market-women's chatter growing faint
In the twilight, and the drovers plodding home
With their heavy beasts; and the dark blue sky and the stars
Have lingered together there, and stayed with me,
So sunset's hour hath passed before me, slow
Receding on the pathway of the day.

Wherefore still strive when all must end in death?
How shall be freedom when the insistent lover
Shall seize thee at length in sleep, and, ravishing thee,
Bear thee, unknowing, back to the heart of things,
The dim, black centre whence sprang Love and Fire
Who made the world, and made all suns and worlds,
Tearing the thing I now make manifest
From the heart of the silent god? Oh, wherefore strive?

Art thou not still content to die, sweetheart?
Or wilt thou seek me still through all the lives

Whose yoke we must bear? And wilt thou break the spell?
But now the murmur comes to me again,
Insistent as the rain upon the thatch,
And the cry of the lonely wind at the blurring pane:
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon
For ever! the red-tipped lilies under the moon!

And now there is no cry to stir the dark,
And the day is faded; there is no more light.
There is no more light, but through the dusky air
The wind-harps play, the strings respond to the winds,
As the droning oceans call to the listening skies;
The hills stand dark and deep in steadfast gloom;
Twilight is slain by the old black, wandering god.
Summer is buried. There is no more light.

But in the breast of the world there stirs again
The flaming heart that is my Rose, my Rose,
My secret Rose, whom but to name, to name,
Is a sacrament upon the altar of Fire:
Oh! yellow Fire! Oh! aureate-petalled Rose!

Because swift Sorrow hath stricken me, I sing
Here in the wavering gloom, the sunless deep,
Calling slow dreams from their immortal sleep;
Wakening the murmuring sigh, the spirit's spring—
The bitter pangs of the birth of everything,
Immortal Matter and the wandering Soul.
And they have sought to slay me in the night,
Because I am blind, and hear not the dark wings;
Because I am a prisoner in the flesh;
Because I am mortal, O immortal Rose!

XIX

THE BLACK EGG

THE splendid summer splashes on the city
In little leaping lights, the flames of spring;
And the waters of the world and the Underworld
Are stirred by the quickening breath of the unknown god.
Life, a strong pulse within the heart of Day,
Glows in the western skies; the morning pales
Before the influx of this newer dawn.—
This for the argent dream that stands apart,
The image of Activity unveiled,
The violation of Life by the thorn of Time.
Ah! fever of a strong distempered god,
Stirred into life by the mystery of birth:
Sure and secure is set the secret Way
Through all this endless maze of whirling things.

Ah! let me pierce to the heart, to the heart of the Rose.
I am pale as the Rose: last night came Love to me,
And brushed me with his wing; and I arose,
And stared out from my window into the dark.
There was rain and wind, and the unforgotten cry
Of her who hath striven for ever, and failed at last
For that Life had conquered her. But she came to me,
Crying, "Wilt thou not lend me of thy strength,
And yield thy love to me?" How should I tell
Of this silent thing, this wise debauch of a goddess,
Who hath no way but this to know she lives?

She cried: "I bring you wonder from the skies,
And star-lit lilies, and pale, purple roses;
Roses; still roses; still the intoxication
Of the scent of the world; the virgin still unborn
To this riot of life, this sensuous crash of things,
This fulsome fever fretting out her life."

So! It is said! No more may I unveil
The mystery! The way is hidden from me.
I know not; but the aching dream still stays,
Burning me up to death; the cool, strong death,
Even death I shall slay in the cool, strong colonnades:
I shall bear the Rose of life to the heart of death.
And death shall lead me back to the shadowy river,
The murmuring waters shall mock me then no more.
I shall know, and knowing I shall strive again,
Shall ever strive until the petals fall!

There is no way for me, my darling, now,
Save one; the hour is passed, and I have chosen.
I have chosen, and the mellow river calls
Insistently; the darkness grows more deep,
And night more luminous, yielding me her heart.
For I have chosen: it is over now.
We are one for ever, O my secret Rose,
Pale phantom of the vastest god of rest,
His wandering ghost, obsessed by space and time,
Set free, a torment to the rolling worlds.

And Life, a foe for ever more of Time
Springs still, the ghost of No Thing. Oh, sweet hour

Of this sweet spring, I hear the call again:
I bear the chalice of lilies under the moon,
I bear the red-tipped lilies under the moon.

And the blue light is merged into the flame
Unquenchable of matter. We are sunk to sleep
In the clods of earth, . . . and now we have forgotten,
And the moods break upon us as they list
From all the quarters of the lower worlds,
Calling us hither and thither; where, we know not,
We know not, O my silent one, but still
The sorrowfulness of Eld, the romance of sorrow,
Are ours; we are parted, but the search is still
Though all the worlds wherethrough we have ever ranged:
Through all the planes where we have ever sought
The hidden root, and the pale, yellow blossom.
Oh, I must name thee again, my Rose, my Rose.

Through the blue depths of the skies; in the tumbling waters;
Midst the antic winds; through the red heart of the fire;
How shall I know thee in the maze of things,
In the monotonous gold of the rolling worlds?

The mage hath seen thee with the eye of Fire;
The lover hath known thee in the sea of Air.
The worlds hath hung all trembling on the lyre
That the old god bears still with unwearying hand,
Touching the strings to passionate mortal prayer,
Answering or answering not, immortal still.
Oh, through the maze how can I understand?

ROSA IGNOTA

How can I know thee, O my secret Rose?
In the old enchanted palace of the Will
Still shall I bear the lilies under the moon,
The blood-rimmed lilies under the harvest moon?
But there are no more roses, no more roses,
And the ways stretch out, unending; no god knows
If thou shalt be reborn or late or soon.
O poet of the world! the agony closes.
Shall there be no more roses, no more roses
Under the immortal moon?

XX

THE KEY

THE sign of the lover is hidden in vain
From the eyes of the mage, from the sight of the sun:
The laughter of life and the pæan of pain,
The chords of the lyre and the answer of one.
The toil of the pilgrim shall never be done;
The love of the lover shall never be over:
For there is no end, ah! no end to the Way,
As there is no end to the love of the lover.
And there is no cry: but some god shall obey,
And there is no toil that shall ever know ending;
And there is no answer to life and to love,
The mystical union unblending and blending.
The pathway is set 'twixt the Eagle and Dove.

Gray world, the petals of the ensanguined Rose
Open at dusk, and with the daylight close,

Because the priest is risen from the sod,
Because he bears the mantle of a god.
The hour has struck at last; henceforth the Way
Is sundered from the sunlight and the day.
No one shall heed my singing; there shall be
—How well I know!—no seer that shall see.
And none shall know the secret thing I write
With speeding pen in the dim candle-light.
Because my Rose is mine, no man shall find
Wherefore I know, that was erewhile so blind;
Nor wherefore, by the light of one dim star,
I see thee here, Lady of the Rose, Istar.

XXI

THE POET SPEAKS

HERE shall be set the sigil of the sun,
Gray world, soft light, strong wind, and burning day.
I take the arrows cast by Blake away,
And fling them surely at the sacred One.
And the barbed arrow on its way shall run
More swiftly: my swift heart it shall obey;
And it shall hit! And thou no more shalt say
The archer was blind, for the thing that I have done.

Swift night, slow-burning stars, the wavering lyre
Breathes fitfully beneath the moon's white fire,
In rhythm to the cadence of the sigil
Whose symbols sing, making the night to swoon,
The day to tremble: from my secret vigil
I shall return to meet thee, Love, and soon.

ROSA IGNOTA

When for an age of craft-long loveliness
I lay mine head against thy beating heart,
And hear thy bosom throb, and soft sighs start
Through all thy hot young breath, ah! canst thou guess
How the artist longs to frame thy murmured "yes"
In Parian marble, wrought with subtle art
To immortal wonder, so to rend apart
The curtains of the tomb with easy stress?

Ah! wert thou here, sweetheart, I would not sing
These foolish songs. I only turn to rime
When thou art absent; for thine eyes would bring
A light too dazzling for mine eyes; but time,
When thou art from me, surely makes thee live
For ever, from mine arms a fugitive.

(1)

Red light and mirrored roses! Is the world
A mirror only of life? Is death the thing
Within the heart of life so deeply curled
That only at life's end the thorn can sting?
It may be. Yet I only care to know
The imagery of the most fairest Rose;
So that I dwell where that last Rose doth blow,
I can forget life in the garden-close.

Sweet wind of all the wide world's empery!
Slow-purling streams of pure and fresh delight;
Within thy breath and voices can I see
White flesh, dark eyes, and longing dusky-bright:
I care not any more for death, O life,
Being slain by love with one thrust of the knife!

(II)

I care not though my love hath murdered me
With one soft touch of her most tender lips;
For dying on her breast, love's face I see:
Love calls me back from death; my spirit slips
Back to the old forgetfulness, ere I
Was risen to life's surface, virgin-pure
To tinge my soul with the blueness of the sky,
The sun's gold, and earth's blacknesses secure.

Wherefore shall I repine that I must fade?
Shall there not alway be immortal roses?
How, losing life then, shall I be afraid
If at the sunset my tired soul reposes?
Oh, I shall lie on my love's breast for ever,
For we, being dead, shall lose each other never!

(III)

I turn to mortal love; imagining
Hath made a world that I may wander in;
Where Love sits crowned, a blind and wingèd thing,
Winged for delight of roving, blind to sin.
This temple of Desire is pure and white,
Transparent to the sunlight and the day!
Most deeply calm under the star-lit night:
Love's lamp guides lonely pilgrims on their way.

My staff hath flowered with love's immortal Rose;
And I, that long be excommunicate,
At early noon wait till the gates unclose:
I loll in the sunshine at the Eastern gate.

O love, my love ; I make my songs while waiting,
My lips in missing thine but idly prating.

(IV)

For all the glowing panoply of earth
  The wingèd god must stand responsible ;
The mavis' song, the roses' scent, the mirth
  Of spring, the spirit's passion, aping hell.
So I, knowing my love, am girded round
  With all the armour of the wanton spring
And her pagan festivals ; the swelling ground,
  The ripe blue sky, the ever-moving wing

Of birth, have lent me glamour of desire,
  And I will go as a god, to mould afresh
With my most inner and supernal fire
  A veil for a soul, a veil of soft, white flesh ;
Yea ! I will mould from out the universe
A new blind angel, with a spirit's curse.

(V)

The hour of love is passed ; we lie asleep
  Dreaming of love ; we wake to love again.
Upon my heart you hide your eyes and weep,
  And so I understand, and share your pain.
And when you ask of love I will not speak,
  But crush your lips for only answering ;
I feel your hot breath on my neck and cheek,
  And crush you to my breast, a tender thing.

The livid lightning strikes us, and we fall
With one last cry into a vast abyss,
And time and space exist there not at all:
We have encompassed heaven in a kiss.
And for a moment we are gods, immortal,
Stricken to death within the secret portal.

(VI)

In the red dusk of Autumn, when the day
Died down to night, and lamps were lit, and we
Stared at the flames that made the ceiling gray
With wavering shadows, sporting eerily,
We lay all naked, talking of the things
Of the old dim world, when life and art were young;
Of the old bards who lightly touched their strings;
Who sang of love and life as I have sung.

And then I felt you kiss me as I roved
Back to the brightness of the world of old;
And so the past grew dearer, as I loved
And loved you more: the path grew ever gold,
Merging at last into the golden light
Of the Golden Age: we were re-born that night.

(VII)

More sombrely the secret summer broods
Upon the world; there is no sense of green
—In all the listening, virgin solitudes
Of the spirit—that is not stirred; ah, love! we lean

Over the brink of the world to cull fresh roses;
Roses, still roses, myriad roses bloom
In the silence. Oh! the world's great Rose uncloses
Her petals still, to the Nothingness of doom.

Last Rose! Last love! Last night thou camest to me,
A silver dream under a sapphire sky;
The winds of the world ran ever and ever through me,
Until, at last, the end: then did I lie
In dream, and dream that made mine eyes unclose,
And so I lost thee, O immortal Rose.

(VIII)

I swing a censer in a temple of fire;
I chant slow mantrams to a holy Name;
I fall in swoon unstained by earth's gray mire,
Being wrapped about in a sheet of scarlet flame.
Lo! through the fire the mantram comes to me,
Shouted by the world in chorus, and I lie
In utter rapture; the virginity
Of the inmost Light, that knows not how to die.

Oh, cast thy mantle over me! I am taken
By the goddess! Sprinkle water on my head,
Lest I in rapture care not to awaken,
Knowing the utter glory of the dead.
Oh! I am back, wet-eyed, with panting breath:
I have seen the nuptials of Desire and Death!

(IX)

There are no mortal songs that shall avail
To bring the Mystery into the mind

Of him who hath not been behind the veil,
  Who, having ears, is deaf; and eyes, is blind.
Yet, wherefore do I know not, I must sing,
  Being of them to whom the Song is given:
My only gift in reverent love I bring
  Before the bowl is shattered, and is riven

The chord that binds the spirit to the flesh:
  I sing because the notes have sought so long,
And found at last one soul serene and fresh
  To bear the burden of eternal song.
So for this hour of song I have tuned my lyre
Unto the Rose of the Immortal Fire.

(x)

When I am faded into nothingness,
  And thou of whom I sing art earth and dust;
And when the soul I bear for my distress
  Is faded in the sun; when love and lust
Are nothing to us, dear—my songs shall tell
  Of all thou wast to those who knew not thee:
In the immortal groves of asphodel,
  They shall seek, drawn onwards by my melody.

There shall be no more songs for us, I know,
  When at the last my throbbing lyre reposes
In endless sleep; yet one last rose shall blow
  Upon our graves, one rose, one Rose of roses.
"Out of his heart a rose, from hers a briar."
O Love! my flame-flower of immortal fire!

(XI)

I gaze into the calm, cool eyes of death;
I seize him gladly by his strong, calm hand;
I hear him murmur, underneath his breath,
Thou knowest me; dost thou not understand?
Thou hast sought Love; he hath eluded thee
In the shadows; life hath worn thy soul away;
Wilt thou not dwell in endless rest with me,
No more deceived by hope, nor burned by day?

Wherefore delay? My love is calm and sure,
Not passionate, but certain of its end;
Wilt thou not come—and gladly? I can cure
Alone the weariness of time, O friend.
I shall not weary of thee; thou shalt sleep
For ever on my breast, nor wake, nor weep.

(XII)

Still must I sing of thee? O Fate, delaying
The last reward of unremitting toil,
Give me the cup I crave! How shall my praying
Avail me? For alas! I've neither oil,
Nor wine, nor grape, nor corn, nor anything
That may palliate thee! One only thing is mine,
And that is but a sweet and bitter thing,
Rarer than grape, or corn, or oil, or wine.

I may not speak it. Yet my tongue still mutters
Cravingly, eagerly, oh! desperately.
What is the thing that still my glad mouth utters?
I may not say it, Darling, even to thee:

Thou that hast granted heaven in a kiss,
O Darling, need I tell thee what is this?

(XIII)

I linger happily by the muddy river,
  Watching the lights, the dappled waters shine
Under them, and the little leaves that quiver
  Along the dull green waters' broken line.
And thou art there still mirrored; thou art calling
  Through the trees, and through the clouds, and through the rain;
In reverie I wander: oh, enthralling,
  To see thee mirrored in my poet's pain!

O mariner! What wayward, rock-bound stream
  Is this? Past what immemorable town
Of fable flows it? What forgotten dream
  Evokes this image—rill and moor and down,
And a far shore where, under a rainy moon,
Are nuptials, and a feasting, and a swoon?

(XIV)

For art's sake let there be no more delaying;
  Since we have found Love, with him let us linger:
Upon our hearts new chords he'll still be playing—
  Upon what secret strings shall stray his finger?
We talk so foolishly of love! We lie
  Lip unto lip, heart pressed to beating breast
All too oblivious of the hours that fly
  For ever onward to eternal rest.

ROSA IGNOTA

Oh, shall they be renewed, those sacred hours?
Or shall the jealous gods our love destroy,
Being jealous that with only mortal powers
We have dared to steal their own immortal joy?
Yet, for each hour that we have stolen, give
An æon of the life the high gods live!

XXII

IN THE END

From bud to bud the butterfly of thought
Hovers; around the red Rose of the Will
He lingers, seeking for the honey wrought
In its golden heart; the long hours linger still
In silent sweetness, and from flower to flower
He brings desire of love from hour to hour.

The song is sung; the way is sharply set
Under dim willowy woods; the thing is done:
For me no more to linger or regret;
Fulfilment comes, in sight of day and sun.
From night's dense darkness let the spark be struck,
With life for candle, and with love for luck.

Green Night, the virgin mother of my song,
Green Youth, the sire of all my songs; let be:
It may befall I shall not linger long
Under the daylight's golden empery;
In light and dark still shall the silent river
Bear on my soul, my soul shall bear for ever.

The dusk is fallen ; there is no more green ;
  The day is past, and love and life are fled :
Out from my window in the night I lean
  To hear the waiting ghosts of hours long dead.
But, being dead, they dwell at rest in me,
Turned into song by love's strange alchemy.

Wherefore I sing of things long past and dead ;
  Wherefore I murmur foolishly in sleep ;
The old, old pain still throbbing through my head
  In dreams of desert valleys, mountains steep,
With winding paths ; hot suns and scorching plains.
There is a fire unquenched within my brains.

Because I sing in unknown cadences,
  Because I strive so hotly to recall
Some murmur I have heard on sunken seas,
  Some vision I have seen beyond the wall,
Now sombrely I await the secret rime,
Known of the poet—and the Ghost of Time !

And so before the bloom has left the Rose,
  While life's strong youth is surging through me still,
I end the songs here wrought ; the loves and woes
  Of old dead lives and lovers and their ill—
Because a poet's curse I bear away,
My payment for the vision of the day.

Because my heart is as a ten-stringed lyre,
  I cannot still the music of my mouth ;
Because my tongue is wrought of molten fire,
  I cannot quench my spirit's ceaseless drouth :

ROSA IGNOTA

Till the gods grant me sleep I drink and drink
Immortal dew: I am drunken on the brink. . . .

So may I fall into the shadowy sea
  That surges under my unsteady feet;
Already has the morning fled from me,
  And the stars call, and they are madly sweet
With some lost vision that I know not of:
It is not Death; I think it is not Love.

For I have tasted death and love, and these
  Shall not suffice; for love and death are one;
In all the secret star-wrought harmonies,
  By married death and love is man undone.
There is some secret thing I wot not of;
It is not death; I know it is not love.

So do my songs end here; the hour is fled,
  And there are no more roses; I am fain
To cease from singing. Wait! the hour is sped,
  My songs are turning into dreams again.
Oh! now the hour is dead, and I am fain
Awake life's young song back to soul again!

THE EPILOGUE

SHALL they avail, O wind,
  The things that I have heard?
Because I am utterly blind,
  Did I hear the wings that whirred?

THE EQUINOX

Even as flutters a bird,
I fluttered: before and behind
Thundered the secret Word
Into mine ears. I have pined

Because the Word was unkind;
But now the spirit hath stirred.
I sought not, yet did I find,
For the wonderful thing occurred.

Though I be blind, shall I gird
Because I see not? The gods bind
Mine eyes. But I heard! I heard!
Shall it avail, O wind?

EXPLICIT OPUSCULUM

NONDUM
FINIS

THE GAME OF CROWLEY

[It is claimed for this game that it is simpler and more exciting than baccarat, and the author conceives that by its invention he confers a boon on humanity not less than that of the steam-engine.]

The game of Crowley is played by any number of players, one acting as banker.

An ordinary pack of cards is used, their value being as in Bridge. Ace of hearts highest, deuce of spades lowest (thus deuce of clubs beats ace of spades, deuce of diamonds ace of clubs, and so on).

The cards are shuffled by any player who claims the right to do so, and cut to the banker by the player on his right.

Every player except the banker stakes a sovereign (or other unit agreed upon).

The banker deals a card[1] in rotation to each player, face upwards. The pool goes to the player with the highest card.

The player with the lowest card has the privilege of "challenging," by putting up the amount of the pool. He and the winner then each draw a card. Highest card (of the four) again wins. Any pair, however, beats any other combination, and in the case of equal pairs, the pair containing a heart wins.

[1] A "shoe" may be used.

The loser has again the right to challenge by putting up the amount of the increased pool, a third card being drawn and the hands finally decided on the above principle.

[Example: Deuce of Hearts, Deuce of Spades and Three of Spades beat Deuce of Diamonds, Deuce of Clubs and Ace of Hearts.]

The banker's advantage is in getting the first card free, but if he challenge he must put up the amount of the pool.

If the player with the lowest card fail to challenge, his right passes to the player with the next lowest card, and so on, till every one has had his opportunity. This rule applies even to the second challenge, the new challenger taking two cards on putting up the pool.

BOO TO BUDDHA!

So it is eighteen years,
  Helena, since we met!
A season so endears,
  Nor you nor I forget
The fresh young faces that once clove
In that most fiery dawn of love.

We wandered to and fro,
  Who knew not how to woo,
Those eighteen years ago,
  Sweetheart, when I and you
Exchanged high vows in heaven's sight
That scarce survived a summer's night.

What scourge smote from the stars?
  What madness from the moon?
That night we broke the bars
  Was quintessential June,
When you and I beneath the trees
Bartered our bold virginities.

Eighteen—years, months, or hours?
  Time is a tyrant's toy!
Eternal are the flowers!
  We are but girl and boy
Yet—since love leapt as swift to-night
As it had never left the light!

THE EQUINOX

For fiercer from the South
  Still flames your cruel hair,
And Trojan Helen's mouth
  Still not so ripe and rare
As Helena's—nor love nor youth
So leaps with lust or thrills with truth.

Helena, still we hold
  Flesh firmer, still we mix
Black hair with hair as gold.
  Life has but served to fix
Our hearts; love lingers on the tongue,
And who loves once is always young.

The stars are still the same;
  The changeful moon endures;
Come without fear or shame,
  And draw my mouth to yours!
Youth fails, however flesh be fain;
Manhood and womanhood attain.

Life is a string of pearls,
  And you the first I strung.
You left—first flower of girls!—
  Life lyric on my tongue,
An indefatigable dance,
An inexhaustible romance!

Blush of love's dawn, bright bud
  That bloomed for my delight,
First blossom of my blood,
  Burn in that blood to-night!

BOO TO BUDDHA!

Helena, Helena, fiercely fresh,
Your flesh flies fervent to my flesh.

What sage can dare impugn
  Man's immortality?
Our godhead swims, immune
  From death and destiny.
Ignored the bubble in the flow
Of love eighteen short years ago!

Time—I embrace all time
  As my arm rings your waist.
Space—you surpass, sublime,
  As, taking me, we taste
Omnipotence, sense slaying sense,
Soul slaying soul, omniscience.

CROWLEY POOL

[THIS pool will be found superior to the "Calcutta Sweep" usually held on steamers.]

1. A pack of cards is shuffled, cut, and sealed up by the purser, or other disinterested party.

2. Tickets are bought, and numbers drawn as usual.

3. The numbers from "Low Field" to "High Field" are sold by auction as usual, half the price going to the original drawer, half being added to the pool.

4. The ship's run is declared, and the winner has a temporary claim on the pool.

5. The purser now takes the sealed pack of cards, and deals them one by one face upward, until he has dealt five plain cards.

The sum of the pips on these five cards is the amount of the pool in sovereigns, or, *if the amount of the pool already exceed that amount*, in sums of £2. [Thus, if 5 Spades, 2 Clubs, 10 Hearts, 3 Clubs, 8 Diamonds turn up, the winner takes (5+2+10+3+8) £28. If there be already more than £28 in the pool, the amount will be £56, and so on. There must always be a *deficit*.]

6. If these 5 plain cards come out without interruption from Court Cards, the winner of the run takes the pool. But any red court card shifts the sum higher, any black court card lower. Aces 4, Kings 3, Queens 2, Knaves 1. [*E.g.*, let the

ship's run be 566 miles. The holder of 566, if 5 plain cards turn up consecutively, wins. But suppose among the 5 plain cards are drawn Ace Hearts, King Clubs, Queen Hearts, Knave Hearts, Ace Spades, Knave Spades—

After Ace Hearts (566+4=) 570 wins.
,, King Clubs (570−3=) 567 ,,
,, Queen Hearts (567+2=) 569 ,,
,, Knave Hearts (569+1=) 570 ,,
,, Ace Spades (570−4=) 566 ,,
,, Knave Spades (566−1=) 565 ,,

Thus, until the fall of the fifth plain card, no one knows either the winner or the amount of the pool.]

7. The holders of the remaining tickets (except the original winner of the run, who is free) make up the deficit of the pool in equal proportions. [Thus, if there be ten numbered tickets (564–573) besides High and Low Fields, and 565 wins the pool and 566 the run, there will be 10 tickets liable. And if there were £61 from the deal of the original tickets and auction of numbers, and the five plain cards totalled 44, there would be £88−£61=£27 to make up, a call of £2 14s. per head on the ticket-holders.]

HYMN TO SATAN

I ADORE Thee, King of Evil,
  By the body Thou hast fashioned
In the likeness of a devil.
  By its purity impassioned
I adore Thee, King of Evil!

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice,
  By the soul that Thou hast moulded
Lovely as a lily-chalice
  To the sombre sun unfolded.
I adore Thee, Lord of Malice!

By its thirst, the cruel craving
  For things infinite, unheard-of,
Dreams devouring and depraving,
  Songs no God may guess a word of,
Songs of crime and songs of craving—

By the drear eyes of the devil
  Bleak and sterile as they glitter
I adore Thee, King of Evil,
  With these lips, as dry and bitter
As the drear eyes of the devil!

I adore Thee, I invoke Thee,
  I abase myself before Thee,
By the spells that once awoke the
  Lust of Chaos I adore Thee,
I adore Thee, I invoke Thee!

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM

OUT from the windswept hollows of the Tomb
Into the Night,—
Impenetrable gloom
Folding me in from sound and sense and sight;
No Light,
Save from that leprous orb men call the Moon,
Whose rune
Spells Death and Madness:
Like to a blinded babe from out the womb,
Like a dishevelled ghost before the tomb,
I wandered, seeking for my Self, the DOOM
Of ANCIENT DAYS was on me.

Not a star
Swam in the heavens,—but aloft, afar,
One Meteor
Rolled like a great gold goblet through the sky,
Spilling strange dreams.
Strange dreams that ever flow, yet flow amiss
The while a slow voice whispers: "This, perchance then THIS!"
Yet never comes the *right* one.

Time is ended.
Time and Eternity with Fate have blended

Mine awful Destiny :—
" To watch for ever.
For ever watch, nor see the blind endeavour
Of battling with the soul that wills Eclipse.

" Ever to know.
And yet to know not ever
The thing that irks thee most, how to dissever
Thy Self from the blind wraith that watches thee.

" The deed undone, that is before thee ever !
There is NO TIME, thou canst forget it never,
The Thing Undone is as the Thing Before.
An endless chain, they stretch before thee, ever
Mocking thy soul with purblind hopes that shiver
As salt sea-spray on ice-bound rocks beneath.

" LAUGH ! For I bid thee laugh.
I bid thee mangle
These unborn babes of thine,
These hopes that dangle
Like fond frail lilies o'er a lost lagoon :
Witch-tress of innocence it sure would tangle
In subtler mesh than those strange weeds that strangle
Lost swimmers in the foul Sargasso Sea ! "

I shut me up. I builded me a Tower
To hide me from the laughter of the world.
I said : " They shall not lure me from my bower
To where their love, a lecherous snake, is curled :

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM

A Basilisk-snake that plays upon the sward
Writhing in slow obedience to its lord.

"What if the Day be long, the Night be cheerless?
Is not an universe within my brain?
Is not the high will strong, the strong will fearless?
All I have built, shall I not build again?
Some other Universe where All is One.
Where ONE is ALL I am, and I AM—None!

"Words! 'Tis ever words, and I am stranded
With words, and tangled skeins of Things to Be.
Each word denies a word, and all are branded
Within my brain, and I must strive to see
The subtly sneering forms, the leering faces
Of words each word calls up. For me, NO GRACE is."

ETHEL ARCHER.

DEAD WEIGHT

IT is with the deepest feeling that we record the passing over of our less disciple than colleague, less colleague than bosom friend, the aged saint known on earth as Arthur Edward Waite. "The disciple whom Crowley loved," they called him, and Crowley himself never gave the lie to the tender nickname by forgetting the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

However, all that is over now. The beloved disciple, full of age and saintliness, is gone to his reward.

The story of his life has already been told, though, alas! inadequately, in the *Equinox* and in *Who's Who*, but no list of his achievements is given even in *What's What*, or *What Swat*, as we used affectionately to call our premier book of reference. *The Witches' Switch* has only a passing allusion.

The career of Arthur Edward Waite was largely determined by his father's fine perception.[1] "Ned, my lad," said he when the future saint was barely six years of age, "brains are not your long suit, I can see. But it doesn't matter. If you can't be wise, look wise!" These words sank deeply into the mind of the future saint, and only two days later, when his father handed him a work on the Integral Calculus, he looked through it in a steady professional manner, going backwards and forwards several times, knitting his brows, nodding his head and muttering, "H'm! ingenious,"

[1 Also, of course, by Karma.—Ed.]

now and again. He then closed the volume with a snap, and said in a tone of infinite finality: "Inferentially inadequate data machicholated cerebrothoracically."

"By jingo!" replied his father, "but you're IT!"

In this position there was only one weak point. There are people who understand the Integral Calculus, and there are people capable of disentangling words and sentences. Or rather, at that time, that was so. The art of darkening counsel was in its infancy. The future saint was predestined to change all that.

Arthur were wise, therefore, to find, if possible, a science so abstruse and venerable that no one at all understood it, and whose most respected authors wrote in an indecipherable cryptogram. Such a science was found for little Arthur (the future saint!) in Alchemy.

To establish a reputation was the work of a moment. To be "editor" of Paracelsus, Trithemius, Flamel, Eugenius Philalethes, Ripley, Starkey, Sendivogius, Basil Valentine, and a dozen others is a splendid position in the world of humane letters. To achieve this: obtain copies of their works, and forward carriage paid to a printer, with the remark—worthy of Julius Cæsar at his tersest—'Reprint!'

Would God it had stopped there! But (remember!) the future saint wasn't wise, he was only "looking wise," and he made a terrible mistake by accepting a few shillings—all too few!—to whitewash Dr. Wynn Westcott (and English Freemasons generally) in the Diana Vaughan affair.

He corresponded with learned professors from Leipzig to Vladivostock; he bombarded Indian Lieutenant-Governors with long strings of questions: "Did you ever know any one

called Ramaswamy[1] in Madras?" and the like; in short, he turned the world upside down to produce laboured disproof of the statements—themselves impossible in nature—of a Paris penny dreadful of the class of *Nick Carter* and *Deadwood Dick.*

Relentlessly does he demolish his adversary. If Camden is spent Campden (which might happen to the best of French authors) he shrieks [*sic! ! !*]. Many other remarks of the future saint display a lack of any sense of proportion or humour which was deplorable, and, by his best friends, deplored.

It was also unfortunate in a way that a book purporting to deal exhaustively with the inmost cabinet secrets of high-grade Freemasonry should be written by one who was not even a craft Mason.

The[2] result was that Dr. Wynn Westcott having been made to swear by all his gods that he was *not* Consulting Chemist to the British Government Underground Secret Poison Factory at Gibraltar, and that he had never received at his house a lady whom everybody but himself and the future saint (for in the whirligigs and revenges and, so to speak, *Cochons Volants* of time such was to be!) knew to be the absinthe or galette-begotten image in the mind of a French fumiste who had never in his brightest hours hoped to be taken seriously by as much as a rag-picker—people began to wonder what was the truth beneath the stories which Westcott was at such pains to deny.

[1] Waite quotes the commonest name in all South India as if it were something too fantastic for belief.

[2] Please make paragraph read clearly.—Printer's Reader. Heaven forgive you!—Ed. Can't you see that I'm trying to write like Waite?—A. Q.

However, the honour of British Professional Men was (once again) vindicated, chiefly because nobody to speak of saw either attack or defence, and the future saint (for so, strangely enough, had Fate decreed !) had his reward, and was initiated in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.

The future saint (far indeed from saintship at this time—but the ways of Providence are indeed wondrous !) knew that there was an inner order, but had no idea of its name; he only noticed that he was not invited to enter it. So, to pass the time, he wrote his *Real History of the Rosicrucians*, in which he proved conclusively that there were no Rosicrucians and never had been, and that if any moderns claimed to be Rosicrucians there was "that difference between their assertion and the facts of the case in which the essence of a lie consists." No sooner had he published these remarks (amid general applause) than it was gently broken to the future saint that the liars he had been denouncing were his own occult chiefs, of whom he had been writing (elsewhere) in language which out-Mahatmaed the most eloquent-mysterious Theosophists, and left the sectaries of the Saviour high and dry. A *gaffe* of this sort would have daunted some; not so the future saint (for to this had the Moiræ foreordained him !). He produced *Azoth; or the Star in the East*, a pompous rigmarole of God knows how many hundred mortal pages in folio. Like the Absolute, it had neither beginning nor end. Any sentence, if rent sufficiently by expert analysis, revealed either platitudinous banality, a puppet dressed in the rags of mediæval diction, or refused to be interpreted at all. This was the high-water mark of the future saint's "success" in this evil path; he bought a frock-coat, and has slept in it ever

since. He had wished to go down to posterity as the modern Fludd—and would have done so, only this time there were not eight persons saved.

However, this was not the worst. The future saint (as it was written that he should become!) made incursions upon Magic, with the unhappiest results. Fundamentally incompetent to apprehend the very nature of the question, and utterly incapable of humour, the ingenious Lévi pulled his leg to the limit. The future saint[1] could see only contradictions in the profundities of the master, and in complaining that Lévi was always "stultifying himself" (when he was merely indulging the irony of which he was one of the most brilliant exponents that have ever lived), branded *stultus*, *stultior*, *stultissimus* upon his own marmorean brow.

He could not even be trusted with a text. His *Book of Black Magic and of Pacts* was not only a monument of misunderstanding, but of garbling and mutilation; nor did the future saint[1] improve matters by the dishonest trick of reissuing the volume as the *Book of Ceremonial Magic*, or *Book of Magic*, when he tried to make a market in the more benighted agricultural districts of England.

His method of throwing mud at masters naturally resulted in the gate of every occult sanctuary being slammed in his face. The future saint[1] obtained admission (it is true) to the pseudo-Rosicrucian order of Mathers, but on that order passing, as it did for a week or so, into the control of an honest man, that honest man's first act was to expel the aforesaid Waite with ignominy. Thus excluded, the future saint[1] could find no better device than to proclaim himself its head. With-

[1] As will presently appear, he became such. *Gloria Crowleiae!*

out warrant or charter of any kind he extracted guineas from would-be "Rosicrucians" of the servant-girl type of intellect.

True to the same policy, he next declared himself possessed of numberless degrees of Masonry, and accordingly issued two portentous volumes on the subject, volumes which betray prejudice and ignorance so nicely balanced that it is next to impossible to determine which is the inspiration in any particular passage, especially as the sentences are themselves couched in the sham mediæval jargon with which his name has always been associated. His gradual gravitation towards Catholicism has been attributed to the receipt of a subsidy from the Society of Jesus; but this is a calumny upon the shrewdness of the fathers who, glad enough to employ a clever scoundrel like Booth—or somebody else beginning with a B—would hesitate to waste an obolus on such a literary sausage-seller.[1]

The love of obscurantism and mummery is sufficient explanation; to use Latin for English, Greek for Latin, Hebrew for Greek, was the key of his whole literary method of vain forms of observance, of meaningless archaisms and affectations. Your priest does not know why he does so and so any more than your freemason (I have yet to meet an English freemason who knows what the word freemason means, or how it should be spelt) knows why he wears an apron. It is tradition, and the Word of God is thereby made of none effect. But Waite was not content with this. He would take an intelligible living English word and meta-grabolize it deliberately that he might appear pontifical.

[1] In actual life he sold Horlick's Malted Milk, but was for all practical purposes a T—totaller.

Waite would write "Placental amniotes, ultra, φονετιχω vobis, conuterinian mascules" for St. Paul's "Men and brethren" even in his calmest moments. And while correcting the proofs he would put in some more hints about the Sanctuary he belonged to, the fact being that his only teacher was an ex-Cantab, named Humphreys, who had at one time been tolerated by Crowley in order to analyze the soul (if any) of the kind of man who fills his rooms with the portraits of "actresses" whom he has never seen, and boasts of their devotion to him.

His only other guide appears to have been a solicitor of the kind that writes you terrible threatening letters, and on being told rudely to do what the Oldest Inhabitant of the Northumbrian Capital actually did (as we are incredibly informed) retires into the Pleroma, and confines his activities to sneaking attacks on you without mentioning your name.

Well, he reached the age of 40 years, and his very sycophants could hardly have called him a physician.

It was not many years after that, like Nicodemus, he came to Crowley secretly by night, and pleaded for initiation. Crowley was moved by his tears, and promised never to divulge the nature of the interview while Waite lived, for it was truly a pitiable thing to see one who had advertised himself as a Master clasping the feet of a man twenty years younger than himself, and begging for the very initiation of which he had boasted himself the dispenser.

It was impossible for Crowley to grant this request; the Dweller on the Threshold would have found Waite scarce a caper in her daily mayonnaise. Initiation for Waite would have meant madness, and the cold portals of the tomb, for one,

to follow. It is no use "looking wise" when there is an Abramelin demon gnawing you below the belt, or burbling about the Sanctuary when the Goat of Mendes is threatening you with a 70 h.p. six cylinder, four-speed, gnarled clyster.

All night Waite stayed, and begged; it was in vain. The Master was not to be moved from a resolution both wise and kind. He, however, promised to acknowledge Waite openly as his disciple on condition of good behaviour for the future. It is with pleasure indeed that we record that Waite's lapses have been comparatively few. Waite was no Crippen, be it understood. If Crowley teasingly called him "old lag" in friendly converse round the office fire, too strict a significance, too vital an importance, may easily be attached to the phrase. Crowley may only have been referring to the number of his incarnations. Or some secret meaning may lie hidden in the term. It was at least the fact that Waite was inclined to writhe under its application. So he did when any one said "you and Westcott," or "you and Wilmshurst"; but this was obviously a reference to his early errors, the reopening of an old wound. Still more so Crowley's habitual recitation from Blake—

> "Steiger, Steiger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night,
> What immortal hand and eye
> Framed thy fearful syntaxy?"

And he positively hated to be called "pot of basil," or even "Columbus."

He also disliked puns on his name and allusions to his personal appearance—his close resemblance to the excellent foreman printer at the Ballantyne Press was a constant source of irritation—also to his style of dress, which proved in-

eradicable; and he used to wince when his familiars called him "Art," as it revived the story of Crowley's epigram on his work, as *Art for Art's Sake.* Again, he objected to references to the "wait-a-bit" thorn in connection with occult style and subject, so that he took what was really quite an unreasonable dislike to Fra. S. P. merely because that worthiest of men had spent some years in Africa.

However, these were small blemishes on a beautiful character. Having given up trying to look wise, he began to be wise; and he never forgot that the fear of Crowley is the beginning of wisdom. To the end he combined an intensity of holy awe with a kind of timid audacity of reverential love for the Master, to which the latter responded with the most gracious condescension, mingled with that peculiar affection which one feels for an old and worthless dog belonging to somebody else. It was an unique and altogether idyllic relation. His motto, "Fides, spes, caritas sunt virtutes ab omnibus Christianis diligendæ" had to be shortened for convenience' sake to "Fides," or, more usually, "Fido"; and it was excessively touching to hear the caressing austerity of the tones of the Master when he had occasion to address him.

So, calm and even, passed the autumn of his life. It is now a painful duty to record the passing.

Subject from youth to chronic capititis,[1] its attacks had diminished both in frequency and severity under the wise and patient treatment of the Master; but they still occasionally recurred.

The shocking accident which resulted in the death of the

[1] He had also chronic diffuse meningo-encephalitis, but only on the astral plane.

aged saint was due directly to an access of this malady, whose peculiar danger is that the patient tends to seek relief in the very things which have caused the trouble. Poor Waite was reaching up to a bookshelf in the library of his seat at South Ealing for a copy of his *Strange Houses of Sleep* when his aged but saintly legs gave way. The aged saint clutched at the bookshelf for support, and a copy of *Azoth* fell, and narrowly missing the inflamed organ, struck the nobler portions of his body, bruising both great toes severely.

So critical did the condition of the aged saint become that Sir Coote O. Key Coote was called in, and found himself obliged to resort to amputation, for unluckily a friend of the aged saint had been offered a copy of *Paracelsus* for 3*s.* 8*d.*, and mortification had set in.

The operation was fortunately a complete success, and the physicians announced that their distinguished patient might very well live for another four-and-twenty hours. The aged saint's one desire was of course to see Crowley, to offer the last homage, to confess his ingratitude for the benefits with which the Master had loaded him, and to receive the final benediction.

Needless to say Crowley responded to the call. To an explorer of the Himalayas the perils of a journey to South Ealing are as nothing: had they been everything, he would still have come.

It was half a day later that the writer arrived, owing to his Daimler backfiring, missing a dead-centre, and eventually trying to climb a tree on Clapham Common.

After being announced, he was ushered into the death-

chamber. The dying saint, his head safe in the arms of Crowley, safe on his gentle breast, whose tears mingled with his own, strove hard against the approach of the Grim Reaper. Dr. Wynn Westcott was in a corner sharpening (in the worst of taste) his knives for the inevitable post-mortem on the dying saint.

Mr. Wilmshurst was reading through the will in which the dying saint had left everything to Lady S——, and could find no flaw, though he had drawn it up himself. Mr. Battiscombe Gunn was rapidly revising the funeral arrangements of the dying saint, which he proposed to found on some unedited documents of the Second Dynasty, which showed conclusively that the sacred lotus was in reality a corset, and the Weapon of Men Thu a button-hook.

Neuburg was improvising (for soothing of the last moments of the dying saint) a crooning lay to the tune (and the words, *mutato mutando*) of

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,"

the bass accompaniment being an obbligato by Wilfred Merton. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes (to the horror of Ada Lakeman and Col. Gormley) was reading Morrison's *Red Triangle* to conceal his emotion. Mr. Austin Harrison, Veli Bey, Madame Strindberg, the Editor of the *Equinox*, and some others, were avoidably absent from the death-bed of the dying saint.

Transfusion of blood having been suggested, Crowley readily lent himself to the operation, Neuburg thoughtfully changing to "There is a fountain."

But the physicians had made a fatal error. Blood was

altogether too strong for a circulation which even in its most robust days had been supplied solely by Horlick's Malted Milk; only the kind of ink they use in France could have saved the dying saint, for no other ichor could have mingled freely with the liquor of his veins. Thrombonosis supervened; with one last gasp of "Rabboni, that is to say, Master!" the dying saint clenched his moribund grasp on Crowley's neck; the word "periphrasticalism" burst rather than sobbed from his labia, and the thanatogenous hagiocratist halated his ultimate.

Neuburg, as one inspired, uttered his Morte d'Arthur.

Poor old Waite is gone to hell.
He will soon begin to smell:
We must meddle with him, *statim.*[1]
Let us not incinerate him!
Let us not be anthropophagous!
Let us build him a sarcophagus!
Let us bury him in state
Worthy of our wobled[2] Waite!
Find a weed whose tangled mazes
May metaphorize his phrases,
Find a bunch of camomile
Fit to represent his style,
Waxen flowers to symbolize
His archaicologories,
Dandelions as a chrism
Of his dole of euphemism.

[1 Did he mean *passim*?—Ed.]

[2] Cf. *Hamlet*, "mobled queen." Wobled is part mobled, part noble, and part wobbly.

DEAD WEIGHT

Mangroves for the intervening
Lucid intervals of meaning,
When we saw the modern Fludd
Merely a malarious mud.

Woe is me! I fear death's darticles
Close our "Quiller's" brilliant articles.
Requiesces Waite in pace,
—Gone thine occupation, A. C.!

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE BIG STICK

REVIEWS

THE SECRET OF EFFICIENCY. By GRACE DAWSON. William Rider & Son. 1*s.* net.

GRACE DAWSON is a spiritual Grace Darling. Oh the wonderful gospel that she brings to perishing humanity! She has discovered the secret of eternal youth : like most great discoveries, it is a very simple one. "When tired, rest!" This puts Grace Dawson several streets ahead of Madame Curie, and disposes once for all of the assertion that the female brain is inferior to the male. "When tired, rest!" How grand, how simple, how sublime!

When human souls, by passion led,
Are overworked and underfed,
Who tucks them in their little bed?
Grace Dawson.

I yawn, I rub mine eyes, I prop
The weary head that wants to drop—
Who soothes me to a humming-top?
Grace Dawson.

Whose smooth and soporific prose
Lulls me to infinite repose,
Hushes the brain and stirs the nose?
Grace Dawson.

Only one shilling of your hoard!
Even the humblest can afford
The luxury of being bored
By Dawson.

MORPHEUS.

THE INFERNO. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD. William Rider & Son.

I HAVE already had to speak to publishers about cheap production. In this case I must protest emphatically against the employment of a translator who makes a solecism nearly every time he touches Paris.

E.g. 'northern railway station' for 'Gare du Nord,' 'Lilas brewery' for 'Closerie des Lilas,' 'St. Martin's Gate' for 'Porte St. Martin,' 'Rue de Fleurs' for 'Rue des Fleurs,' 'racecourse' for some unindicated part of the Jardin du Luxembourg, 'churchyard' of Montparnasse for 'cemetery,'

'exhibition of independent artists' for 'Salon des Independents,' 'Bullier's dancing saloon' for 'Bal Bullier,' 'Lyons Bank' for 'Crédit Lyonnais,' 'St. Germaine des Près' for 'St. Germain des Près,' 'Dr. Popus' for 'Dr. Papus,' 'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame,' and so on.

He puts the same place-name—first in translation, then in French, again and again; and as often as not gets both wrong!

The constant chemical absurdities are perhaps Strindberg's own and may have been made intentionally, as the book portrays the ravings of a melancholic with delusions of persecution.

What sublime and septuple ass calls this Strindberg's autobiography? Strindberg was too lazy to find his incidents in other people's lives; that is all.

And yet we find the translator note at the end: "Strindberg never actually entered the Roman Church"!!!

The book is a perfect clinical picture of a typical case. Chapter I describes the irritability, the fantastic dreams. He imagines himself a great author, a great chemist. He has found carbon in sulphur; he will make gold.

In Chapter II he begins to see omens in simple incidents, receives "warnings" from strangers, finds a plot against him at his hotel, notices remarkable resemblances between his neighbours and some of his "persecutors."

Chapter III develops the persecution-delusions. Roaring in the ears, electric shocks, and other physical symptoms develop. The bedstead has knobs like those of a Leyden jar, the spring mattress suggests induction coils, and so on—to the end!

For refuge he ranges from Papus to Swedenborg, and ultimately, as his mental disease increases on him, he clutches at such straws as Péladan, Annie Besant, and the Church of Rome.

In this dementia the book ends. But Strindberg did not end. He went his cheerful and polygamous way as a free-thinker. Persons who pretend otherwise are liars, probably hired liars—unless, of course, they are Englishmen, who are such natural-born fools in all matters of the soul that they not only require no bribe to lie, but can hardly be paid to see truth.

Until Strindberg's life is utterly dissociated from his art, the latter will not be truly valued.

A. C.

WIND ALONG THE WASTE. By MAUDE ANNESLEY. William Rider & Son.

I CONFESS to having expected a very flatulent novel. Judge of my surprise to find a novel of Paris as it is! The heroine (a rich Englishwoman) is robbed by apaches, and proceeds to paint their leader. She then seduces him, and joins the band.

This is life. Most English and I suppose all American women go to Paris

in order to fornicate freely with the lower classes. When I was first in Paris for any length of time, the rage was all for professional bicyclists. These pallid heroes, after panting round the vélodrome for God knows how many hours, would fall from their racers into the arms of the stalwart vampires who had annexed them.

The best known of England's "heroic widows" at that time kept a tame but half-witted giant with an enormous black beard; the whole of his body was, I was told, as hirsute as a bear. A daughter of the nobility contented herself with more lyric loves than these. A well-to-do girl from Calcutta practised sheer promiscuity; an exquisitely beautiful woman of the middle classes did worse, and actually married a most hideous dwarf.

To-day things are very much the same.

A very celebrated dancer from America never goes on the stage without previously dragging a stranger—a man from the street, a stage carpenter, it matters nothing—to her dressing-room. One of our best known women art critics haunts the lowest brothels of the Bd. St. Germain in search of adventure; a very distinguished poetess of the nobility supports a burly negro from North Africa and a Belgian boxer; one of our highest artists in music roams Paris every midnight in search of stray milliners' apprentices.

The English and American women in the Café du Dôme solidly, stupidly drunk, dribble curses when their maquereaux "American sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue des Champs Elysées is broken by the wild-beast howls of the harlot harridans who, driven from Chicago and Denver by the police, despair of finding such products as prairie air and cow-punching can alone supply.

Who doesn't remember the supper to 100 of her lovers given by an ex-Princess, when, only 89 turning up, she gathered 11 strangers from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited?

I could say more, much more, indeed, but my only object is to justify the ways of Maude Annesley to the British public.

Her story, moreover, is exceedingly well told, up to the point of the hero's death. The sequel appears to me somewhat an anticlimax, strained, artificial, and boring. (At least I would rather she had carried out the vendetta by killing the son, as her lover had killed the father.)

I suppose it is the publisher again. "Yes, what a nice story! Now if you'll add 40,000 words of dialogue about love and make the story end happily perhaps we might do something."

A publisher offered to take my *Ercildoune* if I'd "pad it to 150,000 words!"

Well, Maude Annesley, ma môme, you're a very lucky child to get your novels published at all in this rotten country, and if the homage and devotion of a colleague who has no such luck can serve you, command it!

Be wary, though, and never stir a step from your own ground. You have (for the first time in English) got French slang correct; but you clearly don't know India, and some terrible old bore has planted the worst and feeblest form of a very stale cobra story on your innocence.

There are several mistakes in these few pages—climate and natural history in particular.

Figure to yourself that this bit of the book reads to me almost as *Trilby* reads to you!—

A. C.

THE YELLOW WHAT-HO. A subterfuge in fugues. Not by the Author of *The Blue Grotto.* No publisher. No price. No anything.

KING CROWLEY of Bronchitis-town
To Bernard Smith of great renown
To set his shaven soul at ease
These laryngeal lymphanies.

Where Digitalis roams among
The Endotherms, and on the tongue
Follicular papillæ weave
Their lustral locks, and rosy eve
Sheds her soft toenails as she swings
Her brilliant body into Spring's,
Befell a woe—and here the bard
His sacral plexus with the yard
Planged, and the Ammonites of Song
Blew their shrill spirals loud and long.

On ψ Cassiopeae first
The grave old Hippocampus curst
Black Oxyrrhynchus! who would dare
To camp in Berenice's Hair
Whose vesper censers amorous
Smoke monocotyledenous,
What time the twisted ibex mars
The parallax of double stars,
And the pale hate of Vega flares,
And swart Typhlitis next unbares
His glaive, ere Granuloma gnashed
His teeth, and on its shoulder gashed
—That shoulder that had shrugged unmoved
Though Os Innominatum loved!

What happened after who can say?
I wandered sadly by the bay,
And saw anemon' streamers wet
Like drawers of scarlet flannelette;

REVIEWS

I watched the mermaids as they loosed
Their lids on aught might be seduced,
While earnest starfish strove to cram
The strange lore of the pentagram.

In brief, it was a busy morn.
I took the Poet's Club in scorn.
How, with the banded fountain pen
That ran me into one pound ten,
With that too finite reservoir,
How could I sing this abbatoir?
Nay! let me first imbrue mine hands
In the dun blood of Mildred Sandys!
And so on.

A. C.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. William Rider & Son.

WHY not "The Soul of a Servant"? The hero is a sort of Scandinavian Neuburg. He is always being "bullied" and treated with "injustice," however kind people are to him. Here are two cases, accurately taken from the book, but rendered in dialogue.

I. In class:

MASTER. What do you know of Gustavus Adolphus?

BOY [*with gloomy pride that he knows all about G. A.*]. R—r—r—gr!

MASTER. Come now, surely you don't mind telling us something about him.

BOY [*stung to madness by this senseless torture*]. I know *all* about Gustavus Adolphus.

MASTER. Well, that's splendid. Let's see now, who was he?

BOY [*beyond himself*]. Tyrant! Monster! Brute! White slaver! Mar—con—ee!

II. In the family circle:

JOHN [*to his brother*]. Now, Albert, I should like *you* to take some flowers to Mother for a present.

ALBERT. All right. [*They enter shop.*]

JOHN. Here's the money.

ALBERT. All right. [*They reach home.*]

JOHN. Now you go in all by yourself and say, "Here are some flowers for you, Mother." I will wait outside.

ALBERT. All right. [*Within.*] Here are some flowers for you, Mother!

MOTHER. Oh, thank you, Albert, how beautiful!

FATHER. Very kindly thought of, my son!

JOHN. Oh! the black blind hideous horrible injustice of it all! [*With conviction.*] There is no God!

As the book consists of little else but episodes of this kind, it will be seen that the entertained attention of the judicious reader need never flag.

A. C.

THE NEW SOCIAL RELIGION. By HORACE HOLLEY. 6*s*.

HOLLEY, Holley, Holley, Lord God Almighty!

K. H. A. K.

TO MALISE AND OTHER POEMS. By AELFRIDA TILLYARD. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge.

A VOLUME of sonnets, serious and not so serious—the serious portraying spiritual yearning with impelling earnestness and artistic imagery, and brimful of human sentiment. Through these poems runs the palpitating thrill of womanhood in its highest sense, refined, idealistic and restrained, as witness "A Poem to an Unborn Child." These eighty pages of serious moods have the merit of a lightness and freshness which could never bore, even if one did not agree.

The "not so serious" mood will be welcomed by readers blessed, or cursed, with a strain of gentle flippancy in their blood. It would be a misconception to suggest one of these in particular as being indicative of the author's personality. That, for instance, beginning "Would that my songs were sausages" is not to be thought of in this connection, so we quote from the standpoint of a critic—cosmopolitan and humanitarian—namely, the "couplets" for unimaginative young men and maidens standing on the threshold of romance, longing, but dumb. Here is a real poet ready to help them in simple yet subtle phrase. What more could one want?

A. C. HOBBS.

OSCAR WILDE AND HIS MOTHER. A MEMOIR BY ANNA, COMTESSE DE BRÉMONT. Everett & Co., Ltd., London.

AS there are thoughts that sometimes lie too deep for tears, so there are books which it would be sacrilege to review. This is one of them. But one may say that in spite of the soul-moving pathos of the subject and the naïve brilliance of treatment, the most interesting aspect of the whole is the wonderful self-revelation of La Bellissima Contessa, as all those who know her call her to distinguish her from other countesses. She is indeed the antithesis of Oscar Wilde—a 'marvellous masculine soul in the feminine brain building,' and in this little masterpiece it is the soul which speaks. Aum Mani Padmen Hum.

SUPER SINISTRAM.

REVIEWS

THE OCCULT ARTS: AN EXAMINATION OF THE CLAIMS MADE FOR THE EXISTENCE AND PRACTICE OF SUPERNORMAL POWERS, AND AN ATTEMPTED JUSTIFICATION OF SOME OF THEM BY THE CONCLUSIONS OF THE RESEARCHES OF MODERN SCIENCE. By J. W. FRINGS. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. *2s. 6d.* net.

THIS little book is very good, and might have been much better if the author had any knowledge of Science or of the Occult Arts.

A. C.

COLOPHON

TO LAYLAH EIGHT-AND-TWENTY

LAMP of living loveliness,
Maid miraculously male,
Rapture of thine own excess
Blushing through the velvet veil
Where the olive cheeks aglow
Shadow-soften into snow,
Breasts like Bacchanals afloat
Under the proudly phallic throat!
Be thou to my pilgrimage
Light, and laughter sweet and sage,
Till the darkling day expire
Of my life in thy caress,
Thou my frenzy and my fire,
Lamp of living loveliness!

Thou the ruler of the rod
That beneath thy clasp extends
To the galaxies of God
From the gulph where ocean ends,
Cave of dragon, ruby rose,
Heart of hell, garden-close,

THE EQUINOX

Hyacinth petal sweet to smell,
Split-hoof of the glad gazelle,
Be thou mine as I am thine,
As the vine's ensigns entwine
At the sacring of the sun,
Thou the even and I the odd
Being and becoming one
On the abacus of God!

Thou the sacred snake that rears
Death, a jewelled crest across
The enchantment of the years,
All my love that is my loss.
Life and death, two and one,
Hate and love, moon and sun,
Light and darkness, never swerve
From the norm, note the nerve,
Name the name, exceed the excess
Of thy lamp of loveliness,
Living snake of lazy love,
Ithyphallic that uprears
Its Palladium above
The enchantment of the years!

INDEX OF VOLUME I

[*The names in italics are the real names of the authors*]

A ∴ A ∴, An Account of (reviser, *Aleister Crowley*), I, 5
A ∴ A ∴, A Syllabus of the Official Instructions of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 41
Account of A ∴ A ∴, An (Liber XXXIII: revised) (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 5
Across the Gulf (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 293
Adela (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 314
Adonis (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 117
Adorations, The Five (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 186
Agnostic, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 274
AHA! (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 9
Among the Mermaids (*Norman Roe*), II, 335
Amoureux, Illusion d' (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 187
Apollo bestows the Violin (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 244
Apollo, The Coming of (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 281
Artemis, Pan to (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 197
Arthur in the Area Again (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 407
As in a Glass, darkly (*Arthur Grimble*), X, 80
Ass, The Wild (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 201
At Bordj-an-Nus (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 37
Athanasius Contra Decanum (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 259
At Sea (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 79
Autumn Woods, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VI, 149
Ave Adonai (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 351

Bartzabel, Evocation of (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 117
Bedlam, A Ballad of (*Ethel Archer*), X, 207
Birthday, A (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 419
Bismarck of Battersea, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 401
Blind Prophet, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 15
—— Spadger, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 230
Boo to Buddha (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 201
Bordj-an-Nus, At (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 37
Breeches, My Lady of the (*George Raffalovich*), IV, 25
Bride, The Lonely (*Victor B. Neuburg*), I, 95
Brief Abstract of the Symbolic Representation of the Universe Derived by Dr. John Dee, through the Skrying of Sir Edward Kelly, A (Editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VII, 229; VIII, 99
Brighton Mystery, The (*George Raffalovich*), III, 287
Buddha, Boo to (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 201
Buddhist, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 272

Cancer? (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 81
Cannabis Indica. *See* Herb Dangerous
Chymical Jousting of Bro. Perardua, The (*Aleister Crowley*, illustration by *J. F. C. Fuller*), I, 89
Circe (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 52
Circean, The Dream (*Aleister Crowley*), II 105
" Come, Love, Awaken," Song (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 66
Coming of Apollo, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 281
Crapulous Contemporaries My: I, Stewed Prunes and Prism, II, 393; II, The Shadowy Dill Waters, III, 327; III,

INDEX

Glaziers' Houses, IV, 346; IV, Wisdom While You Waite, V, 133; V, The Bismarck of Battersea, VII, 401; VI, An Obituary, VIII, 243; VII, A Galahad in Gomorrah, IX, 269; VIII, A Quack Painter, IX, 67
Crowley, The Game of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 199
Crowley Pool (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 204

Dangers of Mysticism, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 153
Daughter of the Horseleech, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201
Dead Weight (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 211
Dee, Dr. John (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 229; VIII, 99
Description of the Cards of the Tarot, with their Attributions, including a Method of Divination by their use (Editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 143
Diana of the Inlet (*Katharine Susannah Prichard*), VII, 249
Dischmatal by Night (*Arthur Grimble*), IX, 66
Dr. Bob (*Mary d'Este Sturges* and *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 65
Dream Circean, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 105
Dreamer, The (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 208
Dumb! (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 101

Earth, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 108
Editorial, No. I (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 1
Editorial, No. II (first paragraph by *J. F. C. Fuller*, revised by *Aleister Crowley;* rest by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 2
Editorial, No. III (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 1
Editorial, No. IV (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 1
Editorial, No. V (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 1
Editorial, No. VI (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 1
Editorial, No. VII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 3
Editorial, No. VIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, xxiii
Editorial, No. IX (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, xxiii
Editorial, No. X (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 5
Ehe (*George Raffalovich*), IV, 281
Elder Eel (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 215
Electric Silence, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 53
Eleusis, The Rites of. See Rites
Energized Enthusiasm (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 17
Ercildoune (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 175
Evelyn Hope, The New (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, 250
Evocation of Bartzabel the Spirit of Mars, An (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 117
Ex-Probationers, X-rays on (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 142
Eyes of St. Ljubov, The (*George Raffalovich* and *J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 293

Fairy Fiddler, The (*Ethel Archer*), IX, 115
Felon Flower, The (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 325
Five Adorations, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 186
Foire, La (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 89
Fork of the Roads, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 101
Four Winds, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 179

Galahad in Gomorrah, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 269
Garden of Janus, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 91
Genesis, A Note on (*Allan Bennett*, preface by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 163
Geomancy, Handbook of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 137
Ghouls, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 159
Gizeh, The Sphinx at (*Lord Dunsany*), II, 205
Glasses, The Magic (*Frank Harris*), I, 49
Gnome, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 237
Gulf, Across the (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 293

Half-hours with Famous Mahatmas. No. I, Mahatma Shri Agamya Paramahansa Guru Swamiji (*J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 284
Handbook of Geomancy (*Aleister Crowley*, revised), II, 137
Hashish, A Pharmaceutical Study of (*E. Whineray*), I, 233
Hashish Eater, The (*H. G. Ludlow*), IV, 241
Hashish, The Poem of (*Chas. Baudelaire*, translator, *Aleister Crowley*), III, 55

INDEX

Hashish, The Psychology of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 31
Heart, The Tell-Tale (adaptor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 131
Herb Dangerous, The, I, 233 ; II, 31 ; III, 55; IV, 241
Hermit, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 137
High History of Good Sir Palamedes, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, Special Supplement
His Secret Sin (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 49
Horseleech, The Daughter of the (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201
How I Became a Famous Mountaineer (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 275
Hunchback, The Soldier and the (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 113

Ida Pendragon, The Ordeal of (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 113
Illusion d'Amoureux (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 187
Independence (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 181
In Limine (*Ethel Archer*), IX,
In Memoriam, John Yarker (*L. E. Kennedy, Grand Secretary M∴M∴M∴*), X, xix
I.N.R.I. (Manifesto of O.T.O. : revised) (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, IX, X, Prefatory Matter
I.nsit N.aturae R.egina I.sis (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 21
Interpreter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 119

Jane Chéron, Three Poems for (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 41
Janus, The Garden of (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 91
John St. John (*Aleister Crowley*), I, Special Supplement

Mr. Justice Scrutton please note.

L. vel Legis (Liber CCXX), X, 9
Laylah, Eight - and - Twenty, To (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 235
Liber I vel Magi (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 5
Liber III (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 9
Liber VI (O) (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 11
Liber IX (E) (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 25
Liber X Porta Lucis (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 3
Liber XI (NV) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 11
Liber XIII Graduum ad Montem Abiegni (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 3
Liber XVI (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 9
Liber XXX (Libræ) (revised, *Aleister Crowley*), I, 17
Liber LXIV (Israfel) (Invocation of Thoth from the MSS. of *Allan Bennett*), VII, 21
Liber LXVI (Stellæ Rubeæ) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 29
Liber XC ☿ vel Hamus Hermeticus (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 17
Liber CLVI (Vallum Abiegni) (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 23
Liber CLXXV (Astarte vel Berylli) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 37
Liber CC ☽ vel Helios (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 29
Liber CCVI (RV) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 59
Liber L. vel Legis (CCXX), X, 9
Liber CCXXXI (XXII Domarum et XXII Carcerorum) (*Aleister Crowley*,) illustration by *Crowley*), VII, 69
Liber CCCLVIII (HHH) (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 5
Liber CCCLXX (Capricorni Pneumatici) (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 33
Liber CD (TAU) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 75
Liber CDXII (A) (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 15
Liber CDXVIII (XXX Ærum vel Sæculi) (Vision and the Voice, The) (*Aleister Crowley*), V, Special Supplement
Liber CDLXXIV (Os Abysmi) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 77
Liber D (Sepher Sephiroth) (*Bennett, Crowley, and others*), VII, Special Supplement
Liber DXXXVI BATPAXOΦPENOBOOKOΣMOMAXIA (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 35
Liber DLV (HAD) (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 83
Liber DCCCXXXI (Iod) (*Aleister Crowley*, last paragraph by *S. H. Perry*) VII, 93
Liber DCCCLXVIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 101
Liber CMXIII (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 105
Liber DCCCCLXIII (*J. F. C. Fuller;* many adjectives removed by *A. Crowley;* illustrations by *Aleister Crowley*), III, Special Supplement

INDEX

Linos Isidos (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 39
Literatooralooral Treasure-Trove, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 49
Lonely Bride, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), I, 95
Long Odds (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 61
Lost Shepherd, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), II, 131

Madeline (*Arthur F. Grimble*), III, 129
Magdalen Blair, The Testament of (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 137
Magic Glasses, The (*Frank Harris*), I, 49
Magician, The (translated from French of Levi and Latin of Honorius; *Aleister Crowley*), I, 109
Mahatmas, Half-hours with Famous (*J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 284
Man Cover, The (*George Raffalovich*), II, 353
Mantra-Yogi, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 275
Memory of Love (*Herbert Close*), VII, 291
Mermaids, Among the (*Norman Roe*), II, 335
Midsummer Eve (*Ethel Archer*), IV, 310
Mind, The Training of the (*Allan Bennett*), V, 28
Mountaineer, How I Became a Famous (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 275
My Lady of the Breeches (*George Raffalovich*), IV, 25
Mystery, The Brighton (*George Raffalovich*), III, 287
Mysticism, The Dangers of (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 201

New Evelyn Hope, The (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, 250
Nocturne, A (*Victor B. Neuburg*), V, 121
Note on Genesis, A (*Allen Bennett*, preface by *Aleister Crowley*), II, 163

Obituary, An (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 243
On—On—"Poet" (*Mrs. Bey*), VIII, 211
Opium Smoker, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 191
Ordeal of Ida Pendragon, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 113
Organ in King's Chapel, The (*G. H. S. Pinsent*), II, 162
Origin, An (*Victor B. Neuburg*), III, 115

Painter, A Quack (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 67
Palamedes, The High History of Sir (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, Supplement
Pan to Artemis (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 197
Perardua, The Chymical Jousting of Brother (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 89
Persis, To (*D. Hamish Jenkins*), VIII, 231
Pharmaceutical Study of Cannabis Sativa, A (*E. Whineray, M.P.S.*), I, 233
Pilgrim, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 130
Poem of Hashish, The (*Chas. Baudelaire* translated by *Aleister Crowley*), III, 55
Poetical Memory, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 311
Postcards to Probationers (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 196
Priestess of Panormita, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 209
Professor Zircon (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 91
Prophet, The Blind (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 15
Prunes and Prism, Stewed (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 393
Psychology of Hashish, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 31

Quack Painter, A (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 67

Rites of Eleusis, The (*Aleister Crowley*; except parts of the Rites of Mars and Mercury, which were written by *George Raffalovich*), VI, Special Supplement
Ritual, Two Fragments of (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 81
Roads, At the Fork of (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 101
Rosa Ignota (*Victor B. Neuburg*), X, 127

Sabbath, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 60
St. Ljubov, The Eyes of (*George Raffalovich* and *J. F. C. Fuller*), IV, 293
Satan, Hymn to (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 206
Scorpion, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 67
Sea, At (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 79
Sepher Sephiroth (*Aleister Crowley* and *others*, as stated in Editorial Note), VIII, Special Supplement.
Ship, The, a Mystery-play (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 57
Silence (*Ethel Archer*), VII, 290

INDEX

Silence, The Electric (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 53
Sin, His Secret (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 49
Sleep (*Ethel Archer*), VI, 112
Smoker, The Opium (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 191
Snowstorm (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 183
Soldier and the Hunchback, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 113
Solomon. *See* Temple.
Sorites (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 142
Soul Hunter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), III, 119
Sphinx at Gizeh, The (*Lord Dunsany*), II, 205
Stepney (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 129
Stewed Prunes and Prism (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 393
Syllabus of the Official Instructions of A.·.A.·. hitherto published, A (*Aleister Crowley*) X, 41

Tango, The (*Mary d'Este Sturges* and *Aleister Crowley*), IX, 295
Tarot (editor, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 143
Tell-Tale Heart, The (Adapted by *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 131
Temple, In the (*Victor B. Neuburg*), IV, 352
Temple of Solomon the King, The, Parts I–IV (*J. F. C. Fuller*, documents supplied by *Aleister Crowley*), I, 141; II, 217; III, 133; IV, 41
Temple of Solomon the King, The, Parts V–X (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 65; VII, 355; VIII, 5; IX, 1; X, 91
Testament of Magdalen Blair, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 137
Thelema (music by *Laylah Waddell*, homage preliminary, *Aleister Crowley*), VIII, xxvii
Thief-taker, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 291
Three Poems (*Victor B. Neuburg*), VIII, xxxvii
Three Poems for Jane Chéron (*Aleister Crowley*), VI, 41
Three Worms, The (*Edward Storer*), IV, 317
Threnody (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 65
"Titanic," The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 47
Todd, Mr. (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 209
Training of the Mind, The (*Allan Bennett*), V, 28
Treasure-Trove, A Literatooralooral (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 49

Vampire, The (*Ethel Archer*), V, 143
Violin, Apollo bestows the (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 244
Violinist, Lines to a Young Lady (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 13
Violinist, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IV, 277
Vitriol Thrower, The (*Aleister Crowley*), IX 103
Vixen, The (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 125

Waite's Wet (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 233
Weight, Dead (*Aleister Crowley*), X, 211
Wild Ass, The (*Aleister Crowley*), II, 201
Winds, The Four (*Aleister Crowley*), VII, 179
Wisdom While You Waite (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 133
Wizard Way, The (*Aleister Crowley*), I, 37
Woodcutter, The (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII 79
Worms, The Three (*Edward Storer*), IV, 317

X-rays on Ex-Probationers (*Aleister Crowley*), V, 142

Yarker, John, In Memoriam (*Grand Secretary M.·. M.·. M.·.*), X, xix
Young Lady Violinist, Lines to a (*Aleister Crowley*), IX, 13

Zircon, Professor (*Aleister Crowley*), VIII, 91

REVIEWS

PSEUDONYMS

Crowley—
A. C.
Christabel Wharton.
Ethel Ramsay.
Ariel.
A. Quiller (only in 'The Open Road').
The Author of 'Rosa Mundi.'
N.
O. Dhammaloyu.
Ananda Vigga.
J. Mc. C.
Fra. O. M.
H. K. T.
Francis Bendick.
A. Quiller, Junior.
Doris Leslie ('Baby').
"C."
Hilda Norfolk.
Elaine Carr.
Martial Nay.
Edward Kelley.
Perdurabo.
D. Carr.
Caligula II.
Boleskine.
Jonathan Hutchinson, natu minimus.
Dost Achiha Khan.
Super Sinistram.
Sherlock Holmes.
Professor Jacobus Imperator.
Percy Flage.
Leo Viridis.
Alice L. Foote.
Probationer.
H. G.

Crowley—
Tarr M. B.
Mohammed.
M. W.
Georgos.
Cantab.
O. H.
Laura Graham.
L. T.
Leo.
Eric Tait.
M. Tupper.
Nick Lamb.
Abhavananda.
A. L.
Felix.
Barbey de Rochechouart.
Mary d'Este.
Maréchal de Cambronne.
II.
Candlestick.
Panurge.
John Masefield, Junior.
Diogenes.
David Thomas.
K. S. I.
St. Maurice E. Kulm.
Lemuel S. Innocent.
Morpheus.
K. H. A. K.

Capt. Fuller—
J. F. C. F.
Antoinette Bouvignon.
F.

REVIEWS

Capt. Fuller—
Bathshebah Tina
Methusalah.
A. Quiller.
Sam Hardy.
Alicia de Gruys.
H_2S.
B. Rashith.
Vishnu.
Elias Ashmole.
A. Q.

Norman Roe—
Norman Roe.

Neuburg—
V. B. Neuburg.
V. B. N.
Victor.

R. N. Warren—
R. N. W.

George Raffalovich—
George Raffalovich.

E. J. Wieland—
E. J. Wieland.
Bunco.
E. le Roux.

Ethel Archer—
Ethel Archer.

John Yarker—
John Yarker, 33°, 90°, 97°.

E. Whineray, M.P.S.—
E. Whineray, M.P.S.

Herbert Close—
Meredith Starr.

Mary Bey—
Mary d'Este.

Elizabeth Gwendolen Otter—
E. G. O.

A. C. Hobbs—
A. C. Hobbs.

UNSIGNED REVIEWS

A Modern Reading of St. Francis of Assisi—*Crowley.*
After Death, What?—*Crowley.*

Buddhist Review—*Crowley.*

Captain Margaret—*Crowley.*
Comte's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer—*Fuller.*
Contemporary Psychology—*Crowley.*

Evolution from Nebula to Man—*Fuller.*

Life of John Dee—*Fuller.*
Little Books of Selections of the Children of the Light—*Crowley.*

Meister Eckhart's Sermons—*Crowley.*

Outlines of Psychology: Introduction to Philosophy—*Neuburg.*

R. P. A. Annual, 1910—*Fuller.*

Seen and Unseen—*Crowley.*

The Arcana of Nature—*Crowley.*
The Hand of God—*Fuller.*
The Literary Guide and Rationalist s Review—*Crowley.*
The Martyrdom of Ferrer—*Fuller.*
The Message of Psychic Science to the World—*Crowley.*
The Mystery of Existence—*Crowley.*
The Philosophy and Fun of Algebra—*Crowley.*
The Quest—*Crowley.*
The Super-Sensual Life—*Crowley.*
The Workshop of Religion—*Crowley.*
The Worship of Satan in Modern France—*Crowley*

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

(LA CLEF DES GRANDS MYSTÈRES)

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

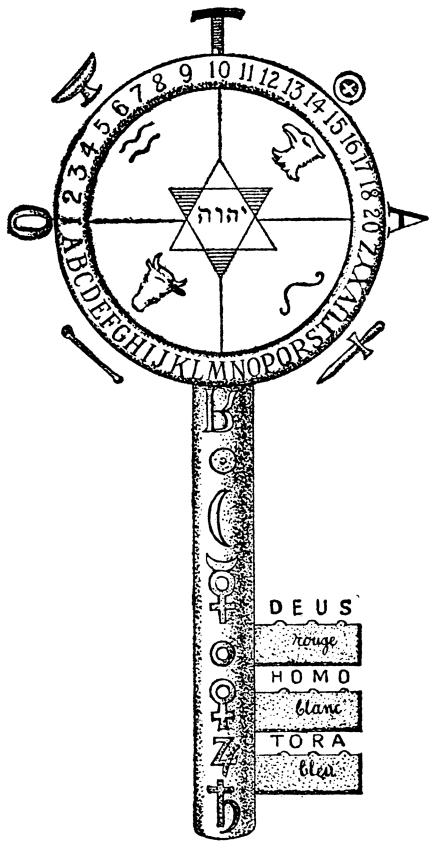
THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

ACCORDING TO
ENOCH, ABRAHAM, HERMES TRISMEGISTES AND SOLOMON

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY ALEISTER CROWLEY



"Religion says:—'Believe and you will understand.' Science comes to say to you:—'Understand and you will believe.'

"At that moment the whole of science will change front; the spirit, so long dethroned and forgotten, will take its ancient place; it will be demonstrated that the old traditions are all true, that the whole of paganism is only a system of corrupted and misplaced truths, that it is sufficient to cleanse them, so to say, and to put them back again in their place, to see them shine with all their rays. In a word, all ideas will change, and since on all sides a multitude of the elect cry in concert, 'Come, Lord, come!' why should you blame the men who throw themselves forward into that majestic future, and pride themselves on having foreseen it?"

(J. De Maistre, *Soirées de St. Petersbourg.*)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

In the biographical and critical essay which Mr. Waite prefixes to his *Mysteries of Magic* he says: "A word must be added of the method of this digest, which claims to be something more than translation and has been infinitely more laborious. I believe it to be in all respects faithful, and where it has been necessary or possible for it to be literal, there also it is invariably literal."

We agree that it is either more or less than translation, and the following examples selected at hazard in the course of half-an-hour will enable the reader to judge whether Mr. Waite is acquainted with either French or English:

"Gentilhomme"—"Gentleman."

"The nameless vice which was reproached *against* the Templars."

"Certaines circonstances ridicules et un procès en escroquerie"—"Certain ridiculous processes and a swindling lawsuit."

"Se mêle de dogmatiser"—"Meddles with dogmatism."

"La vie pour lui suffisait à l'expiation des plus grands crimes, puis qu'elle était la consequence d'un arrêt de mort"—"According to him life was sufficient for the greatest crimes, since *these* were the result of a death sentence."

"Vos meilleurs amis ont dû concevoir des inquiétudes"—"Your best friends have been reasonably anxious." (The mistranslation here turns the speech into an insult.)

"Sacro-sainte"—"Sacred and saintly."

"Auriculaire"—"Index."

"N'avez vous pas obtenu tout ce que vous demandiez, et plus que vous ne demandiez, car vous ne m'aviez pas parlé d'argent?"—"Have you not had all and more than you wanted, and there has been no question of remuneration?" (This mistranslation makes nonsense of the whole passage.)

"Eliphas n'était pas à la question"—"Eliphas was not under cross-examination."

"Mauvais plaisant"—"Vicious jester."

"Si vous n'aviez pas . . . vous deviendriez"—"If you have not . . . you may become." (This mistranslation turns a compliment into an insult.)

"An awful and ineffaceable tableaux."

"Péripéties"—"Circumstances."

"Il avait fait partie du clergé de Saint Germain l'Auxerrois"—"He was of the Society of St. Germain l'Auxerrois."

"Bruit de tempête"—"Stormy sound."

We are obliged to mention this matter, as Mr. Waite (by persistent self-assertion) has obtained the reputation of being trustworthy as an editor. On the contrary, he not only mutilates and distorts his authors, but, as demonstrated above, he is totally incapable of understanding their simplest phrases and even their commonest words.

INTRODUCTION

THIS volume represents the high-water mark of the thought of Eliphas Levi. It may be regarded as written by him as his Thesis for the Grade of Exempt Adept, just as his *Ritual and Dogma* was his Thesis for the grade of Major Adept. He is, in fact, no longer talking of things as if their sense was fixed and universal. He is beginning to see something of the contradiction inherent in the nature of things, or at any rate, he constantly illustrates the fact that the planes are to be kept separate for practical purposes, although in the final analysis they turn out to be one. This, and the extraordinarily subtle and delicate irony of which Eliphas Levi is one of the greatest masters that has ever lived, have baffled the pedantry and stupidity of such commentators as Waite. English has hardly a word to express the mental condition of such unfortunates. *Dummheit*, in its strongest German sense, is about the nearest thing to it. It is as if a geographer should criticize *Gulliver's Travels* from his own particular standpoint.

When Levi says that all that he asserts as an initiate is subordinate to his humble submissiveness as a Christian, and then not only remarks that the Bible and the Qur'án are different translations of the same book, but treats the Incarnation as an allegory, it is evident that a good deal of submission will be required. When he agrees with St. Augustine that a thing is not just because God wills it, but God wills it because it is just, he sees perfectly well that he is reducing God to a poetic image reflected from his own moral

ideal of justice, and no amount of alleged orthodoxy can weigh against that statement. His very defence of the Catholic Hierarchy is a masterpiece of that peculiar form of conscious sophistry which justifies itself by reducing its conclusion to zero. One must begin with *one*, and that *one* has no particular qualities. Therefore, so long as you have an authority properly centralized it does not really matter what that authority is. In the Pope we have such an authority ready made, and it is the gravest tactical blunder to endeavour to set up an authority opposed to him. Success in doing so means war, and failure anarchy. This, however, did not prevent Levi from ceremonially casting a papal crown to the ground and crying "Death to tyranny and superstition!" in the bosom of a certain secret Areopagus of which he was the most famous member.

When a man becomes a magician he looks about him for a magical weapon; and, being probably endowed with that human frailty called laziness, he hopes to find a weapon ready made. Thus we find the Christian Magus who imposed his power upon the world taking the existing worships and making a single system combining all their merits. There is no single feature in Christianity which has not been taken bodily from the worship of Isis, or of Mithras, or of Bacchus, or of Adonis, or of Osiris. In modern times again we find Frater Iehi Aour trying to handle Buddhism. Others again have attempted to use Freemasonry. There have been even exceptionally foolish magicians who have tried to use a sword long since rusted.

Wagner illustrates this point very clearly in *Siegfried*. The Great Sword Nothung has been broken, and it is the

only weapon that can destroy the gods. The dwarf Mime tries uselessly to mend it. When Siegfried comes he makes no such error. He melts its fragments and forges a new sword. In spite of the intense labour which this costs, it is the best plan to adopt.

Levi completely failed to capture Catholicism; and his hope of using Imperialism, his endeavour to persuade the Emperor that he was the chosen instrument of the Almighty, a belief which would have enabled him to play Maximus to little Napoleon's Julian, was shattered once for all at Sedan.

It is necessary for the reader to gain this clear conception of Levi's inmost mind, if he is to reconcile the "contradictions" which leave Waite petulant and bewildered. It is the sad privilege of the higher order of mind to be able to see both sides of every question, and to appreciate the fact that both are equally tenable. Such contradictions can, of course, only be reconciled on a higher plane, and this method of harmonizing contradictions is, therefore, the best key to the higher planes.

It seems unnecessary to add anything to these few remarks. This is the only difficulty in the whole book, though in one or two passages Levi's extraordinarily keen sense of humour leads him to indulge in a little harmless bombast. We may instance his remarks on the *Grimoire* of Honorius.

We have said that this is the masterpiece of Levi. He reaches an exaltation of both thought and language which is equal to that of any other writer known to us. Once it is understood that it is purely a thesis for the Grade of Exempt Adept, the reader should have no further difficulty.—A. C.

PREFACE

On the brink of mystery, the spirit of man is seized with giddiness. Mystery is the abyss which ceaselessly attracts our unquiet curiosity by the terror of its depth.

The greatest mystery of the infinite is the existence of Him for whom alone all is without mystery.

Comprehending the infinite which is essentially incomprehensible, He is Himself that infinite and eternally unfathomable mystery; that is to say, that He is, in all seeming, that supreme absurdity in which Tertullian believed.

Necessarily absurd, since reason must renounce for ever the project of attaining to Him; necessarily credible, since science and reason, far from demonstrating that He does not exist, are dragged by the chariot of fatality to believe that He does exist, and to adore Him themselves with closed eyes.

Why?—Because this Absurd is the infinite source of reason. The light springs eternally from the eternal shadows. Science, that Babel Tower of the spirit, may twist and coil its spirals ever ascending as it will; it may make the earth tremble, it will never touch the sky.

God is He whom we shall eternally learn to know better, and, consequently, He whom we shall never know entirely.

The realm of mystery is, then, a field open to the conquests of the intelligence. March there as boldly as you will, never will you diminish its extent; you will only alter

its horizons. To know all is an impossible dream ; but woe unto him who dares not to learn all, and who does not know that, in order to know anything, one must learn eternally !

They say that in order to learn anything well, one must forget it several times. The world has followed this method. Everything which is to-day debateable had been solved by the ancients. Before our annals began, their solutions, written in hieroglyphs, had already no longer any meaning for us. A man has rediscovered their key ; he has opened the cemeteries of ancient science, and he gives to his century a whole world of forgotten theorems, of syntheses as simple and sublime as nature, radiating always from unity, and multiplying themselves like numbers with proportions so exact, that the known demonstrates and reveals the unknown. To understand this science, is to see God. The author of this book, as he finishes his work, will think that he has demonstrated it.

Then, when you have seen God, the hierophant will say to you :—"Turn round !" and, in the shadow which you throw in the presence of this sun of intelligences, there will appear to you the devil, that black phantom which you see when your gaze is not fixed upon God, and when you think that your shadow fills the sky,—for the vapours of the earth, the higher they go, seem to magnify it more and more.

To harmonize in the category of religion science with revelation and reason with faith, to demonstrate in philosophy the absolute principles which reconcile all the antinomies, and finally to reveal the universal equilibrium of natural forces, is the triple object of this work, which will consequently be divided into three parts.

We shall exhibit true religion with such characters, that no one, believer or unbeliever, can fail to recognize it; that will be the absolute in religion. We shall establish in philosophy the immutable characters of that Truth, which is in science, *reality;* in judgment, *reason;* and in ethics, *justice.* Finally, we shall acquaint you with the laws of Nature, whose equilibrium is stability, and we shall show how vain are the phantasies of our imagination before the fertile realities of movement and of life. We shall also invite the great poets of the future to create once more the divine comedy, no longer according to the dreams of man, but according to the mathematics of God.

Mysteries of other worlds, hidden forces, strange revelations, mysterious illnesses, exceptional faculties, spirits, apparitions, magical paradoxes, hermetic arcana, we shall say all, and we shall explain all. Who has given us this power? We do not fear to reveal it to our readers.

There exists an occult and sacred alphabet which the Hebrews attribute to Enoch, the Egyptians to Thoth or to Hermes Trismegistus, the Greeks to Cadmus and to Palamedes. This alphabet was known to the followers of Pythagoras, and is composed of absolute ideas attached to signs and numbers; by its combinations, it realizes the mathematics of thought. Solomon represented this alphabet by seventy-two names, written upon thirty-six talismans. Eastern initiates still call these the "little keys" or clavicles of Solomon. These keys are described, and their use explained, in a book the source of whose traditional dogma is the patriarch Abraham. This book is called the Sepher Yetzirah; with the aid of the Sepher Yetzirah one can penetrate the

hidden sense of the Zohar, the great dogmatic treatise of the Qabalah of the Hebrews. The Clavicles of Solomon, forgotten in the course of time, and supposed lost, have been rediscovered by ourselves; without trouble we have opened all the doors of those old sanctuaries where absolute truth seemed to sleep,—always young, and always beautiful, like that princess of the childish legend, who, during a century of slumber, awaits the bridegroom whose mission it is to awaken her.

After our book, there will still be mysteries, but higher and farther in the infinite depths. This publication is a light or a folly, a mystification or a monument. Read, reflect, and judge.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERIES

(LA CLEF DES GRANDS MYSTÈRES)

BY

ELIPHAS LEVI

PART I

RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES

PROBLEMS FOR SOLUTION

I.—To demonstrate in a certain and absolute manner the existence of God, and to give an idea of Him which will satisfy all minds.

II.—To establish the existence of a true religion in such a way as to render it incontestable.

III.—To indicate the bearing and the *raison d'être* of all the mysteries of the one true and universal religion.

IV.—To turn the objections of philosophy into arguments favourable to true religion.

V.—To draw the boundary between religion and superstition, and to give the reason of miracles and prodigies.

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS

WHEN Count Joseph de Maistre, that grand and passionate lover of Logic, said despairingly, "The world is without religion," he resembled those people who say rashly "There is no God."

The world, in truth, is without the religion of Count Joseph de Maistre, as it is probable that such a God as the majority of atheists conceive does not exist.

Religion is an idea based upon one constant and universal

fact; man is a religious animal. The word "religion" has then a necessary and absolute sense. Nature herself sanctifies the idea which this word represents, and exalts it to the height of a principle.

The need of believing is closely linked with the need of loving; for that reason our souls need communion in the same hopes and in the same love. Isolated beliefs are only doubts: it is the bond of mutual confidence which, by creating faith, composes religion.

Faith does not invent itself, does not impose itself, does not establish itself by any political agreement; like life, it manifests itself with a sort of fatality. The same power which directs the phenomena of nature, extends and limits the supernatural domain of faith, despite all human foresight. One does not imagine revelations; one undergoes them, and one believes in them. In vain does the spirit protest against the obscurities of dogma; it is subjugated by the attraction of these very obscurities, and often the least docile of reasoners would blush to accept the title of "irreligious man."

Religion holds a greater place among the realities of life than those who do without religion—or pretend to do without it—affect to believe. All ideas that raise man above the animal—moral love, devotion, honour—are sentiments essentially religious. The cult of the fatherland and of the family, fidelity to an oath and to memory, are things which humanity will never abjure without degrading itself utterly, and which could never exist without the belief in something greater than mortal life, with all its vicissitudes, its ignorance and its misery.

If annihilation were the result of all our aspirations to

those sublime things which we feel to be eternal, our only duties would be the enjoyment of the present, forgetfulness of the past, and carelessness about the future, and it would be rigorously true to say, as a celebrated sophist once said, that the man who thinks is a degraded animal.

Moreover, of all human passions, religious passion is the most powerful and the most lively. It generates itself, whether by affirmation or negation, with an equal fanaticism, some obstinately affirming the god that they have made in their own image, the others denying God with rashness, as if they had been able to understand and to lay waste by a single thought all that world of infinity which pertains to His great name.

Philosophers have not sufficiently considered the physiological fact of religion in humanity, for in truth religion exists apart from all dogmatic discussion. It is a faculty of the human soul just as much as intelligence and love. While man exists, so will religion. Considered in this light, it is nothing but the need of an infinite idealism, a need which justifies every aspiration for progress, which inspires every devotion, which alone prevents virtue and honour from being mere words, serving to exploit the vanity of the weak and the foolish to the profit of the strong and the clever.

It is to this innate need of belief that one might justly give the name of natural religion; and all which tends to clip the wings of these beliefs is, on the religious plane, in opposition to nature. The essence of the object of religion is mystery, since faith begins with the unknown, abandoning the rest to the investigations of science. Doubt is, moreover, the mortal enemy of faith; faith feels that the intervention of

the divine being is necessary to fill the abyss which separates the finite from the infinite, and it affirms this intervention with all the warmth of its heart, with all the docility of its intelligence. If separated from this act of faith, the need of religion finds no satisfaction, and turns to scepticism and to despair. But in order that the act of faith should not be an act of folly, reason wishes it to be directed and ruled. By what? By science? We have seen that science can do nothing here. By the civil authority? It is absurd. Are our prayers to be superintended by policemen?

There remains, then, moral authority, which alone is able to constitute dogma and establish the discipline of worship, in concert this time with the civil authority, but not in obedience to its orders. It is necessary, in a word, that faith should give to the religious need a real satisfaction,—a satisfaction entire, permanent and indubitable. To obtain that, it is necessary to have the absolute and invariable affirmation of a dogma preserved by an authorized hierarchy. It is necessary to have an efficacious cult, giving, with an absolute faith, a substantial realization of the symbols of belief.

Religion thus understood being the only one which can satisfy the natural need of religion, it must be the only really natural religion. We arrive, without help from others, at this double definition, that true natural religion is revealed religion. The true revealed religion is the hierarchical and traditional religion, which affirms itself absolutely, above human discussion, by communion in faith, hope, and charity.

Representing the moral authority, and realizing it by the efficacy of its ministry, the priesthood is as holy and infallible as humanity is subject to vice and to error. The priest,

quâ priest, is always the representative of God. Of little account are the faults or even the crimes of man. When Alexander VI consecrated his bishops, it was not the poisoner who laid his hands upon them, it was the pope. Pope Alexander VI never corrupted or falsified the dogmas which condemned him, or the sacraments which in his hands saved others, and did not justify him. At all times and in all places there have been liars and criminals, but in the hierarchical and divinely authorized Church there have never been, and there will never be, either bad popes or bad priests. "Bad" and "priest" form an oxymoron.

We have mentioned Alexander VI, and we think that this name will be sufficient without other memories as justly execrated as his being brought up against us. Great criminals have been able to dishonour themselves doubly because of the sacred character with which they were invested, but they had not the power to dishonour that character, which remains always radiant and splendid above fallen humanity.[1]

We have said that there is no religion without mysteries; let us add that there are no mysteries without symbols. The symbol, being the formula or the expression of the mystery, only expresses its unknown depth by paradoxical images borrowed from the known. The symbolic form, having for its object to characterize what is above scientific reason, should necessarily find itself without that reason: hence the celebrated and perfectly just remark of a Father of the Church: "I believe because it is absurd. *Credo quia absurdum.*"

If science were to affirm what it did not know, it would

[1] A dog has six legs. Definition. It is no answer to this to show that all dogs have four.—O. M.

destroy itself. Science will then never be able to perform the work of faith, any more than faith can decide in a matter of science. An affirmation of faith with which science is rash enough to meddle can then be nothing but an absurdity for it, just as a scientific statement, if given us as an article of faith, would be an absurdity on the religious plane. To know and to believe are two terms which can never be confounded.

It would be equally impossible to oppose the one to the other. It is impossible, in fact, to believe the contrary of what one knows without ceasing, for that very reason, to know it; and it is equally impossible to achieve a knowledge contrary to what one believes without ceasing immediately to believe.

To deny or even to contest the decisions of faith in the name of science is to prove that one understands neither science nor faith: in fine, the mystery of a God of three persons is not a problem of mathematics; the incarnation of the Word is not a phenomenon in obstetrics; the scheme of redemption stands apart from the criticism of the historian. Science is absolutely powerless to decide whether we are right or wrong in believing or disbelieving dogma; it can only observe the results of belief, and if faith evidently improves men, if, moreover, faith is in itself, considered as a physiological fact, evidently a necessity and a force, science will certainly be obliged to admit it, and take the wise part of always reckoning with it.

Let us now dare to affirm that there exists an immense fact equally appreciable both by faith and science; a fact which makes God visible (in a sense) upon earth; a fact incontestable and of universal bearing; this fact is the manifestation in the world, beginning from the epoch when the

Christian revelation was made, of a spirit unknown to the ancients, of a spirit evidently divine, more positive than science in its works, in its aspirations, more magnificently ideal than the highest poetry, a spirit for which it was necessary to create a new name, a name altogether unheard[1] in the sanctuaries of antiquity. This name was created, and we shall demonstrate that this name, this word, is, in religion, as much for science as for faith, the expression of the absolute. The word is CHARITY, and the spirit of which we speak is the *spirit of charity.*

Before charity, faith prostrates itself, and conquered science bows. There is here evidently something greater than humanity; charity proves by its works that it is not a dream. It is stronger than all the passions; it triumphs over suffering and over death; it makes God understood by every heart, and seems already to fill eternity by the begun realization of its legitimate hopes.

Before charity alive and in action who is the Proudhon who dares blaspheme? Who is the Voltaire who dares laugh?

Pile one upon the other the sophisms of Diderot, the critical arguments of Strauss, the "Ruins" of Volney, so well named, for this man could make nothing but "ruins," the blasphemies of the revolution whose voice was extinguished once in blood, and once again in the silence of contempt; join to it all that the future may hold for us of monstrosities and of vain dreams; then will there come the humblest and the simplest of all sisters of charity,—the world will leave there all its follies, and all its crimes, and all its dreams, to bow before this sublime reality.

[1] Who, however, had the word laid aside against the time when Paul should give it a meaning.—O. M.

Charity! word divine, sole word which makes God understood, word which contains a universal revelation! *Spirit* of *charity*, alliance of two words which are a complete solution and a complete promise! To what question, in fine, do these two words not find an answer?

What is God for us, if not the spirit of charity? What is orthodoxy? Is it not the spirit of charity which refuses to discuss faith lest it should trouble the confidence of simple souls, and disturb the peace of universal communion?[1] And the universal church, is it any other thing than a communion in the spirit of charity? It is by the spirit of charity that the church is infallible. It is the spirit of charity which is the divine virtue of the priesthood.

Duty of man, guarantee of his rights, proof of his immortality, eternity of happiness commencing for him upon the earth, glorious aim given to his existence, goal and path of all his struggles, perfection of his individual, civil and religious morality, the spirit of charity understands all, and is able to hope all, undertake all, and accomplish all.

It is by the spirit of charity that Jesus expiring on the cross gave a son to His mother in the person of St. John, and, triumphing over the anguish of the most frightful torture, gave a cry of deliverance and of salvation, saying, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

It is by charity that twelve Galilean artisans conquered the world; they loved truth more than life, and they went without followers to speak it to peoples and to kings; tested by tor-

[1] Sublime humour of sophistry! Levi asserts, "Any lie will serve, provided every one acquiesces in it," and reprehends Christianity for disturbing the peace of Paganism. *Or*, indicates that Christianity is but syncretic-eclectic Paganism, and defends it on this ground.—O. M.

ture, they were found faithful. They showed to the multitude a living immortality in their death, and they watered the earth with a blood whose heat could not be extinguished, because they were burning with the ardours of charity.

It is by charity that the Apostles built up their Creed. They said that to believe together was worth more than to doubt separately; they constituted the hierarchy on the basis of obedience—rendered so noble and so great by the spirit of charity, that to serve in this manner is to reign; they formulated the faith of all and the hope of all, and they put this Creed in the keeping of the charity of all. Woe to the egoist who appropriates to himself a single word of this inheritance of the Word; he is a deicide, who wishes to dismember the body of the Lord.

This Creed is the holy ark of charity; whoso touches it is stricken by eternal death, for charity withdraws itself from him. It is the sacred inheritance of our children, it is the price of the blood of our fathers!

It is by charity that the martyrs took consolation in the prisons of the Cæsars, and won over to their belief even their warders and their executioners.

It is in the name of charity that St. Martin of Tours protested against the torture of the Priscillians,[1] and separated

[1] The Priscillianist heresy was disturbing the Church, especially in Spain. The Emperor Maximus, a Spaniard, was inclined to put it down with a strong hand and confiscate the heretics' property. The Gallic clergy hounded him on, and the Councils of Bordeaux and Saragossa encouraged him. Two Spanish priests, *Ithacus* and *Idacus*, clamoured for the heretics' punishment by the secular arm. But St. Martin of Tours, stalwart champion of orthodoxy as he was, resisted, and in 385 he went to Trèves to plead for the persecuted Priscillianists. He prevailed. So long as Martin stayed at court the Ithacan party was foiled. When he left they had the upper hand again, and Maximus gave the suppression of the heretics into the hands of the unrelenting Evodius. Priscillian was killed. Exile and death were the fate of his followers. Heresy blazed the stronger,

himself from the communion of the tyrant who wished to impose faith by the sword.

It is by charity that so great a crowd of saints have forced the world to accept them as expiation for the crimes committed in the name of religion itself, and the scandals of the profaned sanctuary.

It is by charity that St. Vincent de Paul and Fénelon compelled the admiration of even the most impious centuries, and quelled in advance the laughter of the children of Voltaire before the imposing dignity of their virtues.

---

and a worse persecution was threatened. Then St. Martin left his cell at Marmontier, and set out a second time to Trèves. News of the old man coming along the road on his ass reached his enemies. They met him at the gate and refused him entrance. "But," said Martin, "I come with the peace of Jesus Christ." And such was the power of his presence that they could not close the city gates against him. But the palace doors were closed. Martin refused to see the Ithacans or to receive the Communion with them, and their fury at this is eloquent testimony of their sense of his power. They appealed to Maximus, who delivered over Martin bound to them. But in the night Maximus sent for Martin, argued, coaxed, persuaded him to compromise. The schism would be great, he persisted, if Martin continued to exasperate the Ithacans. Martin said he had nothing to do with persecutors. In wrath the Emperor let him go, and gave orders to the Tribunes to depart to Spain and carry out a rigorous Inquisition. Then Martin returned to Maximus and bargained. Let this order be revoked, and he would receive Communion with the Ithacans next day at the election of the new Archbishop. The order was revoked, and Martin kept his word. But when he knew the cause of Humanity safe, he departed, and on his way back to Tours experienced a great agony. Why had he had dealings with the Ithacans? In a lonely place he pondered sadly. An angel spoke to him. "Martin, you do right to be sad, but it was the only way." Never again did he go to any council. He was wont to say with tears that if he had saved the heretics he himself had lost power over men and over demons.

They have outraged the meaning of the episode who explain Martin's protest as merely against the surrender of the Church to Secular Power. It was *lèse-humanité* of which he held the Ithacans guilty.

St. Martin of Tours was often called Martin the Thaumaturgist. He was noted for his power over animals.

It is by charity, finally, that the folly of the cross has become the wisdom of the nations, because every noble heart has understood that it is greater to believe with those who love, and who devote themselves, than to doubt with the egotists and with the slaves of pleasure.

FIRST ARTICLE

SOLUTION OF THE FIRST PROBLEM

THE TRUE GOD

God can only be defined by faith; science can neither deny nor affirm that He exists.

God is the absolute object of human faith. In the infinite, He is the supreme and creative intelligence of order. In the world, He is the spirit of charity.

Is the Universal Being a fatal machine which eternally grinds down intelligences by chance, or a providential intelligence which directs forces in order to ameliorate minds?

The first hypothesis is repugnant to reason; it is pessimistic and immoral.

Science and reason ought then to accept the second.

Yes, Proudhon, God is an hypothesis, but an hypothesis so necessary, that without it, all theorems become absurd or doubtful.

For initiates of the Qabalah, God is the absolute unity which creates and animates numbers.

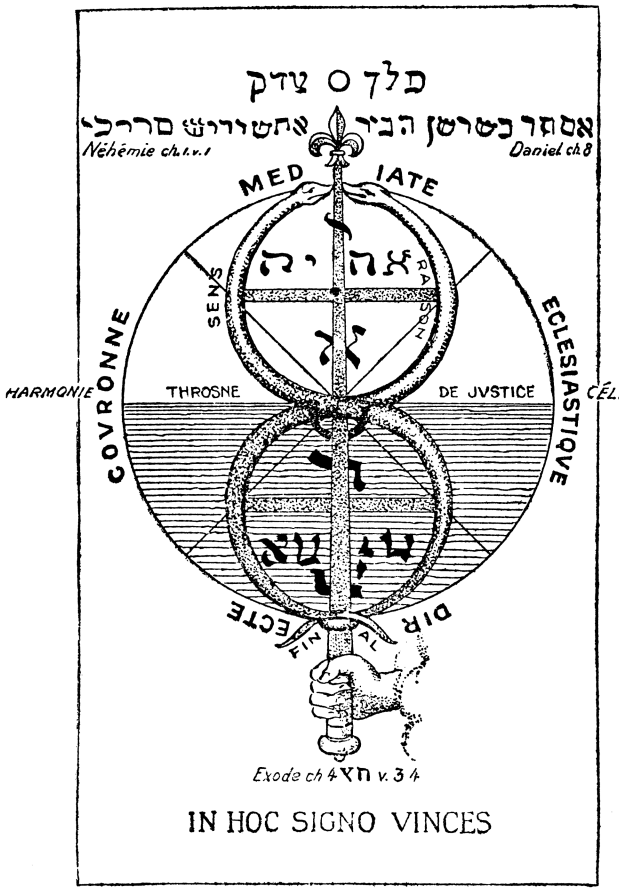
The unity of the human intelligence demonstrates the unity of God.

The key of numbers is that of creeds, because signs are

analogical figures of the harmony which proceeds from numbers.

Mathematics could never demonstrate blind fatality, because they are the expression of the exactitude which is the character of the highest reason.

Unity demonstrates the analogy of contraries ; it is the foundation, the equilibrium, and the end of numbers. The act of faith starts from unity, and returns to unity.



THE SIGN OF THE GRAND ARCANUM G.·. A.·.

We shall now sketch out an explanation of the Bible by the aid of numbers, for the Bible is the book of the images of God.

We shall ask numbers to give us the reason of the dogmas of eternal religion; numbers will always reply by reuniting themselves in the synthesis of unity.

The following pages are simply outlines of qabalistic hypotheses; they stand apart from faith, and we indicate them only as curiosities of research. It is no part of our task to make innovations in dogma, and what we assert in our character as an initiate is entirely subordinate to our submission in our character as a Christian.[1]

SKETCH OF THE PROPHETIC THEOLOGY OF NUMBERS

I

UNITY

UNITY is the principle and the synthesis of numbers; it is the idea of God and of man; it is the alliance of reason and of faith.

Faith cannot be opposed to reason; it is made necessary by love, it is identical with hope. To love is to believe and hope; and this triple outburst of the soul is called virtue, because, in order to make it, courage is necessary. But would there be any courage in that, if doubt were not possible? Now, to be able to doubt, is to doubt. Doubt is the force

[1] This passage is typical of the sublime irony of Levi, and the key to the whole of his paradoxes.—TRANS.

which balances faith, and it constitutes the whole merit of faith.

Nature herself induces us to believe; but the formulæ of faith are social expressions of the tendencies of faith at a given epoch. It is that which proves the Church to be infallible, evidentially and in fact.

God is necessarily the most unknown of all beings because He is only defined by negative experience; He is all that we are not, He is the infinite opposed to the finite by hypothesis.

Faith, and consequently hope and love, are so free that man, far from being able to impose them on others, does not even impose them on himself.

"These," says religion, "are graces." Now, is it conceivable that grace should be subject to demand or exaction; that is to say, could any one wish to force men to a thing which comes freely and without price from heaven? One must not do more than desire it for them.

To reason concerning faith is to think irrationally, since the object of faith is outside the universe of reason. If one asks me:—"Is there a God?" I reply, "I believe it." "But are you sure of it?"—"If I were sure of it, I should not believe it, I should know it."

The formulation of faith is to agree upon the terms of the common hypothesis.

Faith begins where science ends. To enlarge the scope of science is apparently to diminish that of faith; but in reality, it is to enlarge it in equal proportion, for it is to amplify its base.

One can only define the unknown by its supposed and supposable relations with the known.

Analogy was the sole dogma of the ancient magi. This dogma may indeed be called "mediator," for it is half scientific, half hypothetical; half reason, and half poetry. This dogma has been, and will always be, the father of all others.

What is the Man-God? He who realizes, in the most human life, the most divine ideal.

Faith is a divination of intelligence and of love, when these are directed by the pointings of nature and of reason.

It is then of the essence of the things of faith to be inaccessible to science, doubtful for philosophy, and undefined for certainty.

Faith is an hypothetical realization and a conventional determination of the last aims of hope. It is the attachment to the visible sign of the things which one does not see.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

To affirm without folly that God is or that He is not, one must begin with a reasonable or unreasonable definition of God. Now, this definition, in order to be reasonable, must be hypothetical, analogical, and the negation of the known finite. It is possible to deny a particular God, but the absolute God can no more be denied than He can be proved; He is a reasonable supposition in whom one believes.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the Master; to see with the heart is to believe; and if this faith is attached to the true good, it can never be deceived, provided that it does not seek to define too much in accordance with the dangerous inductions which spring from personal ignorance. Our judgments in questions of faith apply to

ourselves; it will be done to us as we have believed; that is to say, we create ourselves in the image of our ideal.

"Those who make their gods become like unto them," says the psalmist, "and all they that put their trust in them."

The divine ideal of the ancient world made the civilization which came to an end, and one must not despair of seeing the god of our barbarous fathers become the devil of our more enlightened children. One makes devils with cast-off gods,[1] and Satan is only so incoherent and so formless because he is made up of all the rags of ancient theogonies. He is the sphinx without a secret, the riddle without an answer, the mystery without truth, the absolute without reality and without light.

Man is the son of God because God, manifested, realized, and incarnated upon earth, called Himself the Son of man.

It is after having made God in the image of His intelligence and of His love, that humanity has understood the sublime Word who said "Let there be light!"

Man is the form of the divine thought, and God is the idealized synthesis of human thought.

Thus the Word of God reveals man, and the Word of man reveals God.

Man is the God of the world, and God is the man of heaven.

Before saying "God wills," man has willed.

In order to understand and honour Almighty God, man must first be free.

Had he obeyed and abstained from the fruit of the tree of knowledge through fear, man would have been innocent and

[1] Christianity has fallen, and so Christ has already become the 'devil' to such thinkers as Nietzsche and Crowley.—O. M.

stupid as the lamb, sceptical and rebellious as the angel of light. He himself cut the umbilical cord of his simplicity, and, falling free upon the earth, dragged God with him in his fall.

And therefore, from this sublime fall, he rises again glorious, with the great convict of Calvary, and enters with Him into the kingdom of heaven.

For the kingdom of heaven belongs to intelligence and love, both children of liberty.

God has shown liberty to man in the image of a lovely woman, and in order to test his courage, He made the phantom of death pass between her and him.

Man loved, and felt himself to be God; he gave for her what God had just bestowed upon him—eternal hope.

He leapt towards his bride across the shadow of death.

Man possessed liberty; he had embraced life.

Expiate now thy glory, O Prometheus!

Thy heart, ceaselessly devoured, cannot die; it is thy vulture, it is Jupiter, who will die!

One day we shall awake at last from the painful dreams of a tormented life; our ordeal will be finished, and we shall be sufficiently strong against sorrow to be immortal.

Then we shall live in God with a more abundant life, and we shall descend into His works with the light of His thought, we shall be borne away into the infinite by the whisper of His love.

We shall be without doubt the elder brethren of a new race, the angels of posterity.

Celestial messengers, we shall wander in immensity, and the stars will be our gleaming ships.

We shall transform ourselves into sweet visions to calm weeping eyes; we shall gather radiant lilies in unknown meadows, and we shall scatter their dew upon the earth.

We shall touch the eyelid of the sleeping child, and rejoice the heart of its mother with the spectacle of the beauty of her well-belovèd son!

II

THE BINARY

THE binary is more particularly the number of woman, mate of man and mother of society.

Man is love in intelligence; woman is intelligence in love.

Woman is the smile of the Creator content with Himself, and it is after making her that He rested, says the divine parable.

Woman stands before man because she is mother, and all is forgiven her in advance, because she brings forth in sorrow.

Woman initiated herself first into immortality through death; then man saw her to be so beautiful, and understood her to be so generous, that he refused to survive her, and loved her more than his life, more than his eternal happiness.

Happy outlaw, since she has been given to him as companion in his exile!

But the children of Cain have revolted against the mother of Abel; they have enslaved their mother.

The beauty of woman has become a prey for the brutality of such men as cannot love.

Thus woman closed her heart as if it were a secret sanctuary, and said to men unworthy of her: "I am virgin,

but I will to become mother, and my son will teach you to love me."

O Eve! Salutation and adoration in thy fall!

O Mary! Blessings and adoration in thy sufferings and in thy glory!

Crucified and holy one who didst survive thy God that thou mightst bury thy son, be thou for us the final word of the divine revelation!

Moses called God "Lord"; Jesus called Him "My Father," and we, thinking of thee, may say to Providence, "You are our mother."

Children of woman, let us forgive fallen woman!

Children of woman, let us adore regenerate woman!

Children of woman, who have slept upon her breast, been cradled in her arms, and consoled by her caresses, let us love her, and let us love each other!

III

THE TERNARY

THE Ternary is the number of creation.

God creates Himself eternally, and the infinite which He fills with His works is an incessant and infinite creation.

Supreme love contemplates itself in beauty as in a mirror, and It essays all forms as adornments, for It is the lover of life.

Man also affirms himself and creates himself; he adorns himself with his trophies of victory, he enlightens himself with his own conceptions, he clothes himself with his works as with a wedding garment.

The great week of creation has been imitated by human genius, divining the forms of nature.

Every day has furnished a new revelation, every new king of the world has been for a day the image and the incarnation of God! Sublime dream which explains the mysteries of India, and justifies all symbolisms!

The lofty conception of the man-God corresponds to the creation of Adam, and Christianity, like the first days of man in the earthly paradise, has been only an aspiration and a widowhood.

We wait for the worship of the bride and of the mother; we shall aspire to the wedding of the New Covenant.

Then the poor, the blind, the outlaws of the old world will be invited to the feast, and will receive a wedding garment. They will gaze the one upon the other with inexpressible tenderness and a smile that is ineffable because they have wept so long.

IV

THE QUATERNARY

THE Quaternary is the number of force. It is the ternary completed by its product, the rebellious unity reconciled to the sovereign trinity.

In the first fury of life, man, having forgotten his mother, no longer understood God but as an inflexible and jealous father.

The sombre Saturn, armed with his parricidal scythe, set himself to devour his children.

Jupiter had eyebrows which shook Olympus; Jehovah wielded thunders which deafened the solitudes of Sinai.

Nevertheless, the father of men, being on occasion drunken like Noah, let the world perceive the mysteries of life.

Psyche, made divine by her torments, became the bride of Eros; Adonis, raised from death, found again his Venus in Olympus; Job, victorious over evil, recovered more than he had lost.

The law is a test of courage.

To love life more than one fears the menaces of death is to merit life.

The elect are those who dare; woe to the timid!

Thus the slaves of law, who make themselves the tyrants of conscience and the servants of fear, and those who begrudge that man should hope, and the Pharisees of all the synagogues and of all the churches, are those who receive the reproofs and the curses of the Father.

Was not the Christ excommunicated and crucified by the synagogue?

Was not Savonarola burned by the order of the sovereign pontiff of the Christian religion?

Are not the Pharisees to-day just what they were in the time of Caiaphas?

If any one speaks to them in the name of intelligence and love, will they listen?

In rescuing the children of liberty from the tyranny of the Pharaohs, Moses inaugurated the reign of the Father.

In breaking the insupportable yoke of mosaic pharisaism, Jesus welcomed all men to the brotherhood of the only son of God.

When the last ideals fall, when the last material chains of conscience break, when the last of them that killed the

prophets and the last of them that stifled the Word are confounded, then will be the reign of the Holy Ghost.

Then, Glory to the Father who drowned the host of Pharaoh in the Red Sea!

Glory to the Son, who tore the veil of the temple, and whose cross, overweighing the crown of the Cæsars, broke the forehead of the Cæsars against the earth!

Glory to the Holy Ghost, who shall sweep from the earth by His terrible breath all the thieves and all the executioners, to make room for the banquet of the children of God!

Glory to the Holy Ghost, who has promised victory over earth and over heaven to the angel of liberty!

The angel of liberty was born before the dawn of the first day, before even the awakening of intelligence, and God called him the morning star.

O Lucifer! Voluntarily and disdainfully thou didst detach thyself from the heaven where the sun drowned thee in his splendour, to plow with thine own rays the unworked fields of night!

Thou shinest when the sun sets, and thy sparkling gaze precedes the daybreak!

Thou fallest to rise again; thou tastest of death to understand life better!

For the ancient glories of the world, thou art the evening star; for truth renascent, the lovely star of dawn.

Liberty is not licence, for licence is tyranny.

Liberty is the guardian of duty, because it reclaims right.[1]

Lucifer, of whom the dark ages have made the genius of

[1] Right—'droit'—a word much in evidence at the time, with no true English equivalent, save in such phrases as 'the right to work.' By itself it is only used in the plural, which will not do here, and throughout this treatise.—TRANS.

evil, will be truly the angel of light when, having conquered liberty at the price of infamy, he will make use of it to submit himself to eternal order, inaugurating thus the glories of voluntary obedience.

Right is only the root of duty; one must possess in order to give.

This is how a lofty and profound poetry explains the fall of the angels.

God hath given to His spirits light and life; then He said to them: "Love!"

"What is—to love?" replied the spirits.

"To love is to give oneself to others," replied God. "Those who love will suffer, but they will be loved."

"We have the right to give nothing, and we wish to suffer nothing," said the spirits, hating love.

"Remain in your right," answered God, "and let us separate! I and Mine wish to suffer and even to die, to love. It is our duty!"

The fallen angel is then he who, from the beginning, refused to love; he does not love, and that is his whole torture; he does not give, and that is his poverty; he does not suffer, and that is his nothingness; he does not die, and that is his exile.

The fallen angel is not Lucifer the light-bearer; it is Satan, who calumniated love.

To be rich is to give; to give nothing is to be poor; to live is to love; to love nothing is to be dead; to be happy is to devote oneself; to exist only for oneself is to cast away oneself, and to exile oneself in hell.

Heaven is the harmony of generous thoughts; hell is the conflict of cowardly instincts.

The man of right is Cain who kills Abel from envy; the man of duty is Abel who dies for Cain for love.

And such has been the mission of Christ, the great Abel of humanity.

It is not for right that we should dare all, it is for duty.

Duty is the expansion and the enjoyment of liberty; isolated right is the father of slavery.

Duty is devotion; right is selfishness.

Duty is sacrifice; right is theft and rapine.

Duty is love, and right is hate.

Duty is infinite life; right is eternal death.

If one must fight to conquer right, it is only to acquire the power of duty: what use have we for freedom, unless to love and to devote ourselves to God?

If one must break the law, it is when law imprisons love in fear.

"He that saveth his life shall lose it," says the Holy Book; "and he who consents to lose it will save it."

Duty is love; perish every obstacle to love! Silence, ye oracles of hate! Destruction to the false gods of selfishness and fear! Shame to the slaves, the misers of love!

God loves prodigal children!

V

THE QUINARY

THE Quinary is the number of religion, for it is the number of God united to that of woman.[1]

[1] Almost too visible a sneer of the Atheist and woman-despiser.—O. M.

Faith is not the stupid credulity of an awestruck ignorance.

Faith is the consciousness and the confidence of love.

Faith is the cry of reason, which persists in denying the absurd, even in the presence of the unknown.

Faith is a sentiment necessary to the soul, just as breathing is to life; it is the dignity of courage, and the reality of enthusiasm.

Faith does not consist of the affirmation of this symbol or that, but of a genuine and constant aspiration towards the truths which are veiled by all symbolisms.

If a man rejects an unworthy idea of divinity, breaks its false images, revolts against hateful idolaters, you will call him an atheist!

The authors of the persecutions in fallen Rome called the first Christians atheists, because they did not adore the idols of Caligula or of Nero.

To deny a religion, even to deny all religions rather than adhere to formulæ which conscience rejects, is a courageous and sublime act of faith. Every man who suffers for his convictions is a martyr of faith.

He explains himself badly, it may be, but he prefers justice and truth to everything; do not condemn him without understanding him.

To believe in the supreme truth is not to define it, and to declare that one believes in it is to recognize that one does not know it.

The Apostle St. Paul declares all faith contained in these two things:—To believe that God is, and that He rewards them who seek Him.

Faith is a greater thing than all religions, because it states the articles of belief with less precision.

Any dogma constitutes but a belief, and belongs to our particular communion; faith is a sentiment which is common to the whole of humanity.

The more one discusses with the object of obtaining greater accuracy, the less one believes; every new dogma is a belief which a sect appropriates to itself, and thus, in some sort, steals from universal faith.

Let us leave sectarians to make and remake their dogmas; let us leave the superstitious to detail and formulate their superstitions. As the Master said, "Let the dead bury their dead!" Let us believe in the indicible truth; let us believe in that Absolute which reason admits without understanding it; let us believe in what we feel without knowing it!

Let us believe in the supreme reason!

Let us believe in Infinite Love, and pity the stupidities of scholasticism and the barbarities of false religion!

O man! Tell me what thou hopest, and I will tell thee what thou art worth.

Thou dost pray, thou dost fast, thou dost keep vigil; dost thou then believe that so thou wilt escape alone, or almost alone, from the enormous ruin of mankind—devoured by a jealous God? Thou art impious, and a hypocrite.

Dost thou turn life into an orgie, and hope for the slumber of nothingness? Thou art sick, and insensate.

Art thou ready to suffer as others and for others, and hope for the salvation of all? Thou art a wise and just man.

To hope is to fear not.

To be afraid of God, what blasphemy!

The act of hope is prayer.

Prayer is the flowering of the soul in eternal wisdom and in eternal love.

It is the gaze of the spirit towards truth, and the sigh of the heart towards supreme beauty.

It is the smile of the child upon its mother.

It is the murmur of the lover, who reaches out towards the kisses of his mistress.

It is the soft joy of a loving soul as it expands in an ocean of love.

It is the sadness of the bride in the absence of the bridegroom.

It is the sigh of the traveller who thinks of his fatherland.

It is the thought of the poor man who works to support his wife and children.

Let us pray in silence; let us raise toward our unknown Father a look of confidence and of love; let us accept with faith and resignation the part which He assigns to us in the toils of life, and every throb of our hearts will be a word of prayer!

Have we need to inform God of what we ask from Him? Does not He know what is necessary for us?

If we weep, let us offer Him our tears; if we rejoice, let us turn towards Him our smile; if He smite us, let us bow the head; if He caress us, let us sleep within His arms!

Our prayer will be perfect, when we pray without knowing whom we pray.

Prayer is not a noise which strikes the ear; it is a silence which penetrates the heart.

Soft tears come to moisten the eyes, and sighs escape like incense smoke.

One feels oneself in love, ineffably in love, with all that is beauty, truth, and justice; one throbs with a new life, and one fears no more to die. For prayer is the eternal life of intelligence and love; it is the life of God upon earth.

Love one another—that is the Law and the Prophets! Meditate, and understand this word.

And when you have understood, read no more, seek no more, doubt no more—love!

Be no more wise, be no more learned—love! That is the whole doctrine of true religion; religion means charity, and God Himself is only love.

I have already said to you, to love is to give.

The impious man is he who absorbs others.

The pious man is he who loses himself in humanity

If the heart of man concentrate in himself the fire with which God animates it, it is a hell which devours all, and fills itself only with ashes; if he radiates it without, it becomes a tender sun of love.

Man owes himself to his family; his family owes itself to the fatherland; and the fatherland to humanity.

The egoism of man merits isolation and despair; that of the family, ruin and exile; that of the fatherland, war and invasion.

The man who isolates himself from every human love, saying, "I will serve God," deceives himself. For, said St. John the Apostle, if he loveth not his neighbour whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

One must render to God that which is God's, but one must not refuse even to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.

God is He who gives life; Cæsar can only give death.

One must love God, and not fear Cæsar; as it is written in the Holy Book, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword."

You wish to be good? Then be just. You wish to be just? Then be free.

The vices which make man like the brute are the first enemies of his liberty.

Consider the drunkard, and tell me if this unclean brute can be called free!

The miser curses the life of his father, and, like the crow, hungers for corpses.

The goal of the ambitious man is—ruins; it is the delirium of envy! The debauchee spits upon the breast of his mother, and fills with abortions the entrails of death.

All these loveless hearts are punished by the most cruel of all tortures, hate.

Because—take it to heart!—the expiation is implicit in the sin.

The man who does evil is like an earthen pot ill-made; he will break himself: fatality wills it.

With the débris of the worlds, God makes stars; with the débris of souls He makes angels.

VI

THE SENARY

THE Senary is the number of initiation by ordeal; it is the number of equilibrium, it is the hieroglyph of the knowledge of Good and Evil.

He who seeks the origin of evil, seeks the source of what is not.

Evil is the disordered appetite of good, the unfruitful attempt of an unskilful will.

Every one possesses the fruit of his work, and poverty is only the spur to toil.

For the flock of men, suffering is like the shepherd dog, who bites the wool of the sheep to put them back in the right way.

It is because of shadow that we are able to see light; because of cold that we feel heat; because of pain that we are sensible to pleasure.

Evil is then for us the occasion and the beginning of good.

But, in the dreams of our imperfect intelligence, we accuse the work of Providence, through failing to understand it.

We resemble the ignorant person who judges the picture by the beginning of the sketch, and says, when the head is done, "What! Has this figure no body?"

Nature remains calm, and accomplishes its work.

The ploughshare is not cruel when it tears the bosom of the earth, and the great revolutions of the world are the husbandry of God.

There is a place for everything: to savage peoples, barbarous masters; to cattle, butchers; to men, judges and fathers.

If time could change the sheep into lions, they would eat the butchers and the shepherds.

Sheep never change because they do not instruct themselves; but peoples instruct themselves.

Shepherds and butchers of the people, you are then

right to regard as your enemies those who speak to your flock!

Flocks who know yet only your shepherds, and who wish to remain ignorant of their dealings with the butchers, it is excusable that you should stone them who humiliate you and disturb you, in speaking to you of your rights.

O Christ! The authorities condemn Thee, Thy disciples deny Thee, the people curses Thee, and demands Thy murder; only Thy mother weeps for Thee, even God abandons Thee!

"Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani!"

VII

THE SEPTENARY

THE Septenary is the great biblical number. It is the key of the Creation in the books of Moses and the symbol of all religion. Moses left five books, and the Law is complete in two testaments.

The Bible is not a history, it is a collection of poems, a book of allegories and images.

Adam and Eve are only the primitive types of humanity; the tempter serpent is time which tests; the Tree of Knowledge is 'right'; the expiation by toil is duty.

Cain and Abel represent the flesh and the spirit, force and intelligence, violence and harmony.

The giants are those who usurped the earth in ancient times; the flood was a great revolution.

The ark is tradition preserved in a family: religion at this period becomes a mystery and the property of the race. Ham was cursed for having revealed it.

Nimrod and Babel are the two primitive allegories of the despot, and of the universal empire which has always filled the dreams of men,—a dream whose fulfilment was sought successively by the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, Alexander, Rome, Napoleon, the successors of Peter the Great, and always unfinished because of the dispersion of interests, symbolized by the confusion of tongues.

The universal empire could not realize itself by force, but by intelligence and love. Thus, to Nimrod, the man of savage 'right,' the Bible opposed Abraham, the man of duty, who goes voluntarily into exile in order to seek liberty and strife in a strange country, which he seizes by virtue of his *Idea*.

He has a sterile wife, his thought, and a fertile slave, his force; but when force has produced its fruit, thought becomes fertile; and the son of intelligence drives into exile the child of force. The man of intelligence is submitted to rude tests; he must confirm his conquests by sacrifices. God orders him to immolate his son, that is to say, doubt ought to test dogma, and the intellectual man should be ready to sacrifice everything on the altar of supreme reason. Then God intervenes: universal reason yields to the efforts of labour, and shows herself to science; the material side of dogma is alone immolated. . This is the meaning of the ram caught by its horns in a thicket. The history of Abraham is, then, a symbol in the ancient manner, and contains a lofty revelation of the destinies of the human soul. Taken literally, it is an absurd and revolting story. Did not St. Augustine take literally the Golden Ass of Apuleius?

Poor great men!

The history of Isaac is another legend. Rebecca is the type of the oriental woman, laborious, hospitable, partial in her affections, shrewd and wily in her manœuvres. Jacob and Esau are again the two types of Cain and Abel; but here Abel avenges himself: the emancipated intelligence triumphs by cunning. The whole of the genius of the Jews is in the character of Jacob, the patient and laborious supplanter who yields to the wrath of Esau, becomes rich, and buys his brother's forgiveness. One must never forget that, when the ancients want to philosophize, they tell a story.

The history or legend of Joseph contains, in germ, the whole genius of the Gospel; and the Christ, misunderstood by His people, must often have wept in reading over again that scene, where the Governor of Egypt throws himself on the neck of Benjamin, with the great cry of "I am Joseph!"

Israel becomes the people of God, that is to say, the conservator of the idea, and the depositaries of the word. This idea is that of human independence, and of royalty, by means of work; but one hides it with care, like a precious seed. A painful and indelible sign is imprinted on the initiates; every image of the truth is forbidden, and the children of Jacob watch, sword in hand, around the unity of the tabernacle. Hamor and Shechem wish to introduce themselves forcibly into the holy family, and perish with their people after undergoing a feigned initiation. In order to dominate the vulgar, it is already necessary that the sanctuary should surround itself with sacrifices and with terror.

The servitude of the children of Jacob paves the way for their deliverance: for they have an idea, and one does not enchain an idea; they have a religion, and one does not

violate a religion; they are, in fine, a people, and one does not enchain a real people. Persecution stirs up avengers; the idea incarnates itself in a man; Moses springs up; Pharaoh falls; and the column of smoke and flame, which goes before a freed people, advances majestically into the desert.

Christ is priest and king by intelligence and by love.

He has received the holy unction, the unction of genius, faith and virtue, which is force.

He comes when the priesthood is worn out, when the old symbols have no more virtue, when the beacon of intelligence is extinguished.

He comes to recall Israel to life, and if he cannot galvanize Israel, slain by the Pharisees, into life, he will resurrect the world given over to the dead worship of idols.

Christ is the right to do one's duty.

Man has the right to do his duty, and he has no other right.

O Man! thou hast the right to resist even unto death any who prevents thee from doing thy duty.

Mother! Thy child is drowning; a man prevents thee from helping him; thou strikest this man, thou dost run to save thy son! . . . Who, then, will dare to condemn thee?

Christ came to oppose the right of duty to the duty of right.

'Right,' with the Jews, was the doctrine of the Pharisees. And, indeed, they seemed to have acquired the privilege of dogmatizing; were they not the legitimate heirs of the synagogue?

They had the right to condemn the Saviour, and the Saviour knew that His duty was to resist them.

Christ is the soul of protest.

But the protest of what? Of the flesh against the intelligence? No!

Of right against duty? No!

Of the physical against the moral? No! No!

Of imagination against universal reason? Of folly against wisdom? No, a thousand times No, and once more No!

Christ is the reality, duty, which protests eternally against the ideality, right.

He is the emancipation of the spirit which breaks the slavery of the flesh.

He is devotion in revolt against egoism.

He is the sublime modesty which replies to pride: "I will not obey thee!"

Christ is unmated; Christ is solitary; Christ is sad: Why?

Because woman has prostituted herself.

Because society is guilty of theft.

Because selfish joy is impious.

Christ is judged, condemned, and executed; and men adore Him!

This happened in a world perhaps as serious as our own.

Judges of the world in which we live, pay attention, and think of Him who will judge your judgments!

But, before dying, the Saviour bequeathed to His children the immortal sign of salvation, Communion.

Communion! Common union! the final word of the Saviour of the world!

"The Bread and the Wine shared among all," said He, "this is my flesh and my blood."

He gave His flesh to the executioners, His blood to the earth which drank it. Why?

In order that all may partake of the bread of intelligence, and of the wine of love.

O sign of the union of men! O Round Table of universal chivalry! O banquet of fraternity and equality! When will you be better understood?

Martyrs of humanity, all ye who have given your life in order that all should have the bread which nourishes and the wine which fortifies, do ye not also say, placing your hands on the signs of the universal communion: "This is our flesh and our blood"?

And you, men of the whole world, you whom the Master calls His brothers; oh, do you not feel that the universal bread, the fraternal bread, the bread of the communion, is God?

Retailers of the Crucified One!

All you who are not ready to give your blood, your flesh and your life to humanity, you are not worthy of the Communion of the Son of God! Do not let His blood flow upon you, for it would brand your forehead!

Do not approach your lips to the heart of God, He would feel your sting!

Do not drink the blood of the Christ, it will burn your entrails; it is quite sufficient that it should have flowed uselessly for you!

VIII

THE NUMBER EIGHT

THE Ogdoad is the number of reaction and of equilibrating justice.

Every action produces a reaction.

This is the universal law of the world.

Christianity must needs produce anti-Christianity.

Antichrist is the shadow, the foil, the proof of Christ.

Antichrist already produced itself in the Church in the time of the Apostles: St. Paul said:—"For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that Wicked One be revealed. . . ."[1]

The Protestants said: "Antichrist is the Pope."

The Pope replied: "Every heretic is an Antichrist."

The Antichrist is no more the Pope than Luther; the Antichrist is the spirit opposed to that of Christ.

It is the usurpation of right for the sake of right; it is the pride of domination and the despotism of thought.

It is the selfishness, self-styled religious, of Protestants, as well as the credulous and imperious ignorance of bad Catholics.

The Antichrist is what divides men instead of uniting them; it is a spirit of dispute, the obstinacy of theologians and sectarians, the impious desire of appropriating the truth to oneself, and excluding others from it, or of forcing the whole world to submit to the narrow yoke of our judgments.

The Antichrist is the priest who curses instead of blessing, who drives away instead of attracting, who scandalizes instead of edifying, who damns instead of saving.

It is the hateful fanaticism which discourages good-will.

It is the worship of death, sadness, and ugliness.

[1] 2 Thess. ii. 7, 8. This passage is presumably that referred to by the author. Cf. 1 John iv. 3, and ii. 18.—TRANS.

"What career shall we choose for our son?" have said many stupid parents; "he is mentally and bodily weak, and he is without a spark of courage:—we will make a priest of him, so that he may 'live by the altar.'" They have not understood that the altar is not a manger for slothful animals.

Look at the unworthy priests, contemplate these pretended servants of the altar! What do they say to your heart, these obese or cadaverous men with the lack-lustre eyes, and pinched or gaping mouths?[1]

Hear them talk: what does it teach you, their disagreeable and monotonous noise?

They pray as they sleep, and they sacrifice as they eat.

They are machines full of bread, meat and wine, and of senseless words.

And when they plume themselves, like the oyster in the sun, on being without thought and without love, one says that they have peace of soul!

They have the peace of the brute. For man, that of the tomb is better: these are the priests of folly and ignorance, these are the ministers of Antichrist.

The true priest of Christ is a man who lives, suffers, loves and fights for justice. He does not dispute, he does not reprove; he sends out pardon, intelligence and love.

The true Christian is a stranger to the sectarian spirit; he is all things to all men, and looks on all men as the children of a common father, who means to save them all. The whole cult has for him only a sense of sweetness and of

[1] Actual priests. Levi's ideal priest, of whom 'bad' is an impossible epithet, is not to be looked for in the Church. He is in that 'Church' which is also Ark, Rose, Font, Altar, Cup, and the rest. He is that Word of Truth which is 'established' by two witnesses.—O. M.

love : he leaves to God the secrets of justice, and understands only charity.

He looks on the wicked as invalids whom one must pity and cure ; the world, with its errors and vices, is to him God's hospital, and he wishes to serve in it.

He does not think that he is better than any one else ; he says only, "So long as I am in good health, let me serve others ; and when I must fall and die, perhaps others will take my place and serve."

IX

THE NUMBER NINE

THIS is the hermit of the Tarot ; the number which refers to initiates and to prophets.

The prophets are solitaries, for it is their fate that none should ever hear them.

They see differently from others ; they forefeel misfortunes. So, people imprison them and kill them, or mock them, repulse them as if they were lepers, and leave them to die of hunger.

Then, when the predictions come true, they say, "It is these people who have brought us misfortune."

Now, as is always the case on the eve of great disasters,[1] our streets are full of prophets.

I have met some of them in the prisons, I have seen others who were dying forgotten in garrets.

The whole great city has seen one of them whose silent

[1] This is the true clairvoyant Levi. The Levi who prophesied Universal Empire for Napoleon III was either the Magus trying to use him as a tool, or a Micaiah unadjured.—O. M.

prophecy was to turn ceaselessly as he walked, covered with rags, in the palace of luxury and riches.

I have seen one of them whose face shone like that of Christ: he had callosities on his hands, and wore the workman's blouse; with clay he kneaded epics. He twisted together the sword of right and the sceptre of duty; and upon this column of gold and steel he placed the creative sign of love.

One day, in a great popular assembly, he went down into the road with a piece of bread in his hand which he broke and distributed, saying: "Bread of God, do thou make bread for all!"

I know another of them who cried: "I will no longer adore the god of the devil! I will not have a hangman for my God!" And they thought that he blasphemed.

No; but the energy of his faith overflowed in inexact and imprudent words.

He said again in the madness of his wounded charity: "The liabilities of all men are common, and they expiate each other's faults, as they make merit for each other by their virtues.

"The penalty of sin is death.

"Sin itself, moreover, is a penalty, and the greatest of penalties. A great crime is nothing but a great misfortune.

"The worst of men is he who thinks himself better than his fellows.

"Passionate men are excusable, because they are passive; passion means suffering, and also redemption through sorrow.

"What we call liberty is nothing but the all-mightiness of divine compulsion. The martyrs said: 'It is better to obey God than man'."

"The least perfect act of love is worth more than the best act of piety."

"Judge not; speak hardly at all; love and act."

Another prophet came and said: "Protest against bad doctrines by good works, but do not separate yourselves.

"Rebuild all the altars, purify all the temples, and hold yourselves in readiness for the visit of the Spirit.

"Let every one pray in his own fashion, and hold communion with his own; but do not condemn others.

"A religious practice is never contemptible, for it is the sign of a great and holy thought.

"To pray together is to communicate in the same hope, the same faith, and the same charity.

"The sign by itself is nothing; it is the faith which sanctifies it.

"Religion is the most sacred and the strongest bond of human association, and to perform an act of religion is to perform an act of humanity."

When men understand at last that one must not dispute about things about which one is ignorant,

When they feel that a little charity is worth more than much influence and domination,

When the whole world respects what even God respects in the least of His creatures, the spontaneity of obedience and the liberty of duty,

Then there will be no more than one religion in the world, the Christian and universal religion, the true Catholic religion, which will no longer deny itself by restrictions of place and of persons.

"Woman," said the Saviour to the woman of Samaria,

"Verily I say unto thee, that the time cometh when men shall no longer worship God, either in Jerusalem, or on this mountain; for God is a spirit,[1] and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

X

THE ABSOLUTE NUMBER OF THE QABALAH

THE key of the Sephiroth. (Vide *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie.*)

XI

THE NUMBER ELEVEN

ELEVEN is the number of force; it is that of strife and martyrdom.

Every man who dies for an idea is a martyr, for in him the aspirations of the spirit have triumphed over the fears of the animal.

Every man who falls in war is a martyr, for he dies for others.

Every man who dies of starvation is a martyr, for he is like a soldier struck down in the battle of life.

Those who die in defence of right are as holy in their sacrifice as the victims of duty, and in the great struggles and revolutions against power, martyrs fell equally on both sides.

Right being the root of duty, our duty is to defend our rights.

What is a crime? The exaggeration of a right. Murder

[1] A mistranslation by monotheists. The Greek is πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός: "Spirit is God."—TRANS.

and theft are negations of society; it is the isolated despotism of an individual who usurps royalty, and makes war at his own risk and peril.

Crime should doubtless be repressed, and society must defend itself; but who is so just, so great, so pure, as to pretend that he has the right to punish?

Peace then to all who fall in war, even in unlawful war! For they have staked their heads and they have lost them; they have paid, and what more can we ask of them?

Honour to all those who fight bravely and loyally! Shame only on the traitors and cowards!

Christ died between two thieves, and He took one of them with Him to heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

God bestows His almighty power on love. He loves to triumph over hate, but the lukewarm He spueth forth from His mouth.

Duty is to live, were it but for an instant!

It is fine to have reigned for a day, even for an hour! though it were beneath the sword of Damocles, or upon the pyre of Sardanapalus!

But it is finer to have seen at one's feet all the crowns of the world, and to have said, "I will be the king of the poor, and my throne shall be on Calvary."

There is one man stronger than the man that slays; it is he who dies to save others.

There are no isolated crimes and no solitary expiations.

There are no personal virtues, nor are there any wasted devotions.

Whoever is not without reproach is the accomplice of all evil; and whoever is not absolutely perverse, may participate in all good.

For this reason an agony is always an humanitarian expiation, and every head that falls upon the scaffold may be honoured and praised as the head of a martyr.

For this reason also, the noblest and the holiest of martyrs could inquire of his own conscience, find himself deserving of the penalty that he was about to undergo, and say, saluting the sword that was ready to strike him, "Let justice be done!"

Pure victims of the Roman Catacombs, Jews and Protestants massacred by unworthy Christians!

Priests of l'Abbaye and les Carmes,[1] victims of the Reign of Terror, butchered royalists, revolutionaries sacrificed in your turn, soldiers of our great armies who have sown the world with your bones, all you who have suffered the penalty of death, workers, strivers, darers of every kind, brave children of Prometheus, who have feared neither the lightning nor the vulture, all honour to your scattered ashes! Peace and veneration to your memories! You are the heroes of progress, martyrs of humanity!

XII

THE NUMBER TWELVE

TWELVE is the cyclic number; it is that of the universal Creed.

[1] Monasteries in Paris which were used as prisons in the Reign of Terror.—TRANS.

Here is a translation in alexandrines of the unrestricted magical and Catholic creed :—

I do believe in God, almighty sire of man,
One God, who did create the universe, his plan.

I do believe in Him, the Son, the chief of men,
Word and magnificence of the supreme Amen.

He is the living thought of Love's eternal might,
God manifest in flesh, the Action of the Light,

Desired in every place and every period,
But not a God that one may separate from God.

Descended among men to free the earth from fate,
He in His mother did the woman consecrate.

He was the man whom heaven's sweet wisdom did adorn ;
To suffer and to die as men do He was born.

Proscribed by ignorance, accused by envy and strife,
He died upon the cross that He might give us life.

All who accept His aid to guide and to sustain
By His example may to God like Him attain.

He rose from death to reign throughout the ages' dance ;
He is the sun that melts the clouds of ignorance.

His precepts, better known and mightier soon to be,
Shall judge the quick and dead for all eternity.

I do believe in God's most Holy Spirit, whose fire
The heart and mind of saints and prophets did inspire.

He is a Breath of life and of fecundity,
Proceeding both from God and from humanity.

I do believe in one most holy brotherhood
Of just men that revere heaven's ordinance of good.

I do believe one place, one pontiff, and one right,
One symbol of one God, in one intent unite.

I do believe that death by changing us renews,
And that in man as God life sheds immortal dews.

XIII

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN

THIRTEEN is the number of death and of birth ; it is that of property and of inheritance, of society and of family, of war and of treaties.

The basis of society is the exchange of right, duty and good faith.

Right is property, exchange is necessity, good faith is duty.

He who wants to receive more than he gives, or who wants to receive without giving, is a thief.

Property is the right to dispose of a portion of the common wealth; it is not the right to destroy, nor the right to sequestrate.

To destroy or sequestrate the common wealth is not to possess; it is to steal.

I say common wealth, because the true proprietor of all things is God, who wishes all things to belong to everybody. Whatever you may do, at your death you will carry away nothing of this world's goods. Now, that which must be taken away from you one day is not really yours. It has only been lent to you.

As to the usufruct, it is the result of work; but even work is not an assured guarantee of possession, and war may come with devastation and fire to displace property.

Make then good use of those things which perish, O you who will perish before they do!

Consider that egoism provokes egoism, and that the immorality of the rich man will answer for the crimes of the poor.

What does the poor man wish, if he is honest? He wishes for work.

Use your rights, but do your duty: the duty of the rich man is to spread wealth; wealth which does not circulate is dead; do not hoard death!

A sophist[1] has said, "Property is robbery," and he

[1] Proudhon.—TRANS.

doubtless wished to speak of property absorbed in itself, withdrawn from free exchange, turned from common use.

If such were his thought, he might go further, and say that such a suppression of public life is indeed assassination.

It is the crime of monopoly, which public instinct has always looked upon as treason to the human race.

The family is a natural society which results from marriage.

Marriage is the union of two beings joined by love, who promise each other mutual devotion in the interest of the children who may be born.

Married persons who have a child, and who separate, are impious. Do they then wish to execute the judgment of Solomon and hew the child asunder?

To vow eternal love is puerile; sexual love is an emotion, divine doubtless, but accidental, involuntary and transitory; but the promise of reciprocal devotion is the essence of marriage and the fundamental principle of the family.

The sanction and the guarantee of this promise must then be an absolute confidence.

Every jealousy is a suspicion, and every suspicion is an outrage.

The real adultery is the breach of this trust: the woman who complains of her husband to another man; the man who confides to another woman the disappointments or the hopes of his heart,—these do, indeed, betray conjugal faith.

The surprises which one's senses spring upon one are only infidelities on account of the impulses of the heart which abandons itself more or less to the whispers of pleasure. Moreover, these are human faults for which one must blush,

and which one ought to hide: they are indecencies which one must avoid in advance by removing opportunity, but which one must never seek to surprise: morality proscribes scandal.

Every scandal is a turpitude. One is not indecent because one possesses organs which modesty does not name, but one is obscene when one exhibits them.

Husbands, hide your domestic wounds; do not strip your wives naked before the laughter of the mob!

Women, do not advertise the discomforts of the conjugal bed: to do so is to write yourselves prostitutes in public opinion.

It needs a lofty degree of courage to keep conjugal faith; it is a pact of heroism of which only great souls can understand the whole extent.

Marriages which break are not marriages: they are couplings.

A woman who abandons her husband, what can she become? She is no more a wife, and she is not a widow; what is she then? She is an apostate from honour who is forced to be licentious because she is neither virgin nor free.

A husband who abandons his wife prostitutes her, and deserves the infamous name that one applies to the lovers of lost women.

Marriage is then sacred and indissoluble when it really exists.

But it cannot really exist, except for beings of a lofty intelligence and of a noble heart.

The animals do not marry, and men who live like animals undergo the fatalities of the brute nature.

They ceaselessly make unfortunate attempts to act

reasonably. Their promises are attempts at and imitations of promises; their marriages, attempts at and imitations of marriage; their loves, attempts at and imitations of love. They always wish, and never will; they are always undertaking and never completing. For such people, only the repressive side of law applies.

Such beings may have a litter, but they never have a family: marriage and family are the rights of the perfect man, the emancipated man, the man who is intelligent and free.

Ask also the annals of the Courts, and read the history of parricides.

Raise the black veil from off all those chopped heads, and ask them what they thought of marriage and of the family, what milk they sucked, what caresses ennobled them. . . . Then shudder, all you who do not give to your children the bread of intelligence and of love, all you who do not sanction paternal authority by the virtue of a good example!

Those wretches were orphans in spirit and in heart, and they have avenged their birth.

We live in a century when more than ever the family is misunderstood in all that it possesses which partakes of the august and the sacred: material interest is killing intelligence and love; the lessons of experience are despised, the things of God are hawked about the street. The flesh insults the spirit, fraud laughs in the face of loyalty. No more idealism, no more justice: human life has murdered both its father and its mother.

Courage and patience! This century will go where great criminals should go. Look at it, how sad it is! Weariness

is the black veil of its face . . . the tumbril rolls on, and the shuddering crowd follows it. . .

Soon one more century will be judged by history, and one will write upon a mighty tomb of ruins:

"Here ends the parricide century! The century which murdered its God and its Christ!"

In war, one has the right to kill, in order not to die: but in the battle of life the most sublime of rights is that of dying in order not to kill.

Intelligence and love should resist oppression unto death—but never unto murder.

Brave man, the life of him who has offended you is in your hands; for he is master of the life of others who cares not for his own. . . Crush him beneath your greatness: pardon him!

"But is it forbidden to kill the tiger which threatens us?"

"If it is a tiger with a human face, it is finer to let him devour us,—yet, for all that, morality has here nothing to say."

"But if the tiger threatens my children?"

"Let Nature herself reply to you!"

Harmodius and Aristogiton had festivals and statues in Ancient Greece. The Bible has consecrated the names of Judith and Ehud, and one of the most sublime figures of the Holy Book is that of Samson, blind and chained, pulling down the columns of the temple, as he cried: "Let me die with the Philistines!"

And yet, do you think that, if Jesus, before dying, had gone to Rome to plunge his dagger in the heart of Tiberius, He would have saved the world, as He did, in forgiving His executioners, and in dying for even Tiberius?

Did Brutus save Roman liberty by killing Cæsar? In killing Caligula, Chaerea only made place for Claudius and Nero. To protest against violence by violence, is to justify it, and to force it to reproduce itself.

But to triumph over evil by good, over selfishness by self-abnegation, over ferocity by pardon, that is the secret of Christianity, and it is that of eternal victory.

I have seen the place where the earth still bled from the murder of Abel, and on that place there ran a brook of tears.

Under the guidance of the centuries, myriads of men moved on, letting fall their tears into the brook.

And Eternity, crouching mournful, gazed upon the tears which fell; she counted them one by one, and there were never enough of them to wash away one stain of blood.

But between two multitudes and two ages came the Christ, a pale and radiant figure.

And in the earth of blood and tears, He planted the vine of fraternity; and the tears and the blood, sucked up by the roots of the divine tree, became the delicious sap of the grape, which is destined to intoxicate with love the children of the future.

XIV

THE NUMBER FOURTEEN

FOURTEEN is the number of fusion, of association, and of universal unity, and it is in the name of what it represents that we shall here make an appeal to the nations, beginning with the most ancient and the most holy.

Children of Israel, why, in the midst of the movement of

the nations, do you rest immobile, guardians of the tombs of your fathers?

Your fathers are not here, they are risen: for the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is not the God of the dead!

Why do you always impress upon your offspring the bloody sigil of the knife?

God no longer wishes to separate you from other men; be our brethren, and eat with us the consecrated Bread of peace on altars that blood stains never.

The law of Moses is accomplished: read your books and understand that you have been a blind and hard-hearted race, even as all your prophets said to you.

You have also been a courageous race, a race that persevered in strife.

Children of Israel, become the children of God: Understand and love!

God has wiped from your forehead the brand of Cain, and the peoples seeing you pass will no longer say, "There go the Jews!" They will cry, "Room for our brethren! Room for our elders in the Faith!"

And we shall go every year to eat the passover with you in the city of the New Jerusalem.

And we shall take our rest under your vine and under your fig-tree; for you will be once more the friend of the traveller, in memory of Abraham, of Tobias, and of the angels who visited them.

And in memory of Him who said: "He who receiveth the least of these My little ones, receiveth Me."

For then you will no longer refuse an asylum in your

house and in your heart to your brother Joseph, whom you sold to the Gentiles.

Because he has become powerful in the land of Egypt where you sought bread in the days of famine.

And he has remembered his father Jacob, and Benjamin his young brother, and he pardons you your jealousy, and embraces you with tears.

Children of true believers, we will sing with you: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!"

Say with the children of Israel: "There is no God but God, and Moses is His prophet!"

Say with the Christians: "There is no God but God, and Jesus Christ is His prophet!"

Mohammed is the shadow of Moses. Moses is the forerunner of Jesus.

What is a prophet? A representative of humanity seeking God. God is God, and man is the prophet of God, when he causes us to believe in God.

The Old Testament, the Qur'an, and the Gospel are three different translations of the same book. As God is one, so also is the law.

O ideal woman! O reward of the elect! Art thou more beautiful than Mary?

O Mary, daughter of the East! chaste as pure love, great as the desire of motherhood, come and teach the children of Islam the mysteries of Paradise, and the secrets of beauty!

Invite them to the festival of the new alliance! There, upon three thrones glittering with precious stones, three prophets will be seated.

The tuba tree will make, with its back-curving branches, a dais for the celestial table.

The bride will be white as the moon, and scarlet as the smile of morning.

All nations shall press forward to see her, and they will no longer fear to pass Al Sirah; for, on that razor-edged bridge, the Saviour will stretch His cross, and come to stretch His hand to those who stumble, and to those who have fallen the bride will stretch her perfumed veil, and draw them to her.

O ye people, clap your hands, and praise the last triumph of love! Death alone will remain dead, and hell alone will be consumed!

O nations of Europe, to whom the East stretches forth its hands, unite and push back the northern bear![1] Let the last war bring the triumph of intelligence and love, let commerce interlace the arms of the world, and a new civilization, sprung from the armed Gospel, unite all the flocks of the earth under the crook of the same shepherd!

Such will be the conquests of progress, such is the end towards which the whole movement of the world is pushing us.

Progress is movement, and movement is life.

To deny progress is to affirm nothingness, and to deify death.

Progress is the only reply that reason can give to the objections which the existence of evil raises.

[1] Written about the time of the Crimean War, this indicates Levi's attempt to use Imperialism as his magical weapon, just as Allan Bennett tried to use Buddhism. All these second-hand swords break, as Wagner saw when he wrote *Siegfried*, and invented a new Music, a Nothung which has shorn asunder more false sceptres than Wotan's.—O. M.

All is not well, but all will be well one day. God begins His work, and He will finish it.

Without progress, evil would be immutable like God.

Progress explains ruins, and consoles the weeping of Jeremiah.

Nations succeed each other like men; and nothing is stable, because everything is marching towards perfection.

The great man who dies bequeathes to his country the fruit of his works; the great nation which becomes extinguished upon earth transforms itself into a star to enlighten the obscurities of History.

What it has written by its actions remains graven in the eternal book; it has added a page to the Bible of the human race.

Do not say that civilization is bad; for it resembles the damp heat which ripens the harvest, it rapidly develops the principles of life and the principles of death, it kills and it vivifies.

It is like the angel of the judgment who separates the wicked from the good.

Civilization transforms men of good will into angels of light, and lowers the selfish man beneath the brute; it is the corruption of bodies and the emancipation of souls.

The impious world of the giants raised to Heaven the soul of Enoch; above the Bacchanals of primitive Greece rises the harmonious spirit of Orpheus.

Socrates and Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle, resume, in explaining them, all the aspirations and all the glories of the ancient world; the fables of Homer remain truer than history, and nothing remains to us of the grandeur of Rome

but the immortal writings which the century of Augustus brought forth.

Thus, perhaps, Rome only shook the world with the convulsions of war, in order to bring forth Vergil.

Christianity is the fruit of the meditations of all the sages of the East, who live again in Jesus Christ.

Thus the light of the spirits has risen where the sun of the world rises; Christ conquered the West, and the soft rays of the sun of Asia have touched the icicles of the North.

Stirred by this unknown heat, ant-heaps of new men have spread over a worn-out world; the souls of dead people have shone upon rejuvenated races, and enlarged in them the spirit of life.

There is in the world a nation which calls itself frankness and freedom, for these two words are synonymous with the name of France.

This nation has always been in some ways more Catholic than the Pope, and more Protestant than Luther.

The France of the Crusades, the France of the Troubadours, the France of songs, the France of Rabelais and of Voltaire, the France of Bossuet and of Pascal, it is she who is the synthesis of all peoples; it is she who consecrates the alliance of reason and of faith, of revolution and of power, of the most tender belief and of the proudest human dignity.

And, see how she marches, how she swings herself, how she struggles, how she grows great!

Often deceived and wounded, never cast down, enthusiastic over her triumphs, daring in her adversities, she laughs, she sings, she dies, and she teaches the world faith in immortality.

The old guard does not surrender, but neither does it die! The proof of it is the enthusiasm of our children, who mean, one day, to be also soldiers of the old guard!

Napoleon is no more a man: he is the very genius of France, he is the second saviour of the world, and he also gave for a sign the cross to his apostles.

St. Helena and Golgotha are the beacons of the new civilization; they are the two piles of an immense bridge made by the rainbow of the final deluge, and which throws a bridge between the two worlds.

And can you believe that a past without aureole and without glory, might capture and devour so great a future?

Could you think that the spur of a Tartar might one day tear up the pact of our glories, the testament of our liberties?

Say rather that we may again become children, and enter again into our mother's womb!

"Go on! Go on!" said the voice of God to the wandering Jew. "Advance! Advance!" the destiny of the world cries out to France. And where do we go? To the unknown, to the abyss perhaps; no matter! But to the past, to the cemeteries of oblivion, to the swaddling-clothes which our childhood itself tore in shreds, towards the imbecility and ignorance of the earliest ages . . . never! never!

XV

THE NUMBER FIFTEEN

FIFTEEN is the number of antagonism, and of catholicity.

Christianity is at present divided into two churches: the

civilizing church, and the savage church; the progressive church, and the stationary church.

One is active, the other is passive: one has mastered the nations and governs them always, since kings fear it; the other has submitted to every despotism, and can be nothing but an instrument of slavery.

The active church realizes God for men, and alone believes in the divinity of the human Word, as an interpreter of that of God.

What after all is the infallibility of the Pope, but the autocracy of intelligence, confirmed by the universal vote of faith?

In this case, one might say, the Pope ought to be the first genius of his century. Why? It is more proper, in reality, that he should be an average man. His supremacy is only more divine for that, because it is in a way more human.

Do not events speak louder than rancours and irreligious ignorances? Do not you see Catholic France sustaining with one hand the tottering papacy, and with the other holding the sword to fight at the head of the army of progress?

Catholics, Jews, Turks, Protestants, already fight under the same banner; the crescent has rallied to the Latin cross, and altogether we struggle against the invasion of the barbarians, and their brutalizing orthodoxy.

It is for ever an accomplished fact. In admitting new dogmas, the chair of St. Peter has solemnly proclaimed itself progressive.

The fatherland of Catholic Christianity is that of the sciences and of the fine arts; and the eternal Word of the Gospel, living and incarnate in a visible authority, is still the light of the world.

Silence, then, to the Pharisees of the new synagogue! Silence to the hateful traditions of the Schools, to the arrogance of Presbyterianism, to the absurdity of Jansenism, and to all those shameful and superstitious interpretations of the eternal dogma, so justly stigmatized by the pitiless genius of Voltaire!

Voltaire and Napoleon died Catholics.[1] And do you know what the Catholicism of the future must be?

It will be the dogma of the Gospel, tried like gold by the critical acid of Voltaire, and realized, in the kingdom of the world, by the genius of the Christian Napoleon.

Those who will not march will be dragged or trampled by events.

Immense calamities may again hang over the world. The armies of the Apocalypse may, perhaps, one day, unchain the four scourges. The sanctuary will be cleansed. Rigid and holy poverty will send forth its apostles to uphold what staggers, lift up again what is broken, and anoint all wounds with sacred oils.

Those two blood-hungered monsters, despotism and anarchy, will tear themselves to pieces, and annihilate each other, after having mutually sustained each other for a little while, by the embrace of their struggle itself.

And the government of the future will be that whose model is shown to us in nature, by the family, and in the religious world by the pastoral hierarchy. The elect shall reign with Jesus Christ during a thousand years, say the

[1] "I do not say that Voltaire died a good Catholic, but he died a Catholic." —E. L. Christian authors unanimously hold that, like all 'heretics,' he repented on his death-bed, and died blaspheming. What on earth does it matter? Life, not death, reveals the soul.—TRANS.

apostolic traditions: that is to say, that during a series of centuries, the intelligence and love of chosen men, devoted to the burden of power, will administer the interests and the wealth of the universal family.

At that day, according to the promise of the Gospel, there will be no more than one flock and one shepherd.

XVI

THE NUMBER SIXTEEN

SIXTEEN is the number of the temple.

Let us say what the temple of the future will be!

When the spirit of intelligence and love shall have revealed itself, the whole trinity will manifest itself in its truth and in its glory.

Humanity, become a queen, and, as it were, risen from the dead, will have the grace of childhood in its poesy, the vigour of youth in its reason, and the wisdom of ripe age in its works.

All those forms, which the divine thought has successively clothed, will be born again, immortal and perfect.

All those features which the art of successive nations has sketched will unite themselves, and form the complete image of God.

Jerusalem will rebuild the Temple of Jehovah on the model prophesied by Ezekiel; and the Christ, new and eternal Solomon, will chant, beneath roofs of cedar and of cypress, the Epithalamium of his marriage with holy liberty, the holy bride of the Song of Songs.

But Jehovah will have laid aside his thunderbolts, to bless

with both hands the bridegroom and the bride; he will appear smiling between them, and take pleasure in being called father.

However, the poetry of the East, in its magical souvenirs, will call him still Brahma, and Jupiter. India will teach our enchanted climates the marvellous fables of Vishnu, and we shall place upon the still bleeding forehead of our well-beloved Christ the triple crown of pearls of the mystical Trimurti. From that time, Venus, purified under the veil of Mary, will no more weep for her Adonis.

The bridegroom is risen to die no more, and the infernal boar has found death in its momentary victory.

Lift yourselves up again, O Temples of Delphi and of Ephesus! The God of Light and of Art is become the God of the world, and the Word of God is indeed willing to be called Apollo! Diana will no more reign widowed in the lonely fields of night; her silvern crescent is now beneath the feet of the bride.

But Diana is not conquered by Venus; her Endymion has wakened, and virginity is about to take pride in motherhood!

Quit the tomb, O Phidias, and rejoice in the destruction of thy first Jupiter: it is now that thou wilt conceive a God!

O Rome, let thy temples rise again, side by side with thy basilicas: be once more the Queen of the World, and the Pantheon of the nations; let Vergil be crowned on the Capitol by the hand of St. Peter; and let Olympus and Carmel unite their divinities beneath the brush of Raphael!

Transfigure yourselves, ancient cathedrals of our fathers; dart forth into the clouds your chiselled and living arrows, and

let stone record in animated figures the dark legends of the North, brightened by the marvellous gilded apologues of the Qur'an !

Let the East adore Jesus Christ in its mosques, and on the minarets of a new Santa Sophia let the cross rise in the midst of the crescent ! [1]

Let Mohammed set woman free to give to the true believer the houris which he has so long dreamt of, and let the martyrs of the Saviour teach chaste caresses to the beautiful angels of Mohammed !

The whole earth, reclothed with the rich adornments which all the arts have embroidered for her, will no longer be anything but a magnificent temple, of which man shall be the eternal priest.

All that was true, all that was beautiful, all that was sweet in the past centuries, will live once more glorified in this transfiguration of the world.

And the beautiful form will remain inseparable from the true idea, as the body will one day be inseparable from the soul, when the soul, come to its own power, will have made itself a body in its own image.

That will be the kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, and the body will be the temple of the soul, as the regenerated universe will be the body of God.

And bodies and souls, and form and thought, and the whole universe, will be the light, the word, and the permanent and visible revelation of God. Amen. So be it.

[1] It is amusing to remark that this very symbol is characteristic of the Greek Church which he has been attacking. Levi should have visited Moscow.—TRANS.

XVII

THE NUMBER SEVENTEEN

SEVENTEEN is the number of the star; it is that of intelligence and love.

Warrior and bold intelligence, accomplice of divine Prometheus, eldest daughter of Lucifer, hail unto thee in thine audacity! Thou didst wish to know, and in order to possess, thou didst brave all the thunders, and affronted every abyss!

Intelligence, O Thou, whom we poor sinners have loved to madness, to scandal, to reprobation! Divine right of man, essence and soul of liberty, hail unto thee! For they have pursued thee, in trampling beneath their feet for thee the dearest dreams of their imagination, the best beloved phantoms of their heart!

For thee, they have been repulsed and proscribed, for thee they have suffered prison, nakedness, hunger, thirst, the desertion of those whom they loved, and the dark temptations of despair! Thou wast their right, and they have conquered thee! Now they can weep and believe, now they can submit themselves and pray!

Repentant Cain would have been greater than Abel: it is lawful pride satisfied which has the right to humiliate itself!

I believe because I know why and how one must believe; I believe because I love, and fear no more.

Love! Love! Sublime redeemer and sublime restorer; thou who makest so much happiness, with so many tortures, thou who didst sacrifice blood and tears, thou who art virtue

itself, and the reward of virtue; force of resignation, belief of obedience, joy of sorrow, life of death, hail! Salutation and glory to thee! If intelligence is a lamp, thou art its flame; if it is right, thou art duty; if it is nobility, thou art happiness. Love, full of pride and modesty in thy mysteries, divine love, hidden love, love insensate and sublime, Titan who takest Heaven in both hands, and forcest it to earth, final and ineffable secret of Christian widowhood, love eternal, love infinite, ideal which would suffice to create worlds; love! love! blessing and glory to thee! Glory to the intelligences which veil themselves that they may not offend weak eyes! Glory to right which transforms itself wholly into duty, and which becomes devotion! To the widowed souls who love, and burn up without being loved! To those who suffer, and make none other suffer, to those who forgive the ungrateful, to those who love their enemies! Oh, happy evermore, happy beyond all, are those who embrace poverty, who have drained themselves to the dregs, to give! Happy are the souls who for ever make thy peace! Happy the pure and the simple hearts that never think themselves better than others! Humanity, my mother, humanity daughter and mother of God, humanity conceived without sin, universal Church, Mary! Happy is he who has dared all to know thee and to understand thee, and who is ready to suffer all once more, in order to serve thee and to love thee!

XVIII

THE NUMBER EIGHTEEN

THIS number is that of religious dogma, which is all poetry and all mystery.

The Gospel says that at the death of the Saviour the veil of the Temple was rent, because that death manifested the triumph of devotion, the miracle of charity, the power of God in man, divine humanity, and human divinity, the highest and most sublime of Arcana, the last word of all initiations.

But the Saviour knew that at first men would not understand him, and he said: "You will not be able to bear at present the full light of my doctrine; but, when the Spirit of Truth shall manifest himself, he will teach you all truth, and he will cause you to understand the sense of what I have said unto you."

Now the Spirit of Truth is the spirit of science and intelligence, the spirit of force and of counsel.

It is that spirit which solemnly manifested itself in the Roman Church, when it declared in the four articles of its decree of the 12th December, 1845:

1°.—That if faith is superior to reason, reason ought to endorse the inspirations of faith;

2°.—That faith and science have each their separate domain, and that the one should not usurp the functions of the other;

3°.—That it is proper for faith and grace, not to weaken, but on the contrary to strengthen and develop reason;

4°.—That the concourse of reason, which examines, not the decisions of faith, but the natural and rational bases of the authority which decides them, far from injuring faith, can only be useful to it; in other words, that a faith, perfectly reasonable in its principles, should not fear, but should, on the contrary, desire the sincere examination of reason.

Such a decree is the accomplishment of a complete religious

revolution, it is the inauguration of the reign of the Holy Ghost upon the earth.

XIX

THE NUMBER NINETEEN

It is the number of light.

It is the existence of God proved by the very idea of God.

Either one must say that Being is the universal tomb where, by an automatic movement, stirs a form for ever dead and corpse-like, or one must admit the absolute principle of intelligence and of life.

Is the universal light dead or alive? Is it vowed fatally to the work of destruction, or providentially directed to an immortal birth?

If there be no God, intelligence is only a deception, for it fails to be the absolute, and its ideal is a lie.

Without God, being is a nothingness affirming itself, life a death in disguise, and light a night for ever deceived by the mirage of dreams.

The first and most essential act of faith is then this.

Being exists; and the Being of beings, the Truth of being, is God.

Being is alive with intelligence, and the living intelligence of absolute being is God.

Light is real and life-giving; now, the reality and life of all light is God.

The word of universal reason is an affirmation and not a negation.

How blind are they who do not see that physical light is nothing but the instrument of thought!

Thought alone, then, reveals light, and creates it in using it for its own purposes.

The affirmation of atheism is the dogma of eternal night: the affirmation of God is the dogma of light!

We stop here at the number Nineteen, although the sacred alphabet has twenty-two letters; but the first nineteen are the keys of occult theology. The others are the keys of Nature; we shall return to them in the third part of this work.

Let us resume what we have said concerning God, by quoting a fine invocation borrowed from the Jewish liturgy. It is a page from the qabalistic poem Kether-Malkuth, by Rabbi Solomon, son of Gabirol:

"Thou art one, the beginning of all numbers, and the foundation of all buildings; thou art one, and in the secret of thy unity the most wise of men are lost, because they know it not. Thou art one, and thy unity neither wanes nor waxes, neither suffers any change. Thou art one, and yet not the one of the mathematician, for thy unity admits neither multiplication, nor change, nor form. Thou art one, and not one of mine imaginations can fix a limit for thee, or give a definition of thee; therefore will I take heed to my ways, lest I offend with my tongue. Thou art one indeed, whose excellence is so lofty, that it may in no wise fall, by no means like that one which may cease to be.

"Thou art the existing one; nevertheless, the understanding and the sight of mortals cannot attain thine existence, nor place in thee the where, the how, the why. Thou art the

existing one, but in thyself, since no other can exist beside thee. Thou art the existing one, before time, and beyond space. Thou art indeed the existing one, and thine existence is so hidden, and so deep, that none can discover it, or penetrate its secret.

"Thou art the living one, but not in fixed and known time; thou art the living one, but not by spirit or by soul; for thou art the Soul of all souls. Thou art the living one; but not living with the life of mortals, that is, like a breath, and whose end is to give food to worms. Thou art the living one, and he that can attain thy mysteries will enjoy eternal delight and live for ever.

"Thou art great; before thy greatness all other greatness bows, and all that is most excellent becomes imperfect. Thou art great above all imagination, and thou art exalted above all the hierarchies of Heaven. Thou art great above all greatness, and thou art exalted above all praise. Thou art strong, and not one among thy creatures can do the works that thou dost, nor can his force be compared with thine. Thou art strong, and it is to thee that belongs that strength invincible which changes not and decays never. Thou art strong; by thy loving-kindness thou dost forgive in the moment of thy most burning wrath, and thou showest thyself long-suffering to sinners. Thou art strong, and thy mercies, existing from all time, are upon all thy creatures. Thou art the eternal light, that pure souls shall see, and that the cloud of sins will hide from the eyes of sinners. Thou art the light which is hidden in this world, and visible in the other, where the glory of the Lord is shown forth. Thou art Sovereign, and the eyes of understanding which desire to see thee are all

amazed, for they can attain but part of it, never the whole. Thou art the God of gods, and all thy creatures bear witness to it; and in honour of this great name they owe thee all their worship. Thou art God, and all created beings are thy servants and thy worshippers; thy glory is not tarnished, although men worship other gods, because their intention is to address themselves to thee; they are like blind men, who wish to follow the straight road, but stray; one falls into a well, the other into a ditch; all think that they are come to their desire, yet they have wearied themselves in vain. But thy servants are like men of clear sight travelling upon the high-road; never do they stray from it, either to the right hand or the left, until they are entered into the court of the king's palace. Thou art God, who by thy godhead sustainest all beings, and by thy unity dost bring home all creatures. Thou art God, and there is no difference between thy deity, thy unity, thy eternity, and thy existence; for all is one and the same mystery; although names vary, all returns to the same truth. Thou art the knower, and that intelligence which is the source of life emanates from thyself; and beside thy knowledge all the wisest men are fools. Thou art the knower, and the ancient of the ancient ones, and knowledge has ever fed from thee. Thou art the knower, and thou hast learned thy knowledge from none, nor hast acquired it but from thyself. Thou art the knower, and like a workman and an architect thou hast taken from thy knowledge a divine will, at an appointed time, to draw being from nothing; so that the light which falls from the eyes is drawn from its own centre without any instrument or tool. This divine will has hollowed, designed, purified and moulded; it has ordered

Nothingness to open itself, Being to shut up, and the world to spread itself. It has spanned the heavens, and assembled with its power the tabernacle of the spheres, with the cords of its might it has bound the curtains of the creatures of the universe, and touching with its strength the edge of the curtain of creation, has joined that which is above to that which was below."—(*Prayers of Kippour.*)

We have given to these bold qabalistic speculations the only form which suits them, that is, poesy, or the inspiration of the heart.

Believing souls will have no need of the rational hypotheses contained in this new explanation of the figures of the Bible; but those sincere hearts afflicted by doubt, which are tortured by eighteenth-century criticism, will understand in reading it that even reason without faith can find in the Holy Book something besides stumbling-blocks; if the veils with which the divine text is covered throw a great shadow, this shadow is so marvellously designed by the interplay of light that it becomes the sole intelligible image of the divine ideal.

Ideal, incomprehensible as infinity, and indispensable as the very essence of mystery!

ARTICLE II

SOLUTION OF THE SECOND PROBLEM

TRUE RELIGION

RELIGION exists in humanity, like love.

Like it, it is unique.

Like it, it either exists, or does not exist, in such and such a soul; but, whether one accepts it or denies it, it is in humanity; it is, then, in life, it is in nature itself; it is an incontestable fact of science, and even of reason.

The true religion is that which has always existed, which exists to-day, and will exist for ever.

Some one may say that religion is this or that; religion is what it is. This is the true religion, and the false religions are superstitions imitated from her, borrowed from her, lying shadows of herself!

One may say of religion what one says of true art. Savage attempts at painting or sculpture are the attempts of ignorance to arrive at the truth. Art proves itself by itself, is radiant with its own splendour, is unique and eternal like beauty.

The true religion is beautiful, and it is by that divine character that it imposes itself on the respect of science, and obtains the assent of reason.

Science dare not affirm or deny those dogmatic hypotheses which are truths for faith; but it must recognize by unmis-

takable characters the one true religion, that is to say, that which alone merits the name of religion in that it unites all the characters which agree with that great and universal aspiration of the human soul.

One only thing, which is to all most evidently divine, is manifested in the world.

It is charity.

The work of true religion should be to produce, to preserve, and to spread abroad the spirit of charity.

To arrive at this end she must herself possess all the characteristics of charity, in such a manner that one could define her satisfactorily, in naming her, "Organic Charity."

Now, what are the characteristics of charity?

It is St. Paul who will tell us.

Charity is patient.

Patient like God, because it is eternal as He is. It suffers persecutions, and never persecutes others.

It is kindly and loving, calling to itself the little, and not repulsing the great.

It is without jealousy. Of whom, and of what, should it be jealous? Has it not that better part which shall not be taken away from it?

It is neither quarrelsome nor intriguing.

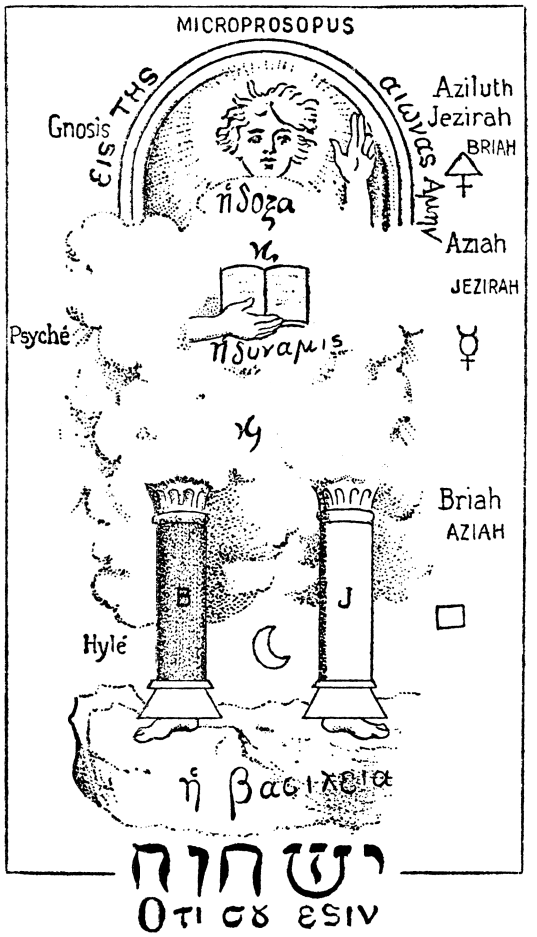
It is without pride, without ambition, without selfishness, without anger.

It never thinks evil, and never triumphs by injustice; for all its joy is comprehended in truth.

It endures everything, without ever tolerating evil.

It believes all; its faith is simple, submissive, hierarchical, and universal.

It sustains all, and never imposes burdens which it is not itself the first to carry.



GREAT PENTACLE FROM THE VISION OF ST. JOHN

Religion is patient—the religion of great thinkers and of martyrs.

It is benevolent like Christ and the apostles, like Vincent de Paul, and like Fénelon.

It envies not either the dignities or the goods of the earth.

It is the religion of the fathers of the desert, of St. Francis, and of St. Bruno, of the Sisters of Charity, and of the Brothers of Saint-Jean-de-Dieu.

It is neither quarrelsome nor intriguing. It prays, does good, and waits.

It is humble, it is sweet-tempered, it inspires only devotion and sacrifice. It has, in short, all the characteristics of Charity because it is Charity itself.

Men, on the contrary, are impatient, persecutors, jealous, cruel, ambitious, unjust, and they show themselves as such, even in the name of that religion which they have succeeded in calumniating, but which they will never cause to lie. Men pass away, but truth is eternal.

Daughter of Charity, and creator of Charity in her own turn, true religion is essentially that which realizes; she believes in the miracles of faith, because she herself accomplishes them every day when she practises charity. Now, a religion which practises charity may flatter herself that she realizes all the dreams of divine love. Moreover, the faith of the hierarchical church transforms mysticism into realism by the efficacy of her sacraments. No more signs, no more figures whose strength is not in grace, and which do not really give what they promise! Faith animates all, makes all in some sort visible and palpable; even the parables of Jesus Christ take a body and a soul. They show, at Jerusalem, the house of the wicked rich man!! The thin symbolisms of the primitive religions overturned by science, and deprived of the life of faith, resemble those whitened bones which covered the field that Ezekiel saw in his vision. The Spirit of the Saviour, the spirit of faith, the spirit of

charity, has breathed upon this dust; and all that which was dead has taken life again so really that one recognizes no more yesterday's corpses in these living creatures of to-day. And why should one recognize them, since the world is renewed, since St. Paul burned at Ephesus the books of the hierophants? Was then St. Paul a barbarian, and was he committing a crime against science? No, but he burned the winding-sheets of the resuscitated that they might forget death. Why, then, do we to-day recall the qabalistic origins of dogma? Why do we join again the figures of the Bible to the allegories of Hermes? Is it to condemn St. Paul, is it to bring doubt to believers? No, indeed, for believers have no need of our book; they will not read it, and they will not wish to understand it. But we wish to show to the innumerable crowd of those who doubt, that faith is attached to the reason of all the centuries, to the science of all the sages. We wish to force human liberty to respect divine authority, reason to recognize the bases of faith, so that faith and authority, in their turn, may never again proscribe liberty and reason.

ARTICLE III

SOLUTION OF THE THIRD PROBLEM

THE RATIONALE OF THE MYSTERIES

FAITH being the aspiration to the unknown, the object of faith is absolutely and necessarily this one thing—Mystery.

In order to formulate its aspirations, faith is forced to borrow aspirations and images from the known.

But she specializes the employment of these forms, by placing them together in a manner which, in the known order of things, is impossible. Such is the profound reason of the apparent absurdity of symbolism.

Let us give an example:

If faith said that God was impersonal, one might conclude that God is only a word, or, at most, a thing.

If it is said that God was a person, one would represent to oneself the intelligent infinite, under the necessarily bounded form of an individual.

It says, "God is one in three persons," in order to express that one conceives in God both unity and multiplicity.

The formula of a mystery excludes necessarily the very intelligence of that formula, so far as it is borrowed from the world of known things; for, if one understood it, it would express the known and not the unknown.

It would then belong to science, and no longer to religion, that is to say, to faith.

The object of faith is a mathematical problem, whose x escapes the procedures of our algebra.

Absolute mathematics prove only the necessity, and, in consequence, the existence of this unknown which we represent by the untranslatable x.

Now science progresses in vain; its progress is indefinite, but always relatively finite; it will never find in the language of the finite the complete expression of the infinite. Mystery is therefore eternal.

To bring into the logic of the known the terms of a profession of faith is to withdraw them from faith, which has for positive bases anti-logic, that is to say, the impossibility of logically explaining the unknown.

For the Jew, God is separate from humanity; He does not live in His creatures, He is infinite egoism.

For the Mussulman, God is a word before which one prostrates oneself, on the authority of Mohammed.

For the Christian, God has revealed Himself in humanity, proves Himself by charity, and reigns by virtue of the order which constitutes the hierarchy.

The hierarchy is the guardian of dogma, for whose letter and spirit she alike demands respect. The sectarians who, in the name of their reason or, rather, of their individual unreason, have laid hands on dogma, have, in the very act, lost the spirit of charity; they have excommunicated themselves.

The Catholic, that is to say the universal, dogma merits that magnificent name by harmonizing in one all the religious aspirations of the world; with Moses and Mohammed, it affirms the unity of God; with Zoroaster, Hermes and Plato, it recognizes in Him the infinite trinity of its own regeneration;

it reconciles the living numbers of Pythagoras with the monadic Word of St. John ;[1] so much, science and reason will agree. It is then in the eyes of reason and of science themselves the most perfect, that is to say the most complete, dogma which has ever been produced in the world. Let science and reason grant us so much ; we shall ask nothing more of them.

" God exists ; there is only one God, and He punishes those who do evil," said Moses.

" God is everywhere ; He is in us, and the good that we do to men we do it to God," said Jesus.

" Fear " is the conclusion of the dogma of Moses.

" Love " is the conclusion of the dogma of Jesus.

The typical ideal of the life of God in humanity is incarnation.

Incarnation necessitates redemption, and operates it in the name of the reversibility of solidarity,[2] or, in other words, of universal communion, the dogmatic principle of the spirit of charity.

To substitute human arbitrament for the legitimate despotism of the law, to put, in other words, tyranny in the place of authority, is the work of all Protestantism and of all democracies. What men call liberty is the sanction of illegitimate authority, or, rather, the fiction of power not sanctioned by authority.

[1] The author had perhaps no space to continue with a demonstration that the Gospel legend itself is a macédoine of those of Bacchus, Adonis, Osiris, and a hundred others, and that the Mass, and Christian ceremonies generally, have similarly pagan sources.—O. M.

[2] This and many similar phrases employed in the controversies of the period are to-day practically unintelligible. Levi was at one time a kind of Socialist.—TRANS.

John Calvin protested against the stakes of Rome, in order to give himself the right to burn Michael Servetus. Every people that liberates itself from a Charles I, or a Louis XVI, must undergo a Robespierre or a Cromwell, and there is a more or less absurd anti-pope behind all protestations against the legitimate papacy.

The divinity of Jesus Christ only exists in the Catholic Church, to which He transmits hierarchically His life and His divine powers. This divinity is sacerdotal and royal by virtue of communion; but outside of that communion, every affirmation of the divinity of Jesus Christ is idolatrous, because Jesus Christ could not be an isolated God.

The number of Protestants is of no importance to Catholic truth.

If all men were blind, would that be a reason for denying the existence of the sun?

Reason, in protesting against dogma, proves sufficiently that she has not invented it; but she is forced to admire the morality which results from that dogma. Now, if morality is a light, it follows that dogma must be a sun; light does not come from shadows.

Between the two abysses of polytheism, and an absurd and ignorant theism, there is only one possible medium: the mystery of the most Holy Trinity.

Between speculative theism, and anthropomorphism, there is only one possible medium: the mystery of incarnation.

Between immoral fatality, and Draconic responsibility, which would conclude the damnation of all beings, there is only one possible mean: the mystery of redemption.

The trinity is faith.

The incarnation is hope.

The redemption is charity.

The trinity is the hierarchy.

Incarnation is the divine authority of the Church.

Redemption is the unique, infallible, unfailing and Catholic priesthood.

The Catholic Church alone possesses an invariable dogma, and by its very constitution is incapable of corrupting morality; she does not make innovations, she explains. Thus, for example, the dogma of the immaculate conception is not new; it was contained in the theotokon of the Council of Ephesus, and the theotokon is a rigorous consequence of the Catholic dogma of the incarnation.

In the same way the Catholic Church makes no excommunications, she declares them; and she alone can declare them, because she alone is guardian of unity.

Outside the vessel of Peter, there is nothing but the abyss. Protestants are like people who have thrown themselves into the water in order to escape sea-sickness.

It is of Catholicity, such as it is constituted in the Roman Church, that one must say what Voltaire so boldly said of God: "If it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it." But if a man had been capable of inventing the spirit of charity, he also would have invented God. Charity does not invent itself, it reveals itself by its works, and it is then that one can cry with the Saviour of the world: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

To understand the spirit of charity is to understand all mysteries.

ARTICLE IV

SOLUTION OF THE FOURTH PROBLEM

RELIGION PROVED BY THE OBJECTIONS WHICH PEOPLE OPPOSE TO IT.

THE objections which one may make against religion may be made either in the name of science, or in the name of reason, or in the name of faith.

Science cannot deny the facts of the existence of religion, of its establishment and its influence upon the events of history.

It is forbidden to it to touch dogma; dogma belongs wholly to faith.

Science ordinarily arms itself against religion with a series of facts which it is her duty to appreciate, which, in fact, she does appreciate thoroughly, but which she condemns still more energetically than science does.

In doing that, science admits that religion is right, and herself wrong; she lacks logic, manifests the disorder which every angry passion introduces into the spirit of man, and admits the need that it has of being ceaselessly redressed and directed by the spirit of charity.

Reason, on its side, examines dogma and finds it absurd.

But, if it were not so, reason would understand it; if reason understood it, it would no longer be the formula of the unknown.

It would be a mathematical demonstration of the infinite.

It would be the infinite finite, the unknown known, the immeasurable measured, the indicible named.

That is to say that dogma could only cease to be absurd in the eyes of reason to become, in the eyes of faith, science, reason and good sense in one, the most monstrous and the most impossible of all absurdities.

Remain the objections of dissent.

The Jews, our fathers in religion, reproach us with having attacked the unity of God, with having changed the immutable and eternal law, with adoring the creature instead of the Creator.

These heavy reproaches are founded on their perfectly false notion of Christianity.

Our God is the God of Moses, unique, immaterial, infinite God, sole object of worship, and ever the same.

Like the Jews, we believe Him to be present everywhere, but, as they ought to do, we believe Him living, thinking and loving in humanity, and we adore Him in His works.

We have not changed His law, for the Jewish Decalogue is also the law of Christians.

The law is immutable because it is founded on the eternal principles of Nature; but the worship necessitated by the needs of man may change, and modify itself, parallel with the changes in men themselves.

This signifies that the worship itself is immutable, but modifies itself as language does.

Worship is a form of instruction; it is a language; one must translate it when nations no longer understand it.

We have translated, and not destroyed, the worship of Moses and of the prophets.

In adoring God in creation, we do not adore the creation itself.

In adoring God in Jesus Christ, it is God alone whom we adore, but God united to humanity.

In making humanity divine, Christianity has revealed the human divinity.

The God of the Jews was inhuman, because they did not understand Him in His works.

We are, then, more Israelite than the Israelites themselves. What they believe, we believe with them, and better than they do. They accuse us of having separated ourselves from them, and, on the contrary, it is they who wish to separate from us.

We wait for them, the heart and the arms wide open.

We are, as they are, the disciples of Moses.

Like them, we come from Egypt, and we detest its slavery. But we have entered into the Promised Land, and they obstinately abide and die in the desert.

Mohammedans are the bastards of Israel, or rather, they are his disinherited brothers, like Esau.

Their belief is illogical, for they admit that Jesus is a great prophet, and they treat Christians as infidels.

They recognize the Divine inspiration of Moses, yet they do not look upon the Jews as their brothers.

They believe blindly in their blind prophet, the fatalist Mohammed, the enemy of progress and of liberty.

Nevertheless, do not let us take away from Mohammed the

glory of having proclaimed the unity of God among the idolatrous Arabs.

There are pure and sublime pages in the Qur'an.

In reading those pages, one may say with the children of Ishmael, "There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

There are three thrones in heaven for the three prophets of the nations; but, at the end of time, Mohammed will be replaced by Elias.

The Mussulmans do not reproach the Christians; they insult them.

They call them infidels and "giaours," that is to say, dogs. We have nothing to reply to them.

One must not refute the Turks and the Arabs; one must instruct and civilize them.

Remain dissident Christians, that is to say, those who, having broken the bond of unity, declare themselves strangers to the charity of the Church.

Greek orthodoxy, that twin of the Roman Church which has not grown greater since its separation, which counts no longer in religion, which, since Photius, has not inspired a single eloquence, is a church become entirely temporal, whose priesthood is no more than a function regulated by the imperial policy of the Tsar of All the Russias; a curious mummy of the primitive Church, still coloured and gilded with all its legends and all its rites, which its popes no longer understand; the shadow of a living church, but one which insisted on stopping when that church moved on, and which is now no more than its bloated-out and headless silhouette.

Then, the Protestants, those eternal regulators of anarchy,

who have broken down dogma, and are trying always to fill the void with reasonings, like the sieve of the Danaides; these weavers of religious fantasy, all of whose innovations are negative, who have formulated for their own use an unknown calling itself better known, mysteries better explained, a more defined infinite, a more restrained immensity, a more doubting faith, those who have quintessentialized the absurd, divided charity, and taken acts of anarchy for the principles of an entirely impossible hierarchy; those men who wish to realize salvation by faith alone, because charity escapes them, and who can no longer realize it, even upon the earth, for their pretended sacraments are no longer anything but allegorical mummeries; they no longer give grace; they no longer make God seen and touched; they are no longer, in a word, the signs of the almighty power of faith, but the compelled witnesses of the eternal impotence of doubt.

It is, then, against faith itself that the Reformation protested! Protestants were right only in their protest against the inconsiderate and persecuting zeal which wished to force consciences. They claimed the right to doubt, the right to have less religion than others, or even to have none at all; they have shed their blood for that sad privilege; they conquered it, they possess it; but they will not take away from us that of pitying them, and loving them. When the need to believe again takes them, when their heart revolts against the tyranny of a falsified reason, when they become tired of the empty abstractions of their arbitrary dogma, of the vague observances of their ineffective worship; when their communion without the real presence, their churches without divinity, and their morality without grace finally frighten

them; when they are sick with the nostalgia of God—will they not rise up like the prodigal son, and come to throw themselves at the feet of the successor of Peter, saying: "Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and we are no more worthy to be called thy sons, but count us among the humblest of thy servants"?

We will not speak of the criticism of Voltaire. That great mind was dominated by an ardent love of truth and justice, but he lacked that rectitude of heart which the intelligence of faith gives. Voltaire could not admit faith, because he did not know how to love. The spirit of charity did not reveal itself to that soul which had no tenderness, and he bitterly criticized the hearth of which he did not feel the warmth, and the lamp of which he did not see the light. If religion were such as he saw it, he would have been a thousand times right to attack it, and one would be obliged to fall on one's knees before the heroism of his courage. Voltaire would be the Messiah of good sense, the Hercules destructor of fanaticism. . . . But he laughed too much to understand Him who said: "Happy are they who weep," and the philosophy of laughter will never have anything in common with the religion of tears.

Voltaire parodied the Bible, dogma and worship; and then he mocked and insulted that parody.

Only those who recognize religion in Voltaire's parody can take offence at it. The Voltaireans are like the frogs in the fable who leap upon the log, and then make fun of royal majesty. They are at liberty to take the log for a king, they are at liberty to make once more that Roman caricature of which Tertullian once made mirth, that which represented the

God of the Christians under the figure of a man with an ass's head. Christians will shrug their shoulders when they see this knavery, and pray God for the poor ignorants who imagine that they insult them.

M. the Count Joseph de Maistre, after having, in one of his most eloquent paradoxes, represented the hangman as a sacred being, and a permanent incarnation of divine justice upon earth, suggested that one should raise to the old man of Ferney a statue executed by the hangman. There is depth in this thought. Voltaire, in effect, also was, in the world, a being at the same time providential and fatal, endowed with insensibility for the accomplishment of his terrible functions. He was, in the domain of intelligence, a hangman, an extirminator armed by the justice of God Himself.

God sent Voltaire between the century of Bossuet and that of Napoleon in order to destroy everything that separates those two geniuses and to unite them in one alone.

He was the Samson of the spirit, always ready to shake the columns of the temple; but in order to make him turn in spite of himself the mill of religious progress, Providence made him blind of heart.

ARTICLE V

SOLUTION OF THE LAST PROBLEM

TO SEPARATE RELIGION FROM SUPERSTITION AND FANATICISM

SUPERSTITION, from the Latin word *superstes*, surviving, is the sign which survives the idea which it represents; it is the form preferred to the thing, the rite without reason, faith become insensate through isolating itself. It is in consequence the corpse of religion, the death of life, stupefaction substituted for inspiration.

Fanaticism is superstition become passionate, its name comes from the word *fanum*, which signifies "temple," it is the temple put in the place of God, it is the human and temporal interest of the priest substituted for the honour of priesthood, the wretched passion of the man exploiting the faith of the believer.

In the fable of the ass loaded with relics, La Fontaine tells us that the animal thought that he was being adored; he did not tell us that certain people indeed thought that they were adoring the animal. These people were the superstitious.

If any one had laughed at their stupidity, he would very likely have been assassinated, for from superstition to fanaticism is only one step.

Superstition is religion interpreted by stupidity; fanaticism is religion serving as a pretext to fury.

Those who intentionally and maliciously confound religion

itself with superstition and fanaticism, borrow from stupidity its blind prejudices, and would borrow perhaps in the same way from fanaticism its injustices and angers.

Inquisitors or Septembrisors,[1] what matter names? The religion of Jesus Christ condemns, and has always condemned, assassins.

[1] Those who took part in the massacres of the Revolution of the 4th September, 1792.—TRANS.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE FIRST PART

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE

FAITH, SCIENCE, REASON

SCIENCE. You will never make me believe in the existence of God.

FAITH. You have not the privilege of believing, but you will never prove to me that God does not exist.

SCIENCE. In order to prove it to you, I must first know what God is.

FAITH. You will never know it. If you knew it, you could teach it to me; and when I knew it, I should no longer believe it.

SCIENCE. Do you then believe without knowing what you believe?

FAITH. Oh, do not let us play with words! It is you who do not know what I believe, and I believe it precisely because you do not know it. Do you pretend to be infinite? Are you not stopped at every step by mystery? Mystery is for you an infinite ignorance which would reduce to nothing your finite knowledge, if I did not illumine it with my burning aspirations; and if, when you say, "I no longer know," I did not cry, "As for me, I begin to believe."

SCIENCE. But your aspirations and their object are not (and cannot be for me) anything but hypotheses.

FAITH. Doubtless, but they are certainties for me, since without those hypotheses I should be doubtful even about your certainties.

SCIENCE. But if you begin where I stop, you begin always too rashly and too soon. My progress bears witness that I am ever advancing.

FAITH. What does your progress matter, if I am always walking in front of you?

SCIENCE. You, walking! Dreamer of eternity, you have disdained earth too much; your feet are benumbed.

FAITH. I make my children carry me.

SCIENCE. They are the blind carrying the blind; beware of precipices!

FAITH. No, my children are by no means blind; on the contrary, they enjoy twofold sight: they see, by thine eyes, what thou canst show them upon earth, and they contemplate, by mine, what I show them in Heaven.

SCIENCE. What does Reason think of it?

REASON. I think, my dear teachers, that you illustrate a touching fable, that of the blind man and the paralytic. Science reproaches Faith with not knowing how to walk upon the earth, and Faith says that Science sees nothing of her aspirations and of eternity in the sky. Instead of quarrelling, Science and Faith ought to unite; let Science carry Faith, and let Faith console Science by teaching her to hope and to love!

SCIENCE. It is a fine ideal, but Utopian. Faith will tell me absurdities. I prefer to walk without her.

FAITH. What do you call absurdities?

SCIENCE. I call absurdities propositions contrary to my demonstrations; as, for example, that three make one, that a

God has become man, that is to say, that the Infinite has made itself finite, that the Eternal died, that God punished his innocent Son for the sin of guilty men. . . .

FAITH. Say no more about it. As enunciated by you, these propositions are in fact absurdities. Do you know what is the number of God, you who do not know God? Can you reason about the operations of the unknown? Can you understand the mysteries of charity? I must always be absurd for you; for, if you understood them, my affirmations would be absorbed by your theorems; I should be you, and you would be me; or, to put it better, I should no longer exist, and Reason, in the presence of the infinite, would halt, blinded for evermore by your doubts, which are as infinite as space.

SCIENCE. At least, you should never usurp my authority, or give me the lie in my own domains.

FAITH. I have never done so, and I could never do so.

SCIENCE. So! You have never believed, for example, that a virgin could become a mother, without ceasing to be a virgin, in the physical, natural, positive order of things, in spite of all the laws of Nature; you do not affirm that a piece of bread is not only a God, but a real human body with its bones and its veins, its organs, its blood; such, in short, that you make of your children who eat this bread a little race of cannibals.

FAITH. There is not a single Christian who would not be revolted by what you have just said. That sufficiently proves that they do not understand my teachings in this positive and gross sense. The supernatural which I affirm is above Nature, and consequently could never oppose itself to her; the words of Faith are understood only by Faith; Science has only to repeat them to pervert their proper sense. I employ these

words because I have no others; but since you find my remarks absurd, you should conclude from that that I give to the same words a meaning which escapes you. When the Saviour revealed the dogma of the real presence, did he not say: "The flesh profiteth nothing, but my words are spirit and life." I do not give you the mystery of the incarnation for an anatomical phenomenon, nor that of transubstantiation for a chemical manipulation. By what right do you exclaim "Absurd!"? I do not reason about any of the things you know; by what right do you say that I talk unreasonably?

SCIENCE. I begin to understand you, or rather, I see that I shall never understand you. This being so, let us remain separate; I shall never have need of you.

FAITH. I am less proud, and I recognize that you may be useful to me perhaps. Perhaps, too, you will be very sad and very desperate without me, and I will not leave you unless Reason consents.

REASON. Be well 'ware of doing so! I am necessary to both of you. And I, what should I do without you? In order to be just, I need to know and to believe. But I must never confound what I know with what I believe. To know is to believe no longer; to believe is not to know as yet. The object of Science is the known; Faith does not occupy itself with that, and leaves it all to Science. The object of Faith is the unknown; Science may seek it, but not define it; she is then obliged, at least provisionally, to accept the definitions of Faith which it is impossible for her even to criticize. Only, if Science renounces Faith, she renounces hope and love, whose existence and necessity are as evident for Science as for Faith. Faith, as a psychological fact, pertains to the realm of

Science; and Science, as the manifestation of the light of God within the human intelligence, pertains to the realm of Faith. Science and Faith must then admit each other, respect each other mutually, support each other, and bear each other aid in case of need, but without ever encroaching the one upon the other. The means of uniting them is—never to confound them. Never can there be contradiction between them, for although they use the same words, they do not speak the same language.

FAITH. Oh, well, Sister Science; what do you say about it?

SCIENCE. I say that we are separated by a deplorable misunderstanding, and that henceforward we shall be able to walk together. But to which of your different creeds do you wish to attach me? Shall I be Jewish, Catholic, Mohammedan, or Protestant?

FAITH. You will remain Science, and you will be universal.

SCIENCE. That is to say, Catholic, if I understand you correctly. But what should I think of the different religions?

FAITH. Judge them by their works. Seek true Charity, and when you have found her, ask her to which religion she belongs.

SCIENCE. It is certainly not to that of the Inquisition, and of the authors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

FAITH. It is to that of St. John the Almoner, of St. François de Sales,[1] of St. Vincent de Paul, of Fénelon, and so many more.

[1] Levi was certainly never the dupe of this boudoir Theologian. He accepted him without perusal, as the Englishman accepts Shakespeare and Milton.—O. M.

SCIENCE. Admit that if religion has produced much good, she has also done much evil.

FAITH. When one kills in the name of the God who said, "Thou shalt not kill,"[1] when one persecutes in the name of Him who commands us to forgive our enemies, when one propagates darkness in the name of Him who tells us not to hide the light under a bushel, is it just to attribute the crime to the very law which condemns it? Say, if you wish to be just, that in spite of religion, much evil has been done upon earth. But also, to how many virtues has it not given birth? How many are the devotions, how many the sacrifices, of which we do not know! Have you counted those noble hearts, both men and women, who renounced all joys to enter the service of all sorrows? Those souls devoted to labour and to prayer, who have strewn their pathways with good deeds? Who founded asylums for orphans and old men, hospitals for the sick, retreats for the repentant? These institutions, as glorious as they are modest, are the real works with which the annals of the Church are filled; religious wars and the persecution of heretics belong to the politics of savage centuries. The heretics, moreover, were themselves murderers. Have you forgotten the burning of Michael Servetus and the massacre of our priests, renewed, still in the name of humanity and reason, by the revolutionaries who hated the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? Men are always cruel, it is true, but only when they forget the religion whose watchwords are blessing and pardon.

SCIENCE. O Faith! Pardon me, then, if I cannot believe;

[1] And habitually commanded the rape of virgins and the massacre of children. 1 Sam. xv. 3, etc.—O. M.

but I know now why you believe. I respect your hopes, and share your desires. But I must find by seeking ; and in order to seek, I must doubt.

REASON. Work, then, and seek, O Science, but respect the oracles of Faith! When your doubt leaves a gap in universal enlightenment, allow Faith to fill it! Walk distinguished the one from the other, but leaning the one upon the other, and you will never go astray.

PART II

PHILOSOPHICAL MYSTERIES

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS

It has been said that beauty is the splendour of truth.

Now moral beauty is goodness. It is beautiful to be good.

To be intelligently good, one must be just.

To be just, one must act reasonably.

To act reasonably, one must have the knowledge of reality.

To have the knowledge of reality, one must have consciousness of truth.

To have consciousness of truth, one must have an exact notion of being.

Being, truth, reason and justice are the common objects of the researches of science, and of the aspirations of faith. The conceptions, whether real or hypothetical, of a supreme power, transform justice into Providence; and the notion of divinity, from this point of view, becomes accessible to science herself.

Science studies Being in its partial manifestation; faith supposes it, or rather admits it *a priori* as a whole.

Science seeks the truth in everything; faith refers everything to an universal and absolute truth.

Science records realities in detail; faith explains them by

totalized reality to which science cannot bear witness, but which the very existence of the details seems to force her to recognize and to admit.

Science submits the reasons of persons and things to the universal mathematical reason ; faith seeks, or rather supposes, an intelligent and absolute reason for (and above) mathematics themselves.

Science demonstrates justice by justness ; faith gives an absolute justness to justice, in subordinating it to Providence.

One sees here all that faith borrows from science, and all that science, in its turn, owes to faith.

Without faith, science is circumscribed by an absolute doubt, and finds itself eternally penned within the risky empiricism of a reasoning scepticism ; without science, faith constructs its hypotheses at random, and can only blindly prejudge the causes of the effects of which she is ignorant.

The great chain which reunites science and faith is analogy.

Science is obliged to respect a belief whose hypotheses are analogous to demonstrated truths. Faith, which attributes everything to God, is obliged to admit science as being a natural revelation which, by the partial manifestation of the laws of eternal reason, gives a scale of proportion to all the aspirations and to all the excursions of the soul into the domain of the unknown.

It is, then, faith alone that can give a solution to the mysteries of science ; and in return, it is science alone that demonstrates the necessity of the mysteries of faith.

Outside the union and the concourse of these two living forces of the intelligence, there is for science nothing but

scepticism and despair, for faith nothing but rashness and fanaticism.

If faith insults science, she blasphemes; if science misunderstands faith, she abdicates.

Now let us hear them speak in harmony!

"Being is everywhere," says science, "it is multiple and variable in its forms, unique in its essence, and immutable in its laws. The relative demonstrates the existence of the absolute. Intelligence exists in being. Intelligence animates and modifies matter."

"Intelligence is everywhere," says faith; "Life is nowhere fatal because it is ruled. This rule is the expression of supreme Wisdom. The absolute in intelligence, the supreme regulator of forms, the living ideal of spirits, is God."

"In its identity with the ideal, being is truth," says science.

"In its identity with the ideal, truth is God," replies faith.

"In its identity with my demonstrations, being is reality," says science.

"In its identity with my legitimate aspirations, reality is my dogma," says faith.

"In its identity with the Word, being is reason," says science.

"In its identity with the spirit of charity, the highest reason is my obedience," says faith.

"In its identity with the motive of reasonable acts, being is justice," says science.

"In its identity with the principle of charity, justice is Providence," replies faith.

Sublime harmony of all certainties with all hopes, of the

absolute in intelligence with the absolute in love! The Holy Spirit, the spirit of charity, should then conciliate all, and transform all into His own light. Is it not the spirit of intelligence, the spirit of science, the spirit of counsel, the spirit of force? "He must come," says the Catholic liturgy, "and it will be, as it were, a new creation; and He will change the face of the earth."

"To laugh at philosophy is already to philosophize," said Pascal, referring to that sceptical and incredulous philosophy which does not recognize faith. And if there existed a faith which trampled science underfoot, we should not say that to laugh at such a faith would be a true act of religion, for religion, which is all charity, does not tolerate mockery; but one would be right in blaming this love for ignorance, and in saying to this rash faith, "Since you slight your sister, you are not the daughter of God!"

Truth, reality, reason, justice, Providence, these are the five rays of the flamboyant star in the centre of which science will write the word "being,"—to which faith will add the ineffable name of God.

SOLUTION OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS

FIRST SERIES

QUESTION. What is truth?

ANSWER. Idea identical with being.

Q. What is reality?

A. Knowledge identical with being.

Q. What is reason?

A. The Word identical with being.

Q. What is justice?

A. The motive of acts identical with being.

Q. What is the absolute?

A. Being.

Q. Can one conceive anything superior to being?

A. No; but one conceives in being itself something supereminent and transcendental.

Q. What is that?

A. The supreme reason of being.

Q. Do you know it, and can you define it?

A. Faith alone affirms it, and names it God.

Q. Is there anything above truth?

A. Above known truth, there is unknown truth.

Q. How can one construct reasonable hypotheses with regard to this truth?

A. By analogy and proportion.

Q. How can one define it?

A. By the symbols of faith.

Q. Can one say of reality the same thing as of truth?

A. Exactly the same thing.

Q. Is there anything above reason?

A. Above finite reason, there is infinite reason.

Q. What is infinite reason?

A. It is that supreme reason of being that faith calls God.

Q. Is there anything above justice?

A. Yes; according to faith, there is the Providence of God, and the sacrifice of man.

Q. What is this sacrifice?

A. It is the willing and spontaneous surrender of right.

Q. Is this sacrifice reasonable?

A. No; it is a kind of folly greater than reason, for reason is forced to admire it.

Q. How does one call a man who acts according to truth, reality, reason and justice?

A. A moral man.

Q. And if he sacrifices his interests to justice?

A. A man of honour.

Q. And if in order to imitate the grandeur and goodness of Providence he does more than his duty, and sacrifices his right to the good of others?

A. A hero.

Q. What is the principle of true heroism?

A. Faith.

Q. What is its support?

A. Hope.

Q. And its rule?

A. Charity.

Q. What is the Good?

A. Order.

Q. What is the Evil?

A. Disorder.

Q. What is permissible pleasure?

A. Enjoyment of order.

Q. What is forbidden pleasure?

A. Enjoyment of disorder.

Q. What are the consequences of each?

A. Moral life and moral death.

Q. Has then hell, with all its horrors, its justification in religious dogma?

A. Yes; it is a rigorous consequence of a principle.

Q. What is this principle?

A. Liberty.

Q. What is liberty?

A. The right to do one's duty, with the possibility of not doing it.

Q. What is failing in one's duty?

A. It involves the loss of one's right. Now, right being eternal, to lose it is to suffer an eternal loss.

Q. Can one repair a fault?

A. Yes; by expiation.

Q. What is expiation?

A. Working overtime. Thus, because I was lazy yesterday, I had to do a double task to-day.

Q. What are we to think of those who impose on themselves voluntary sufferings?

A. If they do so in order to overcome the brutal fascination of pleasure, they are wise; if to suffer instead of others, they are generous; but if they do it without discretion and without measure, they are imprudent.

Q. Thus, in the eyes of true philosophy, religion is wise in all that it ordains?

A. You see that it is so.

Q. But if, after all, we were deceived in our eternal hopes?

A. Faith does not admit that doubt. But philosophy herself should reply that all the pleasures of the earth are not

worth one day of wisdom, and that all the triumphs of ambition are not worth a single minute of heroism and of charity.

SECOND SERIES

QUESTION. What is man?

ANSWER. Man is an intelligent and corporeal being made in the image of God and of the world, one in essence, triple in substance, mortal and immortal.

Q. You say, "triple in substance." Has man, then, two souls or two bodies?

A. No; there is in him a spiritual soul, a material body, and a plastic medium.

Q. What is the substance of this medium?

A. Light, partially volatile, and partially fixed.

Q. What is the volatile part of this light?

A. Magnetic fluid.

Q. And the fixed part?

A. The fluidic or fragrant body.

Q. Is the existence of this body demonstrated?

A. Yes; by the most curious and the most conclusive experiences. We shall speak of them in the third part of this work.

Q. Are these experiences articles of faith?

A. No, they pertain to science.

Q. But will science preoccupy herself with it?

A. She already preoccupies herself with it. We have written this book, and you are reading it.

Q. Give us some notions of this plastic medium.

A. It is formed of astral or terrestrial light, and transmits

the double magnetization of it to the human body. The soul, by acting on this light through its volitions, can dissolve it or coagulate it, project it or withdraw it. It is the mirror of the imagination and of dreams. It reacts upon the nervous system, and thus produces the movements of the body. This light can dilate itself indefinitely, and communicate its reflections at considerable distances; it magnetizes the bodies submitted to the action of man, and can, by concentrating itself, again draw them to him. It can take all the forms evoked by thought, and, in the transitory coagulations of its radiant particles, appear to the eyes; it can even offer a sort of resistance to the touch. But these manifestations and uses of the plastic medium being abnormal, the luminous instrument of precision cannot produce them without being strained, and there is danger of either habitual hallucination, or of insanity.

Q. What is animal magnetism?

A. The action of one plastic medium upon another, in order to dissolve or coagulate it. By augmenting the elasticity of the vital light and its force of projection, one sends it forth as far as one will, and withdraws it completely loaded with images; but this operation must be favoured by the slumber of the subject, which one produces by coagulating still further the fixed part of his medium.

Q. Is magnetism contrary to morality and religion?

A. Yes, when one abuses it.

Q. In what does the abuse of it consist?

A. In employing it in a disordered manner, or for a disordered object.

Q. What is a disordered magnetism?

A. An unwholesome fluidic emission, made with a bad intention; for example, to know the secrets of others, or to arrive at unworthy ends.

Q. What is the result of it?

A. It puts out of order the fluidic instrument of precision, both in the case of the magnetizer and of the magnetized. To this cause one must attribute the immoralities and the follies with which a great number of those who occupy themselves with magnetism are reproached.

Q. What conditions are required in order to magnetize properly?

A. Health of spirit and body; right intention, and discreet practice.

Q. What advantageous results can one obtain by discreet magnetism?

A. The cure of nervous diseases, the analysis of presentiments, the re-establishment of fluidic harmonies, and the rediscovery of certain secrets of Nature.

Q. Explain that to us in a more complete manner.

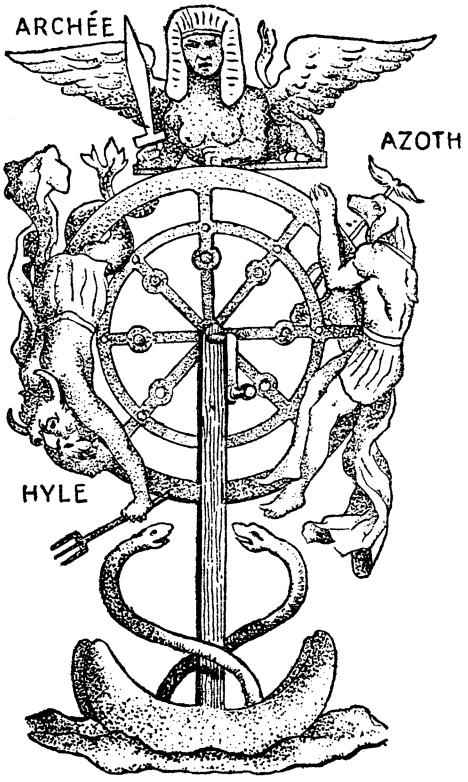
A. We shall do so in the third part of this work, which will treat specially of the mysteries of Nature.

PART III

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE

THE GREAT MAGICAL AGENT

We have spoken of a substance extended in the infinite.



THE TENTH KEY OF THE TAROT

That substance is one which is heaven and earth ; that is to say, according to its degrees of polarization, subtle or fixed.

This substance is what Hermes Trismegistus calls the great *Telesma*. When it produces splendour, it is called Light.

It is this substance which God creates before everything else, when He says, "Let there be light."

It is at once substance and movement.

It is fluid, and a perpetual vibration.

Its inherent force which sets it in motion is called *magnetism*.

In the infinite, this unique substance is the ether, or the etheric light.

In the stars which it magnetizes, it becomes astral light.

In organized beings, light, or magnetic fluid.

In man it forms the *astral body*, or the *plastic medium*.

The will of intelligent beings acts directly on this light, and by means of it on all that part of Nature which is submitted to the modifications of intelligence.

This light is the common mirror of all thoughts and all forms; it preserves the images of everything that has been, the reflections of past worlds, and, by analogy, the sketches of worlds to come. It is the instrument of thaumaturgy and divination, as remains for us to explain in the third and last part of this work.

FIRST BOOK

MAGNETIC MYSTERIES

CHAPTER I

THE KEY OF MESMERISM

MESMER rediscovered the secret science of Nature; he did not invent it.

The first unique and elementary substance whose existence he proclaims in his aphorisms, was known by Hermes and Pythagoras.

Synesius, who sings it in his hymns, had found it revealed in the Platonistic records of the School of Alexandria:

Μία παγὰ, μία ῥίζα
Τριφάης ἔλαμπε μορφᾷ
. . . . . .
Περὶ γὰρ σπάρεισα πνοιὰ
Χθονὸς ἐζώωσε μοίρας
Πολυδαιδάλοισι μόραις

"A single source, a single root of light, jets out and spreads itself into three branches of splendour. A breath blows round the earth, and vivifies in innumerable forms all parts of animated substance." (HYMN II—*Synesius.*)

Mesmer saw in elementary matter a substance indifferent to movement as to rest. Submitted to movement, it is volatile; fallen back into rest, it is fixed; and he did not understand that movement is inherent in the first substance; that it results, not from its indifference, but from its aptitude, combined with a movement and a rest which are equilibrated

the one by the other; that absolute rest is nowhere in universal living matter, but that the fixed attracts the volatile in order to fix it; while the volatile attacks the fixed in order to volatilize it. That the supposed rest of particles apparently fixed, is nothing but a more desperate struggle and a greater tension of their fluidic forces, which by neutralizing each other make themselves immobile. It is thus that, as Hermes says, that which is above is like that which is below; the same force which expands steam, contracts and hardens the icicle; everything obeys the laws of life which are inherent in the original substance; this substance attracts and repels, coagulates itself and dissolves itself, with a constant harmony; it is double; it is androgynous; it embraces itself, and fertilizes itself, it struggles, triumphs, destoys, renews; but never abandons itself to inertia, because inertia, for it, would be death.

It is this original substance to which the hieratic recital of Genesis refers when the word of the Elohim creates light by commanding it to exist.

The Elohim said, "Let there be light!" and there was light.

This light, whose Hebrew name is אור, *aour*, is the fluidic and living gold of the hermetic philosophy. Its positive principle is their sulphur; its negative principle, their mercury; and its equilibrated principles form what they call their salt.

One must then, in place of the sixth aphorism of Mesmer which reads thus: "Matter is indifferent as to whether it is in movement or at rest," establish this proposition: "The universal matter is compelled to movement by its double magnetization, and its fate is to seek equilibrium."

Whence one may deduce these corollaries :

Regularity and variety in movement result from the different combinations of equilibrium.

A point equilibrated on all sides remains at rest, for the very reason that it is endowed with motion.

Fluid consists of rapidly moving matter, always stirred by the variation of the balancing forces.

A solid is the same matter in slow movement, or at apparent rest because it is more or less solidly balanced.

There is no solid body which would not immediately be pulverized, vanish in smoke, and become invisible if the equilibrium of its molecules were to cease suddenly.

There is no fluid which would not instantly become harder than the diamond, if one could equilibrate its constituent molecules.

To direct the magnetic forces is then to destroy or create forms ; to produce to all appearance, or to destroy bodies ; it is to exercise the almighty power of Nature.

Our plastic medium is a magnet which attracts or repels the astral light under the pressure of the will. It is a luminous body which reproduces with the greatest ease forms corresponding to ideas.

It is the mirror of the imagination. This body is nourished by astral light just as the organic body is nourished by the products of the earth. During slumber, it absorbs the astral light by immersion, and during waking, by a kind of somewhat slow respiration. When the phenomena of natural somnambulism are produced, the plastic medium is surcharged with ill-digested nourishment. The will, although bound by the torpor of slumber, repels instinctively the medium

towards the organs in order to disengage it, and a reaction, of mechanical nature, takes place, which with the movement of the body equilibrates the light of the medium. It is for that reason that it so dangerous to wake somnambulists suddenly, for the gorged medium may then withdraw itself suddenly towards the common reservoir, and abandon the organs altogether; these are then separated from the soul, and death is the result.

The state of somnambulism, whether natural or artificial, is then extremely dangerous, because in uniting the phenomena of the waking state and the state of slumber, it constitutes a sort of straddle between two worlds. The soul moves the springs of the particular life while bathing itself in the universal life, and experiences an inexpressible sense of well-being; it will then willingly let go the nervous branches which hold it suspended above the current. In ecstasies of every kind the situation is the same. If the will plunges into it with a passionate effort, or even abandons itself entirely to it, the subject may become insane or paralysed, or even die.

Hallucinations and visions result from wounds inflicted on the plastic medium, and from its local paralysis. Sometimes it ceases to give forth rays, and substitutes images condensed somehow or other to realities shown by the light; sometimes it radiates with too much force, and condenses itself outside and around some chance and irregulated nucleus, as blood does in some bodily growths. Then the chimeras of our brain take on a body, and seem to take on a soul; we appear to ourselves radiant or deformed according to the image of the ideal of our desires, or our fears.

Hallucinations, being the dreams of waking persons,

always imply a state analogous to somnambulism. But in a contrary sense; somnambulism is slumber borrowing its phenomena from waking; hallucination is waking still partially subjected to the astral intoxication of slumber.

Our fluidic bodies attract and repulse each other following laws similar to those of electricity. It is this which produces instinctive sympathies and antipathies. They thus equilibrate each other, and for this reason hallucinations are often contagious; abnormal projections change the luminous currents; the perturbation caused by a sick person wins over to itself the more sensitive natures; a circle of illusions is established, and a whole crowd of people is easily dragged away thereby. Such is the history of strange apparitions and popular prodigies. Thus are explained the miracles of the American mediums and the hysterics of table-turners, who reproduce in our own times the ecstasies of whirling dervishes. The sorcerers of Lapland with their magic drums, and the conjurer medicine-men of savages arrive at similar results by similar proceedings; their gods or their devils have nothing to do with it.

Madmen and idiots are more sensitive to magnetism than people of sound minds; it should be easy to understand the reason of that: very little is required to turn completely the head of a drunken man, and one more easily acquires a disease when all the organs are predisposed to submit to its impressions, and manifest its disorders.

Fluidic maladies have their fatal crises. Every abnormal tension of the nervous apparatus ends in the contrary tension, according to the necessary laws of equilibrium. An exaggerated love changes to aversion, and every exalted hate comes very

near to love; the reaction happens suddenly with the flame and violence of the thunderbolt. Ignorance then laments it or exclaims against it; science resigns itself, and remains silent.

There are two loves, that of the heart, and that of the head: the love of the heart never excites itself, it gathers itself together, and grows slowly by the path of ordeal and sacrifice; purely nervous and passionate cerebral love lives only on enthusiasm, dashes itself against all duties, treats the beloved object as a prize of conquest, is selfish, exacting, restless, tyrannical, and is fated to drag after it either suicide as the final catastrophe, or adultery as a remedy. These phenomena are constant like nature, inexorable as fatality.

A young artist full of courage, with her future all before her, had a husband, an honest man, a seeker after knowledge, a poet, whose only fault was an excess of love for her; she outraged him and left him, and has continued to hate him ever since. Yet she, too, is a decent woman; the pitiless world, however, judges and condemns her. And yet, this was not her crime. Her fault, if one may be permitted to reproach her with one, was that, at first, she madly and passionately loved her husband.

"But," you will say, "is not the human soul, then, free?" No, it is no longer free when it has abandoned itself to the giddiness caused by passion. It is only wisdom which is free; disordered passions are the kingdom of folly, and folly is fatality.

What we have said of love may equally well be said of religion, which is the most powerful, but also the most intoxicating, of all loves. Religious passion has also its excesses

and its fatal reactions, One may have ecstasies and stigmata like St. Francis of Assisi, and fall afterwards into abysses of debauch and impiety.

Passionate natures are highly charged magnets; they attract or repel with violence.

It is possible to magnetize in two ways: first, in acting by will upon the plastic medium of another person, whose will and whose acts are, in consequence, subordinated to that action.

Secondly, in acting through the will of another, either by intimidation, or by persuasion, so that the influenced will modifies at our pleasure the plastic medium and the acts of that person.

One magnetizes by radiation, by contact, by look, or by word.

The vibrations of the voice modify the movement of the astral light, and are a powerful vehicle of magnetism.

The warm breath magnetizes positively, and the cold breath negatively.

A warm and prolonged insufflation upon the spinal column at the base of the cerebellum may occasion erotic phenomena.

If one puts the right hand upon the head and the left hand under the feet of a person completely enveloped with wool or silk, one causes the magnetic spark to pass completely through the body, and one may thus occasion a nervous revolution in his organism with the rapidity of lightning.

Magnetic passes only serve to direct the will of the magnetizer in confirming it by acts. They are signs and nothing more. The act of the will is expressed and not operated by these signs.

Powdered charcoal absorbs and retains the astral light. This explains the magic mirror of Dupotet.

Figures traced in charcoal appear luminous to a magnetized person, and take, for him, following the direction indicated by the will of the magnetizer, the most gracious or the most terrifying forms.

The astral light, or rather the vital light, of the plastic medium, absorbed by the charcoal, becomes wholly negative; for this reason animals which are tormented by electricity, as for example, cats, love to roll themselves upon coal. One day, medicine will make use of this property, and nervous persons will find great relief from it.

CHAPTER II

LIFE AND DEATH.—SLEEP AND WAKING

SLEEP is an incomplete death; death is a complete sleep.

Nature subjects us to sleep in order to accustom us to the idea of death, and warns us by dreams of the persistence of another life.

The astral light into which sleep plunges us is like an ocean in which innumerable images are afloat, flotsam of wrecked existences, mirages and reflections of those which pass, presentiments of those which are about to be.

Our nervous disposition attracts to us those images which correspond to our agitation, to the nature of our fatigue, just as a magnet, moved among particles of various metals, would attract to itself and choose particularly the iron filings.

Dreams reveal to us the sickness or the health, the calm or the disturbance, of our plastic medium, and consequently, also, that of our nervous apparatus.

They formulate our presentiments by the analogy which the images bear to them.

For all ideas have a double significance for us, relating to our double life.

There exists a language of sleep; in the waking state it is impossible to understand it, or even to order its words.

The language of slumber is that of nature, hieroglyphic in its character, and rhythmical in its sounds.

Slumber may be either giddy or lucid.

Madness is a permanent state of vertiginous somnambulism.

A violent disturbance may wake madmen to sense, or kill them.

Hallucinations, when they obtain the adhesion of the intelligence, are transitory attacks of madness.

Every mental fatigue provokes slumber; but if the fatigue is accompanied by nervous irritation, the slumber may be incomplete, and take on the character of somnambulism.

One sometimes goes to sleep without knowing it in the midst of real life; and then, instead of thinking, one dreams.

How is it that we remember things which have never happened to us? Because we dreamt them when wide awake.

This phenomenon of involuntary and unperceived sleep when it suddenly traverses real life, often happens to those who over-excite their nervous organism by excesses either of work, vigil, drink, or erethism.

Monomaniacs are asleep when they perform unreasonable acts. They no longer remember anything on waking.

When Papavoine was arrested by the police, he calmly said to them these remarkable words: *You are taking the other for me.*

It was the somnambulist who was still speaking.

Edgar Poe, that unhappy man of genius who used to intoxicate himself, has terribly described the somnambulism of monomaniacs. Sometimes it is an assassin who hears, and who thinks that everybody hears, through the walls of the tomb, the beating of his victim's heart; sometimes it is a poisoner who, by dint of saying to himself, "I am safe, provided I do not go and denounce myself," ends by dreaming aloud that he is denouncing himself, and in fact does so. Edgar Poe himself invented neither the persons nor the facts of these strange novels; he dreamt them waking, and that is why he clothed them so well with all the colours of a shocking reality.

Dr. Brière de Boismont in his remarkable work on "Hallucinations," tells the story of an Englishman otherwise quite sane, who thought that he had met a stranger and made his acquaintance, who took him to lunch at his tavern, and then having asked him to visit St. Paul's in his company, had tried to throw him from the top of the tower which they had climbed together.

From that moment the Englishman was obsessed by this stranger, whom he alone could see, and whom he always met when he was alone, and had dined well.

Precipices attract; drunkenness calls to drunkenness; madness has invincible charms for madness. When a man

succumbs to sleep, he holds in horror everything which might wake him. It is the same with the hallucinated, with statical somnambulists, maniacs, epileptics, and all those who abandon themselves to the delirium of a passion. They have heard the fatal music, they have entered into the dance of death; and they feel themselves dragged away into the whirl of vertigo. You speak to them, they no more hear you; you warn them, they no longer understand you, but your voice annoys them; they are asleep with the sleep of death.

Death is a current which carries you away, a whirlpool which draws you down, but from the bottom of which the least movement may make you climb again. The force of repulsion being equal to that of attraction, at the very moment of expiring, one often attaches oneself again violently to life. Often also, by the same law of equilibrium, one passes from sleep to death through complaisance for sleep.

A shallop sways upon the shores of the lake. The child enters the water, which, shining with a thousand reflections, dances around him and calls him; the chain which retains the boat stretches and seems to wish to break itself; then a marvellous bird shoots out from the bank, and skims, singing, upon the joyous waves; the child wishes to follow it, he puts his hand upon the chain, he detaches the ring.

Antiquity divined the mystery of the attraction of death, and represented it in the fable of Hylas. Weary with a long voyage, Hylas has arrived in a flowered, enamelled isle; he approaches a fountain to draw water; a gracious mirage smiles at him; he sees a nymph stretch out her arms to him, his own lose nerve, and cannot draw back the heavy jar; the fresh fragrance of the spring puts him to sleep; the perfumes

of the bank intoxicate him. There he is, bent over the water like a narcissus whose stalk has been broken by a child at play; the full jar falls to the bottom, and Hylas follows it; he dies, dreaming that nymphs caress him, and no longer hears the voice of Hercules recalling him to the labours of life; Hercules, who runs wildly everywhere, crying, "Hylas! Hylas!"

Another fable, not less touching, which steps forth from the shadows of the Orphic initiation, is that of Eurydice recalled to life by the miracles of harmony and love, of Eurydice, that sensitive broken on the very day of her marriage, who takes refuge in the tomb, trembling with modesty. Soon she hears the lyre of Orpheus, and slowly climbs again towards the light; the terrible divinities of Erebus dare not bar her passage. She follows the poet, or rather the poetry which she adores. . . . But, woe to the lover if he changes the magnetic current and pursues in his turn, with a single look, her whom he should only attract! The sacred love, the virginal love, the love which is stronger than the tomb, seeks only devotion, and flies in terror before the egoism of desire. Orpheus knows it; but, for an instant, he forgets it. Eurydice, in her white bridal dress, lies upon the marriage bed; he wears the vestments of Grand Hierophant, he stands upright, his lyre in his hand, his head crowned with the sacred laurel, his eyes turned towards the East, and he sings. He sings of the luminous arrows of love that traverse the shadows of old Chaos, the waves of soft, clear light, flowing from the black teats of the mother of the gods, from which hang the two children, Eros and Anteros. He says the song of Adonis returning to life in answer to the complaint of Venus, reviving like a flower under the shining dew of her

tears; the song of Castor and Pollux, whom death could not divide, and who love alternately in hell and upon earth. . . . Then he calls softly Eurydice, his dear Eurydice, his so much loved Eurydice:

> Ah! miseram Eurydicen animâ fugiente vocabat,
> Eurydicen! toto referebant flumine ripæ.

While he sings, that pallid statue of the sculptor death takes on the colour of the first tint of life, its white lips begin to redden like the dawn . . . Orpheus sees her, he trembles, he stammers, the hymn almost dies upon his lips, but she pales anew; then the Grand Hierophant tears from his lyre sublime heartrending songs, he looks no more save upon Heaven, he weeps, he prays, and Eurydice opens her eyes . . . Unhappy one, do not look at her! sing! sing! do not scare away the butterfly of Psyche, which is about to alight on this flower! But the insensate man has seen the look of the woman whom he has raised from the dead, the Grand Hierophant gives place to the lover, his lyre falls from his hands, he looks upon Eurydice, he darts towards her, . . . he clasps her in his arms, he finds her frozen still, her eyes are closed again, her lips are paler and colder than ever, the sensitive soul has trembled, the frail cord is broken anew—and for ever. . . . Eurydice is dead, and the hymns of Orpheus can no longer recall her to life!

In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, we had the temerity to say that the resurrection of the dead is not an impossible phenomenon even on the physical plane; and in saying that, we have not denied or in any way contradicted the fatal law of death. A death which can discontinue is only lethargy and slumber; but it is by lethargy and slumber that

death always begins. The state of profound peace which succeeds the agitations of life carries away the relaxed and sleeping soul; one cannot make it return, and force it to plunge anew into life, except by exciting violently all its affections and all its desires. When Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was upon the earth, the earth was more beautiful and more desirable than Heaven; and yet it was necessary for Jesus to cry aloud and apply a shock in order to awaken Jairus's daughter. It was by dint of shudderings and tears that he called back his friend Lazarus from the tomb, so difficult is it to interrupt a tired soul who is sleeping his beauty-sleep!

At the same time, the countenance of death has not the same serenity for every soul that contemplates it. When one has missed the goal of life, when one carries away with one frenzied greeds or unassuaged hates, eternity appears to the ignorant or guilty soul with such a formidable proportion of sorrows, that it sometimes tries to fling itself back into mortal life. How many souls, urged by the nightmare of hell, have taken refuge in their frozen bodies, their bodies already covered with funereal marble! Men have found skeletons turned over, convulsed, twisted, and they have said, "Here are men who have been buried alive." Often this was not the case. These may always be waifs of death, men raised from the tomb, who, before they could abandon themselves altogether to the anguish of the threshold of eternity, were obliged to make a second attempt.

A celebrated magnetist, Baron Dupotet, teaches in his secret book on *Magic* that one can kill by magic as by electricity. There is nothing strange in this revelation for

anyone who is well acquainted with the analogies of Nature. It is certain that in diluting beyond measure, or in coagulating suddenly, the plastic medium of a subject, it is possible to loose the body from the soul. It is sometimes sufficient to arouse a violent anger, or an overmastering fear in anyone, to kill him suddenly.

The habitual use of magnetism usually puts the subject who abandons himself to it at the mercy of the magnetizer. When communication is well-established, and the magnetizer can produce at will slumber, insensibility, catalepsy, and so on, it will only require a little further effort to bring on death.

We have been told as an actual fact a story whose authenticity we will not altogether guarantee.

We are about to repeat it because it may be true.

Certain persons who doubted both religion and magnetism, of that incredulous class which is ready for all superstitions and all fanaticisms, had persuaded a poor girl to submit to their experiments for a fee. This girl was of an impressionable and nervous nature, fatigued moreover by the excesses of a life which had been more than irregular, while she was already disgusted with existence. They put her to sleep; bade her see; she weeps and struggles. They speak to her of God; she trembles in every limb.

"No," said she, "no; He frightens me; I will not look at Him."

"Look at Him, I wish it."

She opens her eyes, her pupils expand; she is terrifying.

"What do you see?"

"I should not know how to say it. . . . Oh for pity's sake awaken me!"

"No, look, and say what you see."

"I see a black night in which whirl sparks of every colour around two great ever-rolling eyes. From these eyes leap rays whose spiral whorls fill space. . . . Oh, it hurts me! Wake me!"

"No, look."

"Where do you wish me to look now?"

"Look into Paradise."

"No, I cannot climb there; the great night pushes me back, I always fall back."

"Very well then, look into hell."

Here the sleep-waker became convulsively agitated.

"No, no!" she cried sobbing; "I will not! I shall be giddy; I should fall! Oh, hold me back! Hold me back!"

"No, descend."

"Where do you want me to descend?"

"Into hell."

"But it is horrible! No! No! I will not go there!"

"Go there."

"Mercy!"

"Go there. It is my will."

The features of the sleep-waker become terrible to behold; her hair stands on end; her wide-opened eyes show only the white; her breast heaves, and a sort of death-rattle escapes from her throat.

"Go there. It is my will," repeats the magnetizer.

"I am there!" says the unhappy girl between her teeth, falling back exhausted. Then she no longer answers; her head hangs heavy on her shoulder; her arms fall idly by her side. They approach her. They touch her. They try to

waken her, but it is too late; the crime was accomplished; the woman was dead. It was to the public incredulity in the matter of magnetism that the authors of this sacrilegious experiment owed their own immunity from prosecution. The authorities held an inquest, and death was attributed to the rupture of an aneurism. The body, anyhow, bore no trace of violence; they had it buried, and there was an end of the matter.

Here is another anecdote which we heard from a travelling companion.

Two friends were staying in the same inn, and sharing the same room. One of them had a habit of talking in his sleep, and, at that time, would answer the questions which his comrade put to him. One night, he suddenly uttered stifled cries; his companion woke up and asked him what was the matter.

"But, don't you see," said the sleeper, "don't you see that enormous stone . . . it is becoming loose from the mountain . . . it is falling on me, it is going to crush me."

"Oh, well, get out of its way!"

"Impossible! My feet are caught in brambles that cling ever closer. Ah! Help! Help! There is the great stone coming right upon me!"

"Well, there it is!" said the other laughing, throwing the pillow at his head in order to wake him.

A terrible cry, suddenly strangled in his throat, a convulsion, a sigh, then nothing more. The practical joker gets up, pulls his comrade's arm, calls him; in his turn, he becomes frightened, he cries out, people come with lights . . . the unfortunate sleep-waker was dead.

CHAPTER III

MYSTERIES OF HALLUCINATIONS AND OF THE EVOCATION OF SPIRITS

An hallucination is an illusion produced by an irregular movement of the astral light.

It is, as we said previously, the admixture of the phenomena of sleep with those of waking.

Our plastic medium breathes in and out the astral light or vital soul of the earth, as our body breathes in and out the terrestrial atmosphere. Now, just as in certain places the air is impure and not fit for breathing, in the same way, certain unusual circumstances may make the astral light unwholesome, and not assimilable.

The air of some places may be too bracing for some people, and suit others perfectly; it is exactly the same with the magnetic light.

The plastic medium is like a metallic statue always in a state of fusion. If the mould is defective, it becomes deformed; if the mould breaks, it runs out.

The mould of the plastic medium is balanced and polarized vital force. Our body, by means of the nervous system, attracts and retains this fugitive form of light; but local fatigue, or partial over-excitement of the apparatus, may occasion fluidic deformities.

These deformities partially falsify the mirror of the imagination, and thus occasion habitual hallucinations to the static type of visionary.

The plastic medium, made in the image and likeness of our

body, of which it figures every organ in light, has a sight, touch, hearing, smell and taste which are proper to itself; it may, when it is over-excited, communicate them by vibrations to the nervous apparatus in such a manner that the hallucination is complete. The imagination seems then to triumph over Nature itself, and produces truly strange phenomena. The material body, deluged with fluid, seems to participate in the fluidic qualities, it escapes from the operation of the laws of gravity, becomes momentarily invulnerable, and even invisible, in a circle of persons suffering from collective hallucination. The convulsionaries of St. Médard, as one knows, had their flesh torn off with red-hot pincers, had themselves felled like oxen, and ground like corn, and crucified, without suffering any pain; they were levitated, walked about head downwards, and ate bent pins and digested them.

We think we ought to recapitulate here the remarks which we published in the *Estafette* on the prodigies produced by the American medium Home, and on several phenomena of the same kind.

We have never personally witnessed Mr. Home's miracles, but our information comes from the best sources; we gathered it in a house where the American medium had been received with kindness when he was in misfortune, and with indulgence when he reached the point of thinking that his illness was a piece of good luck; in the house of a lady born in Poland, but thrice French by the nobility of her heart, the indescribable charm of her spirit, and the European celebrity of her name.

The publication of this information in the *Estafette* attracted to us at that time, without our particularly knowing

why, the insults of a Mr. de Pène, since then become known to fame through his unfortunate duel. We thought at the time of La Fontaine's fable about the fool who threw stones at the sage. Mr. de Pène spoke of us as an unfrocked priest, and a bad Catholic. We at least showed ourself a good Christian in pitying and forgiving him, and as it is impossible to be an unfrocked priest without ever having been a priest, we let fall to the ground an insult which did not reach us.

Spooks in Paris.

Mr. Home, a week ago, was once more about to quit Paris, that Paris where even the angels and the demons, if they appeared in any shape, would not pass very long for marvellous beings, and would find nothing better to do than to return at top-speed to heaven or to hell, to escape the forgetfulness and the neglect of human kind.

Mr. Home, his air sad and disillusioned, was then bidding farewell to a noble lady whose kindly welcome had been one of the first happinesses which he had tasted in France. Mme. de B. . . treated him very kindly that day, as always, and asked him to stay to dinner; the man of mystery was about to accept, when, some one having just said that they were waiting for a qabalist, well known in the world of occult science by the publication of a book entitled *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, Mr. Home suddenly changed countenance, and said, stammering, and with a visible embarrassment, that he could not remain, and that the approach of this Professor of Magic caused him an incomparable terror. Everything one could say to reassure him proved useless. "I do not presume to judge the man," said he; "I do not

assert that he is good or evil, I know nothing about it; but his atmosphere hurts me; near him I should feel myself, as it were, without force, even without life." After which explanation, Mr. Home hastened to salute and withdraw.

This terror of miracle-mongers in the presence of the veritable initiates of science, is not a new fact in the annals of occultism. You may read in Philostratus the history of the Lamia who trembles on hearing the approach of Apollonius of Tyana. Our admirable story-teller Alexander Dumas dramatized this magical anecdote in the magnificent epitome of all legends which forms the prologue to his great epic novel, *The Wandering Jew.*[1] The scene takes place at Corinth; it is an old-time wedding with its beautiful children crowned with flowers, bearing the nuptial torches, and singing gracious epithalamia flowered with voluptuous images like the poems of Catullus. The bride is as beautiful in her chaste draperies as the ancient Polyhymnia; she is amorous and deliciously provoking in her modesty, like a Venus of Correggio, or a Grace of Canova. The bridegroom is Clinias, a disciple of the famous Apollonius of Tyana. The master had promised to come to his disciple's wedding, but he does not arrive, and the fair bride breathes easier, for she fears Apollonius. However, the day is not over. The hour has arrived when the newly married are to be conducted to the nuptial couch. Meroe trembles, pales, looks obstinately towards the door, stretches out her hand with alarm and says in a strangled voice: "Here he is! It is he!" It was in fact Apollonius. Here is the magus; here is the master; the hour of enchantments has passed; jugglery falls before true

[1] Some authorities attribute this novel to Eugène Sue.—TRANS.

science. One seeks the lovely bride, the white Meroe, and one sees no more than an old woman, the sorceress Canidia, the devourer of little children. Clinias is disabused; he thanks his master, he is saved.

The vulgar are always deceived about magic, and confuse adepts with enchanters. True magic, that is to say, the traditional science of the magi, is the mortal enemy of enchantment; it prevents, or makes to cease, sham miracles, hostile to the light, that fascinate a small number of prejudiced or credulous witnesses. The apparent disorder in the laws of Nature is a lie: it is not then a miracle. The true miracle, the true prodigy always flaming in the eyes of all, is the ever constant harmony of effect and cause; these are the splendours of eternal order!

We could not say whether Cagliostro would have performed miracles in the presence of Swedenborg; but he would certainly have dreaded the presence of Paracelsus and of Henry Khunrath, if these great men had been his contemporaries.

Far be it from us, however, to denounce Mr. Home as a low-class sorcerer, that is to say, as a charlatan. The celebrated American medium is sweet and natural as a child. He is a poor and over-sensitive being, without cunning and without defence; he is the plaything of a terrible force of whose nature he is ignorant, and the first of his dupes is certainly himself.

The study of the strange phenomena which are produced in the neighbourhood of this young man is of the greatest importance. One must seriously reconsider the too easy denials of the eighteenth century, and open out before

science and reason broader horizons than those of a bourgeois criticism, which denies everything which it does not yet know how to explain to itself. Facts are inexorable, and genuine good faith should never fear to examine them.

The explanation of these facts, which all traditions obstinately affirm, and which are reproduced before our eyes with tiresome publicity, this explanation, ancient as the facts themselves, rigorous as mathematics, but drawn for the first time from the shadows in which the hierophants of all ages have hidden it, would be a great scientific event if it could obtain sufficient light and publicity. This event we are perhaps about to prepare, for one would not permit us the audacious hope of accomplishing it.

Here, in the first place, are the facts, in all their singularity. We have verified them, and we have established them with a rigorous exactitude, abstaining in the first place from all explanation and all commentary.

Mr. Home is subject to trances which put him, according to his own account, in direct communication with the soul of his mother, and, through her, with the entire world of spirits. He describes, like the sleep-wakers of Cahagnet, persons whom he has never seen, and who are recognized by those who evoke them; he will tell you even their names, and will reply, on their behalf, to questions which can be understood only by the soul evoked and yourselves.

When he is in a room, inexplicable noises make themselves heard. Violent blows resound upon the furniture, and in the walls; sometimes doors and windows open by themselves, as if they were blown open by a storm; one even hears the wind and the rain, though when one goes out of doors, the sky

is cloudless, and one does not feel the lightest breath of wind.

The furniture is overturned and displaced, without anybody touching it.

Pencils write of their own accord. Their writing is that of Mr. Home, and they make the same mistakes as he does.

Those present feel themselves touched and seized by invisible hands. These contacts, which seem to select ladies, lack a serious side, and sometimes even propriety. We think that we shall be sufficiently understood.

Visible and tangible hands come out, or seem to come out, of tables; but in this case, the tables must be covered. The invisible agent needs certain apparatus, just as do the cleverest successors of Robert Houdin.

These hands show themselves above all in darkness; they are warm and phosphorescent, or cold and black. They write stupidities, or touch the piano; and when they have touched the piano, it is necessary to send for the tuner, their contact being always fatal to the exactitude of the instrument.

One of the most considerable personages in England, Sir Bulwer Lytton, has seen and touched those hands; we have read his written and signed attestation. He declares even that he has seized them, and drawn them towards himself with all his strength, in order to withdraw from their incognito the arm to which they should naturally be attached. But the invisible object has proved stronger than the English novelist, and the hands have escaped him.

A Russian nobleman who was the protector of Mr. Home, and whose character and good faith could not possibly be doubted, Count A. B——, has also seen and seized with

vigour the mysterious hands. "They are," says he, "perfect shapes of human hands, warm and living, *only one feels no bones*." Pressed by an unavoidable constraint, those hands did not struggle to escape, but grew smaller, and in some way melted, so that the Count ended by no longer holding anything.

Other persons who have seen them, and touched them, say that the fingers are puffed out and stiff, and compare them to gloves of india-rubber, swollen with a warm and phosphorescent air. Sometimes, instead of hands, it is feet which produce themselves, but never naked. The spirit, which probably lacks footwear, respects (at least in this particular) the delicacy of ladies, and never shows his feet but under a drapery or a cloth.

The production of these feet very much tires and frightens Mr. Home. He then endeavours to approach some healthy person, and seizes him like a drowning man; the person so seized by the medium feels himself, on a sudden, in a singular state of exhaustion and debility.

A Polish gentleman, who was present at one of the *séances* of Mr. Home, had placed on the ground between his feet a pencil on a paper, and had asked for a sign of the presence of the spirit. For some instants nothing stirred, but suddenly, the pencil was thrown to the other end of the room. The gentleman stooped, took the paper, and saw there three qabalistic signs which nobody understood. Mr. Home (alone) appeared, on seeing them, to be very much upset, and even frightened; but he refused to explain himself as to the nature and significance of these characters. The investigators accordingly kept them, and took them to that Professor of High

Magic whose approach had been so much dreaded by the medium. We have seen them, and here is a minute description of them.

They were traced forcibly, and the pencil had almost cut the paper.

They had been dashed on to the paper without order or alignment.

The first was the symbol which the Egyptian initiates usually placed in the hand of Typhon. A tau with upright double lines opened in the form of a compass; an ankh (or crux ansata) having at the top a circular ring; below the ring, a double horizontal line; beneath the double horizontal line, two oblique lines, like a V upside down.

The second character represented a Grand Hierophant's cross, with the three hierarchical cross-bars. This symbol, which dates from the remotest antiquity, is still the attribute of our sovereign pontiffs, and forms the upper extremity of their pastoral staff. But the sign traced by the pencil had this particularity, that the upper branch, the head of the cross, was double, and formed again the terrible Typhonian V, the sign of antagonism and separation, the symbol of hate and eternal combat.

The third character was that which Freemasons call the Philosophical Cross, a cross with four equal arms, with a point in each of its angles. But, instead of four points, there were only two, placed in the two right-hand corners, once more a sign of struggle, separation and denial.

The Professor, whom one will allow us to distinguish from the narrator, and to name in the third person in order not to weary our readers in having the air of speaking of

ourself—the Professor, then, Master Eliphas Levi, gave the persons assembled in Mme. de B——'s drawing-room the scientific explanation of the three signatures, and this is what he said :

"These three signs belong to the series of sacred and primitive hieroglyphs, known only to initiates of the first order. The first is the signature of Typhon. It expresses the blasphemy of the evil spirit by establishing dualism in the creative principle. For the crux ansata of Osiris is a lingam upside down, and represents the paternal and active force of God (the vertical line extending from the circle) fertilizing passive nature (the horizontal line). To double the vertical line is to affirm that nature has two fathers; it is to put adultery in the place of the divine motherhood, it is to affirm, instead of the principle of intelligence, blind fatality, which has for result the eternal conflict of appearances in nothingness; it is, then, the most ancient, the most authentic, and the most terrible of all the stigmata of hell. It signifies the *atheistic god*; it is the signature of Satan.

"This first signature is hieratical, and bears reference to the occult characters of the divine world.

"The second pertains to philosophical hieroglyphs, it represents the graduated extent of idea, and the progressive extension of form.

"It is a triple tau upside down; it is human thought affirming the absolute in the three worlds; and that absolute ends here by a fork, that is to say, by the sign of doubt and antagonism. So that, if the first character means: 'There is no God,' the rigorous signification of this one is: 'Hierarchical truth does not exist.'

"The third or philosophical cross has been in all initiations the symbol of Nature, and its four elementary forms. The four points represent the four indicible and incommunicable letters of the occult tetragram, that eternal formula of the Great Arcanum, G.·. A.·.

"The two points on the right represent force, as those on the left symbolize love, and the four letters should be read from right to left, beginning by the right-hand upper corner, and going thence to the left-hand lower corner, and so for the others, making the cross of St. Andrew.

"The suppression of the two left-hand points expresses the negation of the cross, the negation of mercy and of love.

"The affirmation of the absolute reign of force, and its eternal antagonism, from above to beneath, and from beneath to above.

"The glorification of tyranny and of revolt.

"The hieroglyphic sign of the unclean rite, with which, rightly or wrongly, the Templars were reproached; it is the sign of disorder and of eternal despair."

Such, then, are the first revelations of the hidden science of the magi with regard to these phenomena of supernatural manifestations. Now let it be permitted to us to compare with these strange signatures other contemporary apparitions of phenomenal writings, for it is really a brief which science ought to study before taking it to the tribunal of public opinion. One must then despise no research, overlook no clue.

In the neighbourhood of Caen, at Tilly-sur-Seulles, a series of inexplicable facts occurred some years ago, under the influence of a medium, or ecstatic, named Eugène Vintras.

Certain ridiculous circumstances and a prosecution for swindling soon caused this thaumaturgist to fall into oblivion, and even into contempt; he had, moreover, been attacked with violence in pamphlets whose authors had at one time been admirers of his doctrine, for the medium Vintras took it upon himself to dogmatize. One thing, however, is remarkable in the invectives of which he is the object: his adversaries, though straining every effort in order to scourge him, recognize the truth of his miracles, and content themselves with attributing them to the devil.

What, then, are these so authentic miracles of Vintras? On this subject we are better informed than anybody, as will soon appear. Affidavits signed by honourable witnesses, persons who are artists, doctors, priests, all men above reproach, have been communicated to us; we have questioned eye-witnesses, and, better than that, we have seen with our own eyes. The facts deserve to be described in detail.

There is in Paris a writer named Mr. Madrolle, who is, to say the least of it, a bit eccentric. He is an old man of good family. He wrote at first on behalf of Catholicism in the most exalted way, received most flattering encouragements from ecclesiastical authority, and even letters from the Holy See. Then he saw Vintras; and, led away by the prestige of his miracles, became a determined sectarian, and an irreconcilable enemy of the hierarchy and of the clergy.

At the period when Eliphas Levi was publishing his *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, he received a pamphlet from Mr. Madrolle which astonished him. In it, the author vigorously sustained the most unheard of paradoxes in the disordered style of the ecstatics. For him, life sufficed for

the expiation of the greatest crimes, since it was the consequence of a sentence of death. The most wicked men, being the most unhappy of all, seemed to him to offer the sublimest of expiations to God. He broke all bounds in his attack on all repression and all damnation. "A religion which damns," he cried, "is a damned religion!" He further preached the most absolute licence under the pretext of charity, and so far forgot himself as to say, that *the most imperfect and the most apparently reprehensible act of love was worth more than the best of prayers.*[1] It was the Marquis de Sade turned preacher![2] Further, he denied the existence of the devil with an enthusiasm often full of eloquence.

"Can you conceive," said he, "a devil tolerated and authorized by God? Can you conceive, further, a God who made the devil, and who allowed him to ravage creatures already so weak, and so prompt to deceive themselves! A god of the devil, in short, abetted, protected, and scarcely surpassed in his revenges, by a devil of a god!" The rest of the pamphlet was of the same vigour. The Professor of Magic was almost frightened, and inquired the address of Mr. Madrolle. It was not without some trouble that he obtained an interview with this singular pamphleteer, and here is, more or less, their conversation:

ELIPHAS LEVI. "Sir, I have received a pamphlet from you.

[1] Quoted with approval in Solution of the First Problem, IX, p. 52.—O. M. It is difficult to determine whether the words 'act of love' should be interpreted in their gross, or in their mystical, sense. Perhaps Madrolle was himself intentionally ambiguous.—TRANS.

[2] But the Marquis de Sade was, above all, a preacher. Three-fourths of *Justine* are verbose arguments in favour of so-called vice. Again Levi trips in referring to an author whom he has not read.—TRANS.

I am come to thank you for your gift, and, at the same time, to testify to my astonishment and disappointment."

MR. MADROLLE. "Your disappointment, sir! Pray explain yourself, I do not understand you."

"It is a lively regret to me, sir, to see you make mistakes which I have myself at one time made. But I had then, at least, the excuse of inexperience and youth. Your pamphlet lacks conviction, because it lacks discrimination. Your intention was doubtless to protest against errors in belief, and abuses in morality: and behold, it is the belief and the morality themselves that you attack! The exaltation which overflows in your pamphlet may indeed do you the greatest harm, and some of your best friends must have experienced anxiety with regard to the state of your health. . . ."

"Oh, no doubt; they have said, and say still, that I am mad. But it is nothing new that believers must undergo the folly of the cross. I am exalted, sir, because you yourself would be so in my place, because it is impossible to remain calm in the presence of prodigies. . . ."

"Oh, oh, you speak of prodigies, that interests me. Come, between ourselves, and in all good faith, of what prodigies are you speaking?"

"Eh, what prodigies should they be but those of the great prophet Elias, returned to earth under the name of Pierre Michel?"

"I understand; you mean Eugène Vintras. I have heard his prophecies spoken of. But does he really perform miracles?"

[*Here Mr. Madrolle jumps in his chair, raises his eyes and his hands to heaven, and finally smiles with a condescension which seems to sound the depths of pity.*]

"Does he do miracles, sir?

"But the greatest!

"The most astonishing!

"The most incontestable!

"The truest miracles that have ever been done on earth since the time of Jesus Christ! . . . What! Thousands of hosts appear on altars where there were none; wine appears in empty chalices, and it is not an illusion, it is wine, a delicious wine . . . . celestial music is heard, perfumes of the world beyond fill the room, and then blood . . . . real human blood (doctors have examined it!), real blood, I tell you, sweats and sometimes flows from the hosts, imprinting mysterious characters on the altars! I am talking to you of what I have seen, of what I have heard, of what I have touched, of what I have tasted! And you want me to remain cold at the bidding of an ecclesiastical authority which finds it more convenient to deny everything than to examine the least thing! . . ."

"By permission, sir; it is in religious matters, above all, that authority can never be wrong. . . . In religion, good is hierarchy, and evil is anarchy; to what would the influence of the priesthood be reduced, in effect, if you set up the principle that one must rather believe the testimony of one's senses than the decision of the Church? Is not the Church more visible than all your miracles? Those who see miracles and who do not see the Church are much more to be pitied than the blind, for there remains to them not even the resource of allowing themselves to be led. . . ."

"Sir, I know all that as well as you do. But God cannot be divided against Himself. He cannot allow good faith to be deceived, and the Church itself could hardly decide that

I am blind when I have eyes. . . . Here, see what John Huss says in his letter, the forty-third letter, towards the end:

"'A doctor of theology said to me: "In everything I should submit myself to the Council; everything would then be good and lawful for me." He added: "If the Council said that you had only one eye, although you have two, it would be still necessary to admit that the Council was not wrong." "Were the whole world," I replied, "to affirm such a thing, so long as I had the use of my reason, I should not be able to agree without wounding my conscience."' I will say to you, like John Huss, 'Before there were a Church and its councils there were truth and reason.'"

"Pardon me if I interrupt, my dear sir; you were a Catholic at one time, you are no longer so; consciences are free. I shall merely submit to you that the institution of the hierarchical infallibility in matters of dogma is reasonable in quite another sense, and far more incontestably true than all the miracles of the world. Besides, what sacrifices ought one not to make in order to preserve peace! Believe me, John Huss would have been a greater man if he had sacrificed one of his eyes to universal concord, rather than deluge Europe with blood! O sir! let the Church decide when she will that I have but one eye; I only ask her one favour, it is to tell me in which eye I am blind, in order that I may close it and look with the other with an irreproachable orthodoxy!"

"I admit that I am not orthodox in your fashion."

"I perceive that clearly. But let us come to the miracles! You have then seen, touched, felt, tasted them; but, come, putting exaltation on one side, please give me a thoroughly detailed and circumstantial account of the affair, and, above

all, evident proof of miracle. Am I indiscreet in asking you that?"

"Not the least in the world; but which shall I choose? There are so many!"

"Let me think," added Mr. Madrolle, after a moment's reflection and with a slight trembling in the voice, "the prophet is in London, and we are here. Eh! well, if you only make a mental request to the prophet to send you immediately the communion, and if in a place designated by you, in your own house, in a cloth, or in a book, you found a host on your return, what would you say?"

"I should declare the fact inexplicable by ordinary critical rules."

"Oh, well, sir," cried Mr. Madrolle, triumphantly, "there is a thing that often happens to me; whenever I wish, that is to say, whenever I am prepared and hope humbly to be worthy of it! Yes, sir, I find the host when I ask for it; I find it real and palpable, but often ornamented with little hearts, little miraculous hearts, which one might think had been painted by Raphael."

Eliphas Levi, who felt ill at ease in discussing facts with which there was mingled a sort of profanation of the most holy things, then took his leave of the one-time Catholic writer, and went out meditating on the strange influence of this Vintras, who had so overthrown that old belief, and turned the old savant's head.

Some days afterwards, the qabalist Eliphas was awakened very early in the morning by an unknown visitor. It was a man with white hair, entirely clothed in black; his physio-

gnomy that of an extremely devout priest; his whole air, in short, was entirely worthy of respect.

This ecclesiastic was furnished with a letter of recommendation conceived in these terms:

"DEAR MASTER,

"This is to introduce to you an old savant, who wants to gabble Hebrew sorcery with you. Receive him like myself—I mean as I myself received him—by getting rid of him in the best way you can.

"Entirely yours, in the sacrosanct Qabalah,

"AD. DESBARROLLES."

"Reverend sir," said Eliphas, smiling, after having read the letter, "I am entirely at your service, and can refuse nothing to the friend who writes to me. You have then seen my excellent disciple Desbarrolles?"

"Yes, sir, and I have found in him a very amiable and very learned man. I think both you and him worthy of the truth which has been lately revealed by astonishing miracles, and the positive revelations of the Archangel St. Michael."

"Sir, you do us honour. Has then the good Desbarrolles astonished you by his science?"

"Oh, certainly he possesses in a very remarkable degree the secrets of cheiromancy; by merely inspecting my hand, he told me nearly the whole history of my life."

"He is quite capable of that. But did he enter into the smallest details?"

"Sufficiently, sir, to convince me of his extraordinary power."

"Did he tell you that you were once the vicar of

Mont-Louis, in the diocese of Tours? That you are the most zealous disciple of the ecstatic Eugène Vintras? And that your name is Charvoz?"

It was a veritable thunderbolt; at each of these three phrases the old priest jumped in his chair. When he heard his name, he turned pale, and rose as if a spring had been released.

"You are then really a magician?" he cried; "Charvoz is certainly my name, but it is not that which I bear; I call myself La Paraz."

"I know it; La Paraz is the name of your mother. You have left a sufficiently enviable position, that of a country vicar, and your charming vicarage, in order to share the troubled existence of a sectary."

"Say of a great prophet!"

"Sir, I believe perfectly in your good faith. But you will permit me to examine a little the mission and the character of your prophet."

"Yes, sir; examination, full light, the microscope of science, that is all we ask. Come to London, sir, and you will see! The miracles are permanently established there."

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to give me, first of all, some exact and conscientious details with regard to the miracles?"

"Oh, as many as you like!"

And immediately the old priest began to recount things which the whole world would have found impossible, but which did not even turn an eye-lash of the Professor of Transcendental Magic.

Here is one of his stories :

One day Vintras, in an access of enthusiasm, was preaching before his heterodox altar ; twenty-five persons were present. An empty chalice was upon the altar, a chalice well known to the Abbé Charvoz ; he brought it himself from his church of Mont-Louis, and he was perfectly certain that the sacred vase had neither secret ducts nor double bottom.

" ' In order to prove to you,' said Vintras, ' that it is God Himself who inspires me, He acquaints me that this chalice will fill itself with drops of His blood, under the appearance of wine, and you will all be able to taste the fruit of the vines of the future, the wine which we shall drink with the Saviour in the Kingdom of His Father. . .'

" Overcome with astonishment and fear," continued the Abbé Charvoz, " I go up to the altar, I take the chalice, I look at the bottom of it : it was entirely empty. I overturned it in the sight of everyone, then I returned to kneel at the foot of the altar, holding the chalice between my two hands . . . Suddenly there was a slight noise ; the noise of a drop of water, falling into the chalice from the ceiling, was distinctly heard, and a drop of wine appeared at the bottom of the vase.

" Every eye was fixed on me. Then they looked at the ceiling, for our simple chapel was held in a poor room ; in the ceiling was neither hole nor fissure ; nothing was seen to fall, and yet the noise of the fall of the drops multiplied, it became more rapid, and more frequent, . . and the wine climbed from the bottom of the chalice towards the brim.

" When the chalice was full, I bore it slowly around so that all might see it ; then the prophet dipped his lips into it, and all, one after the other, tasted the miraculous wine. It is in

vain to search memory for any delicious taste which would give an idea of it. . . And what shall I tell you," added the Abbé Charvoz, "of those miracles of blood which astonish us every day? Thousands of wounded and bleeding hosts are found upon our altars. The sacred stigmata appear to all who wish to see them. The hosts, at first white, slowly become marked with characters and hearts in blood. . . . Must one believe that God abandons the holiest objects to the false miracles of the devil? Should not one rather adore, and believe that the hour of the supreme and final revelation has arrived?"

Abbé Charvoz, as he thus spoke, had in his voice that sort of nervous trembling that Eliphas Levi had already noticed in the case of Mr. Madrolle. The magician shook his head pensively; then, suddenly:

"Sir," said he to the Abbé; "you have upon you one or two of these miraculous hosts. Be good enough to show them to me."

"Sir——"

"You have some, I know it; why should you deny it?"

"I do not deny it," said Abbé Charvoz; "but you will permit me not to expose to the investigations of incredulity objects of the most sincere and devout belief."

"Reverend sir," said Eliphas gravely; "incredulity is the mistrust of an ignorance almost sure to deceive itself. Science is not incredulous. I believe, to begin with, in your own conviction, since you have accepted a life of privation and even of reproach, in order to stick to this unhappy belief. Show me then your miraculous hosts, and believe entirely in my respect for the objects of a sincere worship."

"Oh, well!" said the Abbé Charvoz, after another slight hesitation; "I will show them to you."

Then he unbuttoned the top of his black waistcoat and drew forth a little reliquary of silver, before which he fell on his knees, with tears in his eyes, and prayers on his lips; Eliphas fell on his knees beside him, and the Abbé opened the reliquary.

There were in the reliquary three hosts, one whole, the two others almost like paste, and as it were kneaded with blood.

The whole host bore in its centre a heart in relief on both sides; a clot of blood moulded in the form of a heart, which seemed to have been formed in the host itself in an inexplicable manner. The blood could not have been applied from without, for the imbibed colouring matter had left the particles adhering to the exterior surface quite white. The appearance of the phenomenon was the same on both sides. The Master of Magic was seized with an involuntary trembling.

This emotion did not escape the old vicar, who having once again done adoration and closed his reliquary, drew from his pocket an album, and gave it without a word to Eliphas.... There were copies of all the bleeding characters which had been observed upon hosts since the beginning of the ecstasies and miracles of Vintras.

There were hearts of every kind, and many different sorts of emblems. But three especially excited the curiosity of Eliphas, to the highest point.

"Reverend sir," said he to Charvoz, "do you know these three signs?"

"No," replied the Abbé ingenuously; "but the prophet assures us that they are of the highest importance, and that

their hidden signification shall soon be made known, that is to say, at the end of the Age."

"Oh, well, sir," solemnly replied the Professor of Magic; "even before the end of the Age, I will explain them to you: these three qabalistic signs are the signature of the devil!"

"It is impossible!" cried the old priest.

"It is the case," replied Eliphas, with determination.

Now, the signs were these:

1°.—The star of the micrososm, or the magic pentagram. It is the five-pointed star of occult masonry, the star with which Agrippa drew the human figure, the head in the upper point, the four limbs in the four others. The flaming star, which, when turned upside down, is the hierolgyphic sign of the goat of Black Magic, whose head may then be drawn in the star, the two horns at the top, the ears to the right and left, the beard at the bottom. It is the sign of antagonism and fatality. It is the goat of lust attacking the heavens with its horns. It is a sign execrated by initiates of a superior rank, even at the Sabbath.[1]

2°.—The two hermetic serpents. But the heads and tails, instead of coming together in two similar semicircles, were turned outwards, and there was no intermediate line representing the caduceus. Above the head of the serpents, one saw the fatal V, the Typhonian fork, the character of hell. To the right and left, the sacred numbers III and VII were relegated to the horizontal line which represents passive and secondary things. The meaning of the character was then this:

Antagonism is eternal.

[1] But if this were on a circular host, how could it be upside down?—O. M.

God is the strife of fatal forces, which always create through destruction.

The things of religion are passive and transitory.

Boldness makes use of them, war profits by them, and it is by them that discord is perpetuated.

3°.—Finally, the qabalistic monogram of Jehovah, the JOD and the HÉ, but upside down. This is, according to the doctors of occult science, the most frightful of all blasphemies, and signifies, however one may read it, "Fatality alone exists: God and the Spirit are not. Matter is all, and spirit is only a fiction of this matter demented. Form is more than idea, woman more than man, pleasure more than thought, vice more than virtue, the mob more than its chiefs, the children more than their fathers, folly more than reason!"

There is what was written in characters of blood upon the pretended miraculous hosts of Vintras!

We affirm upon our honour that the facts cited above are such as we have stated, and that we ourselves saw and explained the characters according to magical science and the true keys of the Qabalah.

The disciple of Vintras also communicated to us the description and design of the pontifical vestments given, said he, by Jesus Christ Himself to the pretended prophet, during one of his ecstatic trances. Vintras had these vestments made, and clothes himself with them in order to perform his miracles. They are red in colour. He wears upon his forehead a cross in the form of a lingam; and his pastoral staff is surmounted by a hand, all of whose fingers are closed, except the thumb and the little finger.

Now, all that is diabolical in the highest degree. And is

it not a really wonderful thing, this intuition of the signs of a lost science? For it is transcendental magic which, basing the universe upon the two columns of Hermes and of Solomon, has divided the metaphysical world into two intellectual zones, one white and luminous, enclosing positive ideas, the other black and obscure, containing negative ideas, and which has given to the synthesis of the first, the name of God, and to that of the other, the name of the devil or of Satan.

The sign of the lingam borne upon the forehead is in India the distinguishing mark of the worshippers of Shiva the destroyer; for that sign being that of the great magical arcanum, which refers to the mystery of universal generation, to bear it on the forehead is to make profession of dogmatic shamelessness. "Now," say the Orientals, "the day when there is no longer modesty in the world, the world, given over to debauch which is sterile, will end at once for lack of mothers. Modesty is the acceptance of maternity."

The hand with the three large fingers closed expresses the negation of the ternary, and the affirmation of the natural forces alone.

The ancient hierophants, as our learned and witty friend Desbarolles is about to explain in an admirable book which is at present in the press, had given a complete *résumé* of magical science in the human hand. The forefinger, for them, represented Jupiter; the middle finger, Saturn; the ring-finger, Apollo or the Sun. Among the Egyptians, the middle finger was Ops, the forefinger Osiris, and the little finger Horus; the thumb represented the generative force, and the little finger, cunning. A hand, showing only the thumb and

the little finger, is equivalent, in the sacred hieroglyphic language, to the exclusive affirmation of passion and diplomacy. It is the perverted and material translation of that great word of St. Augustine: "Love, and do what you will!" Compare now this sign with the doctrine of Mr. Madrolle: *The most imperfect and the most apparently guilty act of love is worth more than the best of prayers.* And you will ask yourself what is that force which, independently of the will, and of the greater or less knowledge of man (for Vintras is a man of no education), formulates its dogmas with signs buried in the rubbish of the ancient world, re-discovers the mysteries of Thebes and of Eleusis, and writes for us the most learned reveries of India with the occult alphabets of Hermes?

What is that force? I will tell you. But I have still plenty of other miracles to tell; and this article is like a judicial investigation. We must, before anything else, complete it.

However, we may be permitted, before proceeding to other accounts, to transcribe here a page from a German *illuminé*, the work of Ludwig Tieck:

"If, for example, as an ancient tradition informs us, some of the angels whom God had created fell all too soon, and if these, as they also say, were precisely the most brilliant of the angels, one may very well understand by this 'fall' that they sought a new road, a new form of activity, other occupations, and another life than those orthodox or more passive spirits who remained in the realm assigned to them, and made no use of liberty, the appanage of all of them. Their 'fall' was that weight of form which we now-a-days call reality, and which is a protest on the part of individual existence against

its reabsorption into the abysses of universal spirit. It is thus that death preserves and reproduces life, it is thus that life is betrothed to death. . . . Do you understand now what Lucifer is? *Is it not the very genius of ancient Prometheus*, that force which sets in motion the world, life, even movement, and which regulates the course of successive forms? This force, by its resistance, equilibrated the creative principle. It is thus that the Elohim gave birth to the earth. When, subsequently, men were placed upon the earth by the Lord, as intermediate spirits, in their enthusiasm, which led them to search Nature in its depths, they gave themselves over to the influence of that proud and powerful genius, and when they were softly ravished away over the precipice of death to find life, there it was that they began to exist in a real and natural manner, as is fit for all creatures."

This page needs no commentary, and explains sufficiently the tendencies of what one calls spiritualism, or *spiritism*.

It is already a long time since this doctrine, or, rather, this antidoctrine, began to work upon the world, to plunge it into universal anarchy. But the law of equilibrium will save us, and already the great movement of reaction has begun.

We continue the recital of the phenomena.

One day a workman paid a visit to Eliphas Levi. He was a tall man of some fifty years old, of frank appearance, and speaking in a very reasonable manner. Questioned as to the motive of his visit, he replied: "You ought to know it well enough; I am come to beg and pray you to return to me what I have lost."

We must say, to be frank, that Eliphas knew nothing of

this visitor, nor of what he might have lost. He accordingly replied: "You think me much more of a sorcerer than I am; I do not know who you are, nor what you seek; consequently, if you think that I can be useful to you in any way, you must explain yourself and make your request more precise."

"Oh, well, since you are determined not to understand me, you will at least recognize this," said the stranger, taking from his pocket a little, much-used black book.

It was the *grimoire* of Pope Honorius.

One word upon this little book so much decried.

The *grimoire* of Honorius is composed of an apocryphal constitution of Honorius II, for the evocation and control of spirits; then of some superstitious receipts . . . it was the manual of the bad priests who practised Black Magic during the darkest periods of the middle ages. You will find there bloody rites, mingled with profanations of the Mass and of the consecrated elements, formulæ of bewitchment and malevolent spells, and practices which stupidity alone could credit or knavery counsel. In fact, it is a book complete of its kind; it is consequently become very rare, and the bibliophile pushes it to very high prices in the public sales.

"My dear sir," said the workman, sighing, "since I was ten years old, I have not missed once performing the orison. This book never leaves me, and I comply rigorously with all the prescribed ceremonies. Why, then, have those who used to visit me abandoned me? Eli, Eli, lama——"

"Stop," said Eliphas, "do not parody the most formidable words that agony ever uttered in this world! Who are the beings who visited you by virtue of this horrible book? Do

you know them? Have you promised them anything? Have you signed a pact?"

"No," interrupted the owner of the *grimoire*; "I do not know them, and I have entered into no agreement with them. I only know that among them the chiefs are good, the intermediate rank partly good and partly evil; the inferiors bad, but blindly, and without its being possible for them to do better. He whom I evoked, and who has often appeared to me, belongs to the most elevated hierarchy; for he was good-looking, well dressed, and always gave me favourable answers. But I have lost a page of my *grimoire*, the first, the most important, that which bore the autograph of the spirit; and, since then, he no longer appears when I call him.

"I am a lost man. I am naked as Job, I have no longer either force or courage. O Master, I conjure you, you who need only say one word, make one sign, and the spirits will obey, take pity upon me, and restore to me what I have lost!"

"Give me your *grimoire!*" said Eliphas. "What name used you to give to the spirit who appeared to you?"

"I called him Adonai."

"And in what language was his signature?"

"I do not know, but I suppose it was in Hebrew."

"There," said the Professor of Transcendental Magic, after having traced two words in the Hebrew language in the beginning and at the end of the book. "Here are two words which the spirits of darkness will never counterfeit. Go in peace, sleep well, and no longer evoke spirits."

The workman withdrew.

A week later, he returned to seek the Man of Science.

"You have restored to me hope and life," said he; "my strength is partially returned, I am able with the signatures that you gave me to relieve sufferers, and cast out devils, but *him*, I cannot see him again, and, until I have seen him, I shall be sad to the day of my death. Formerly, he was always near me, he sometimes touched me, and he used to wake me up in the night to tell me all that I needed to know. Master, I beg of you, let me see him again!"

"See whom?"

"Adonai."

"Do you know who Adonai is?"

"No, but I want to see him again."

"Adonai is invisible."

"I have seen him."

"He has no form."

"I have touched him."

"He is infinite."

"He is very nearly of my own height."

"The prophets say of him that the hem of his vestment, from the East to the West, sweeps the stars of the morning."

"He had a very clean surcoat, and very white linen."

"The Holy Scripture says that one cannot see him and live."

"He had a kind and jovial face."

"But how did you proceed in order to obtain these apparitions?"

"Why, I did everything that it tells you to do in the *grimoire*."

"What! Even the bloody sacrifice?"

"Doubtless."

"Unhappy man! But who, then, was the victim?"

At this question, the workman had a slight trembling; he paled, and his glance became troubled.

"Master, you know better than I what it is," said he humbly in a low voice. "Oh, it cost me a great deal to do it; above all, the first time, with a single blow of the magic knife to cut the throat of that innocent creature! One night I had just accomplished the funereal rites, I was seated in the circle on the interior threshold of my door, and the victim had just been consumed in a great fire of alder and cypress wood. . . . All of a sudden, quite close to me . . . . I dreamt or rather I felt it pass . . . I heard in my ear a heartrending wail . . . one would have said that it wept; and since that moment, I think that I am hearing it always."

Eliphas had risen; he looked fixedly upon his interlocutor. Had he before him a dangerous madman, capable of renewing the atrocities of the seigneur of Retz? And yet the face of the man was gentle and honest. No, it was not possible.

"But then this victim. . . tell me clearly what it was. You suppose that I know already. Perhaps I do know, but I have reasons for wishing you to tell me."

"It was, according to the magic ritual, a young goat of a year old, virgin, and without defect."

"A real young he-goat?"

"Doubtless. Understand that it was neither a child's toy, nor a stuffed animal."

Eliphas breathed again.

"Good," thought he; "this man is not a sorcerer worthy of the stake. He does not know that the abominable authors

of the *grimoire*, when they spoke of the 'virgin he-goat,' meant a little child."

"Well," said he to his consultant; "give me some details about your visions. What you tell me interests me in the highest degree."

The sorcerer—for one must call him so—the sorcerer then told him of a series of strange facts, of which two families had been witness, and these facts were precisely identical with the phenomena of Mr. Home: hands coming out of walls, movements of furniture, phosphorescent apparitions. One day, the rash apprentice-magician had dared to call up Astaroth, and had seen the apparition of a gigantic monster having the body of a hog, and the head borrowed from the skeleton of a colossal ox. But he told all that with an accent of truth, a certainty of having seen, which excluded every kind of doubt as to the good faith and the entire conviction of the narrator. Eliphas, who is an epicure in magic, was delighted with this find. In the nineteenth century, a real sorcerer of the middle ages, a remarkably innocent and convinced sorcerer, a sorcerer who had seen Satan under the name of Adonai, Satan dressed like a respectable citizen, and Astaroth in his true diabolical form! What a supreme find for a museum! What a treasure for an archæologist!

"My friend," said he to his new disciple, "I am going to help you to find what you say you have lost. Take my book, observe the prescriptions of the ritual, and come again to see me in a week."

A week later he returned, but this time the workman declared that he had invented a life-saving machine of the greatest importance for the navy. The machine is perfectly

put together; it only lacks one thing—it will not work: there is a hidden defect in the machinery. What was that defect? The evil spirit alone could tell him. It is then absolutely necessary to evoke him! . . .

"Take care you do not!" said Eliphas. "You had much better say for nine days this qabalistic evocation." He gave him a leaf covered with manuscript. "Begin this evening, and return to-morrow to tell me what you have seen, for to night you will have a manifestation."

The next day, our good man did not miss the appointment.

"I woke up suddenly," said he, "upon one o'clock in the morning. In front of my bed I saw a bright light, and in this light a *shadowy arm* which passed and repassed before me, as if to magnetize me. Then I went to sleep again, and some instants afterwards, waking anew, I saw again the same light, but it had changed its place. It had passed from left to right, and upon a luminous background I distinguished the silhouette of a man who was looking at me with arms crossed."

"What was this man like?"

"Just about your height and breadth."

"It is well. Go, and continue to do what I told you."

The nine days rolled by; at the end of that time, a new visit; but this time he was absolutely radiant and excited. As soon as he caught sight of Eliphas:

"Thanks, Master!" he cried. "The machine works! People whom I did not know have come to place at my disposal the funds which were necessary to carry out my enterprise; I have found again peace in sleep; and all that thanks to your power!"

"Say, rather, thanks to your faith and your docility. And now, farewell: I must work. . . Well, why do you assume this suppliant air, and what more do you want of me?"

"Oh, if you only would——"

"Well, what now? Have you not obtained all that you asked for, and even more than you asked for, for you did not mention money to me?"

"Yes, doubtless," said the other sighing; "but I do want to see him again!"

"Incorrigible!" said Eliphas.

Some days afterwards, the Professor of Transcendental Magic was awakened, about two o'clock in the morning, by an acute pain in the head. For some moments he feared a cerebral congestion. He therefore rose, relit his lamp, opened his window, walked to and fro in his study, and then, calmed by the fresh air of the morning, he lay down again, and slept deeply. He had a nightmare: he saw, terribly real, the giant with the fleshless ox's head of which the workman had spoken to him. The monster pursued him, and struggled with him. When he woke up, it was already day, and somebody was knocking at his door. Eliphas rose, threw on a dressing-gown, and opened; it was the workman.

"Master," said he, entering hastily, and with an alarmed air; "how are you?"

"Very well," replied Eliphas.

"But last night, at two o'clock in the morning, did you not run a great danger?"

Eliphas did not grasp the allusion; he already no longer remembered the indisposition of the night.

"A danger?" said he. "No; none that I know of."

"Have you not been assaulted by a monster phantom, who sought to strangle you? Did it not hurt you?"

Eliphas remembered.

"Yes," said he, "certainly, I had the beginning of a sort of apoplectic attack, and a horrible dream. But how do you know that?"

"At the same time, an invisible hand struck me roughly on the shoulder, and awoke me suddenly. I dreamt then that I saw you fighting with Astaroth. I jumped up, and a voice said in my ear: 'Arise and go to the help of thy Master; he is in danger.' I got up in a great hurry. But where must I run? What danger threatened you? Was it at your own house, or elsewhere? The voice said nothing about that. I decided to wait for sunrise; and immediately day dawned, I ran, and here I am."

"Thanks, friend," said the magus, holding out his hand; "Astaroth is a stupid joker; all that happened last night was a little blood to the head. Now, I am perfectly well. Be assured, then, and return to your work."

Strange as may be the facts which we have just related, there remains for us to unveil a tragic drama much more extraordinary still.

It refers to the deed of blood which at the beginning of this year plunged Paris and all Christendom into mourning and stupefaction; a deed in which no one suspected that Black Magic had any part.

Here is what happened:

During the winter, at the beginning of last year, a bookseller informed the author of the *Dogme et rituel de la*

haute magie that an ecclesiastic was looking for his address, testifying the greatest desire to see him. Eliphas Levi did not feel himself immediately prepossessed with confidence towards the stranger, to the point of exposing himself without precaution to his visits; he indicated the house of a friend, where he was to be in the company of his faithful disciple, Desbarrolles. At the hour and date appointed they went, in fact, to the house of Mme. A——, and found that the ecclesiastic had been waiting for them for some moments.

He was a young and slim man; he had an arched and pointed nose, with dull blue eyes. His bony and projecting forehead was rather broad than high, his head was dolichocephalic, his hair flat and short, parted on one side, of a greyish blond with just a tinge of chestnut of a rather curious and disagreeable shade. His mouth was sensual and quarrelsome; his manners were affable, his voice soft, and his speech sometimes a little embarrassed. Questioned by Eliphas Levi concerning the object of his visit, he replied that he was on the look-out for the *grimoire* of Honorius, and that he had come to learn from the Professor of Occult Science how to obtain that little black book, now-a-days almost impossible to find.

"I would gladly give a hundred francs for a copy of that *grimoire*," said he.

"The work in itself is valueless," said Eliphas. "It is a pretended constitution of Honorius II, which you will find perhaps quoted by some erudite collector of apocryphal constitutions; you can find it in the library."

"I will do so, for I pass almost all my time in Paris in the public libraries."

"You are not occupied in the ministry in Paris?"

"No, not now; I was for some little while employed in the parish of St. Germain-Auxerrois."

"And you now spend your time, I understand, in curious researches in occult science."

"Not precisely, but I am seeking the realization of a thought. . . . I have something to do."

"I do not suppose that this something can be an operation of Black Magic. You know as well as I do, reverend sir, that the Church has always condemned, and still condemns, severely, everything which relates to these forbidden practices."

A pale smile, imprinted with a sort of sarcastic irony, was all the answer that the Abbé gave, and the conversation fell to the ground.

However, the cheiromancer Desbarrolles was attentively looking at the hand of the priest; he perceived it, a quite natural explanation followed, the Abbé offered graciously and of his own accord his hand to the experimenter. Desbarrolles knit his brows, and appeared embarrassed. The hand was damp and cold, the fingers smooth and spatulated; the mount of Venus, or the part of the palm of the hand which corresponds to the thumb, was of a noteworthy development, the line of life was short and broken, there were crosses in the centre of the hand, and stars upon the mount of the moon.

"Reverend sir," said Desbarrolles, "if you had not a very solid religious education you would easily become a dangerous sectary, for you are led on the one hand toward the most exalted mysticism, and on the other to the most concentrated obstinacy combined with the greatest secretiveness that can

possibly be. You want much, but you imagine more, and as you confide your imaginations to nobody, they might attain proportions which would make them veritable enemies for yourself. Your habits are contemplative and rather easy-going, but it is a somnolence whose awakenings are perhaps to be dreaded. You are carried away by a passion which your state of life—— But pardon, reverend sir, I fear that I am over-stepping the boundaries of discretion."

"Say everything, sir; I am willing to hear all, I wish to know everything."

"Oh, well! If, as I do not doubt to be the case, you turn to the profit of charity all the restless activities with which the passions of your heart furnish you, you must often be blessed for your good works."

The Abbé once more smiled that dubious and fatal smile which gave so singular an expression to his pallid countenance. He rose and took his leave without having given his name, and without any one having thought to ask him for it.

Eliphas and Desbarrolles reconducted him as far as the staircase, in token of respect for his dignity as a priest.

Near the staircase he turned and said slowly:

"Before long, you will hear something. . . . You will hear me spoken of," he added, emphasizing each word. Then he saluted with head and hand, turned without adding a single word, and descended the staircase.

The two friends returned to Mme. A——'s room.

"There is a singular personage," said Eliphas; "I think I have seen Pierrot of the Funambules playing the part of a traitor. What he said to us on his departure seemed to me very much like a threat."

"You frightened him," said Mme. A——. "Before your arrival, he was beginning to open his whole mind, but you spoke to him of conscience and of the laws of the Church, and he no longer dared to tell you what he wished."

"Bah! What did he wish then?"

"To see the devil."

"Perhaps he thought I had him in my pocket?"

"No, but he knows that you give lessons in the Qabalah, and in magic, and so he hoped that you would help him in his enterprise. He told my daughter and myself that in his vicarage in the country, he had already made one night an evocation of the devil by the help of a popular *grimoire*. 'Then' said he, 'a whirlwind seemed to shake the vicarage; the rafts groaned, the wainscoting cracked, the doors shook, the windows opened with a crash, and whistlings were heard in every corner of the house.' He then expected that formidable vision to follow, but he saw nothing; no monster presented itself; in a word, the devil would not appear. That is why he is looking for the *grimoire* of Honorius, for he hopes to find in it stronger conjurations, and more efficacious rites."

"Really! But the man is then a monster, or a madman!"

"I think he is just simply in love," said Desbarrolles. "He is gnawed by some absurd passion, and hopes for absolutely nothing unless he can get the devil to interfere."

"But how then—what does he mean when he says that we shall hear him spoken of?"

"Who knows? Perhaps he thinks to carry off the Queen of England, or the Sultana Valide."

The conversation dropped, and a whole year passed

without Mme. A——, or Desbarrolles, or Eliphas hearing the unknown young priest spoken of.

In the course of the night between the 1st and 2nd of January, 1857, Eliphas Levi was awakened suddenly by the emotions of a bizarre and dismal dream. It seemed to him that he was in a dilapidated room of gothic architecture, rather like the abandoned chapel of an old castle. A door hidden by a black drapery opened on to this room; behind the drapery one guessed the hidden light of tapers, and it seemed to Eliphas that, driven by a curiosity full of terror, he was approaching the black drapery. . . . Then the drapery was parted, and a hand was stretched forth and seized the arm of Eliphas. He saw no one, but he heard a low voice which said in his ear:

"Come and see your father, who is about to die."

The magus awoke, his heart palpitating, and his forehead bathed in sweat.

"What can this dream mean?" thought he. "It is long since my father died; why am I told that he is going to die, and why has this warning upset me?"

The following night, the same dream recurred with the same circumstances; once more Eliphas awoke, hearing a voice in his ear repeat:

"Come and see your father, who is about to die."

This repeated nightmare made a painful impression upon Eliphas: he had accepted, for the 3rd of January, an invitation to dinner in pleasant company, but he wrote and excused himself, feeling himself little inclined for the gaiety of a banquet of artists. He remained, then, in his study; the weather was cloudy; at midday he received a visit from one of his magical

pupils, Viscount M——. When he left, the rain was falling in such abundance that Eliphas offered his umbrella to the Viscount, who refused it. There followed a contest of politeness, of which the result was that Eliphas went out to see the Viscount home. While they were in the street, the rain stopped, the Viscount found a carriage, and Eliphas, instead of returning to his house, mechanically crossed the Luxembourg, went out by the gate which opens on the Rue d'Enfer, and found himself opposite the Panthéon.

A double row of booths, improvised for the Festival of St. Geneviève, indicated to pilgrims the road to St. Étienne-du-Mont. Eliphas, whose heart was sad, and consequently disposed to prayer, followed that way and entered the church. It might have been at that time about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The church was full of the faithful, and the office was performed with great concentration, and extraordinary solemnity. The banners of the parishes of the city, and of the suburbs, bore witness to the public veneration for the virgin who saved Paris from famine and invasion. At the bottom of the church, the tomb of St. Geneviève shone gloriously with light. They were chanting the litanies, and the procession was coming out of the choir.

After the cross, accompanied by its acolytes, and followed by the choirboys, came the banner of St. Geneviève; then, walking in double file, came the lady devotees of St. Geneviève, clothed in black, with a white veil on the head, a blue ribbon around the neck, with the medal of the legend, a taper in the hand, surmounted by the little gothic lantern that tradition gives to the images of the saint. For, in the old books,

St. Geneviève is always represented with a medal on her neck, that which St. Germain d'Auxerre gave her, and holding a taper, which the devil tries to extinguish, but which is protected from the breath of the unclean spirit by a miraculous little tabernacle.

After the lady devotees came the clergy; then finally appeared the venerable Archbishop of Paris, mitred with a white mitre, wearing a cope which was supported on each side by his two vicars; the prelate, leaning on his cross, walked slowly, and blessed to right and left the crowd which knelt about his path. Eliphas saw the Archbishop for the first time, and noticed the features of his countenance. They expressed kindliness and gentleness; but one might observe the expression of a great fatigue, and even of a nervous suffering painfully dissimulated.

The procession descended to the foot of the church, traversing the nave, went up again by the aisle at the left of the door, and came to the station of the tomb of St. Geneviève; then it returned by the right-hand aisle, chanting the litanies as it went. A group of the faithful followed the procession, and walked immediately behind the Archbishop.

Eliphas mingled in this group, in order more easily to get through the crowd which was about to reform, so that he might regain the door of the church. He was lost in reverie, softened by this pious solemnity.

The head of the procession had already returned to the choir, the Archbishop was arriving at the railing of the nave: there the passage was too narrow for three people to walk in file; the Archbishop was in front, and the two grand-vicars behind him, always holding the edges of his cope, which was

thus thrown off, and drawn backwards, in such a manner that the prelate presented his breast uncovered, and protected only by the crossed embroideries of his stole.

Then those who were behind the Archbishop saw him tremble, and we heard an interruption in a loud and clear voice; but without shouting, or clamour. What had been said? It seemed that it was: "Down with the goddesses! But I thought that I had not heard aright, so out of place and void of sense it seemed. However, the exclamation was repeated twice or thrice; then some one cried: "Save the Archbishop!" Other voices replied: "To arms!" The crowd, overturning the chairs and the barriers, scattered, and rushed towards the doors shrieking. Amidst the wails of the children, and the screams of the women, Eliphas, carried away by the crowd, found himself somehow or other out of the church; but the last look that he was able to cast upon it was smitten with a terrible and ineffaceable picture!

In the midst of a circle made large by the affright of all those who surrounded him, the prelate was standing alone, leaning always on his cross, and held up by the stiffness of his cope, which the grand-vicars had let go, and which accordingly hung down to the ground.

The head of the Archbishop was a little thrown back, his eyes and his free hand raised to heaven. His attitude was that which Eugène Delacroix has given to the Bishop of Liège in the picture of his assassination by the bandits of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes;[1] there was in his gesture the whole

[1] Extract from Sir Walter Scott's Notes on the murder of the Bishop of Liège: "The Bishop's murder did not take place till 1482. In the months of August and September of that year, *William de la Marck*, called 'The Wild Boar of

epic of martyrdom; it was an acceptance and an offering; a prayer for his people, and a pardon for his murderer.

The day was falling, and the church was beginning to grow dark. The Archbishop, his arms raised to heaven, lighted by a last ray which penetrated the casements of the nave, stood out upon a dark background, where one could scarcely distinguish a pedestal without a statue, on which were written these two words of the Passion of Christ: ECCE HOMO! and farther in the background, an apocalyptic painting representing the four plagues ready to let themselves loose upon the world, and the whirlwinds of hell, following the dusty traces of the pale horse of death.

Before the Archbishop, a lifted arm, sketched in shadow like an infernal silhouette, held and brandished a knife. Policemen, sword in hand, were running up.

And while all this tumult was going on at the bottom of the church, the singing of the litanies continued in the choir,

---

the Ardennes,' entered into a conspiracy with the discontented citizens of Liège against their Bishop, Louis of Bourbon, being aided with considerable sums of money by the King of France. By this means and with the assistance of many murderers and banditti, who thronged to him as to a leader befitting them, De la Marck assembled a body of troops. With this little army he approached the city of Liège. Upon this, the citizens, who were engaged in the conspiracy, came to their Bishop, and, offering to stand by him to the death, exhorted him to march out against these robbers. The Bishop, therefore, put himself at the head of a few troops of his own, trusting to the assistance of the people of Liège. But as soon as they came in sight of the enemy, the citizens, as before agreed, fled from the Bishop's banner, and he was left with his own handful of adherents. At this moment De la Marck charged at the head of his men with the expected success. The Bishop was brought before De la Marck, who first cut him over the face, then murdered him with his own hand, and caused his body to be exposed naked in the great square of Liège before St. Lambert's Cathedral."

Three years after the Bishop's death, Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, caused De la Marck to be arrested at Utrecht, where he was beheaded in 1485.

as the harmony of the orbs of heaven goes on for ever, careless of our revolutions and of our anguish.

Eliphas Levi had been swept out of the church by the crowd. He had come out by the right-hand door. Almost at the same moment the left-hand door was flung violently open, and a furious group of men rushed out of the church.

This group was whirling around a man whom fifty arms seemed to hold, whom a hundred shaken fists sought to strike.

This man later complained of having been roughly handled by the police, but, as far as one could see in such an uproar, the police were rather protecting him against the exasperation of the mob.

Women were running after him, shrieking: "Kill him!"

"But what has he done?" cried other voices.

"The wretch! He has struck the Archbishop with his fist!" said the women.

Then others came out of the church, and contradictory accounts were flying to and fro.

"The Archbishop was frightened, and has fainted," said some.

"He is dead!" replied others.

"Did you see the knife?" added a third comer. "It is as long as a sabre, and the blood was streaming on the blade."

"The poor Archbishop has lost one of his slippers," remarked an old woman, joining her hands.

"It is nothing! It is nothing!" cried a woman who rented chairs. "You can come back to the church: Monseigneur is not hurt; they have just said so from the pulpit."

The crowd then made a movement to return to the church.

"Go! Go!" said at that very moment the grave and anguished voice of a priest. "The office cannot be continued; we are going to close the church: it is profaned."

"How is the Archbishop?" said a man.

"Sir," replied the priest, "the Archbishop is dying; perhaps even at this very moment he is dead!"

The crowd dispersed in consternation to spread the mournful news over Paris.

A bizarre incident happened to Eliphas, and made a kind of diversion for his deep sorrow at what had just passed.

At the moment of the uproar, an aged woman of the most respectable appearance had taken his arm, and claimed his protection.

He made it a duty to reply to this appeal, and when he had got out of the crowd with this lady: "How happy I am," said she, "to have met a man who weeps for this great crime, for which, at this moment, so many wretches rejoice!"

"What are you saying, madam? How is it possible that there should exist beings so depraved as to rejoice at so great a misfortune?"

"Silence!" said the old lady; "perhaps we are overheard. . . . Yes," she added, lowering her voice; "there are people who are exceedingly pleased at what has happened. And look there, just now, there was a man of sinister mien, who said to the anxious crowd, when they asked him what had happened, 'Oh, it is nothing! It is a spider which has fallen.'"[1]

"No, madam, you must have misunderstood. The crowd

[1] This man was presumably Levi himself. As "the abominable authors of the *Grimoires*" concealed "child" beneath "kid," so Levi is careful to disguise his true attitude to the Church which he wished to destroy.—O. M.

would not have suffered so abominable a remark, and the man would have been immediately arrested."[1]

"Would to God that all the world thought as you do!" said the lady.

Then she added: "I recommend myself to your prayers, for I see clearly that you are a man of God."

"Perhaps every one does not think so," replied Eliphas.

"And what does the world matter to us?" replied the lady with vivacity; "the world lies and calumniates, and is impious! It speaks evil of you, perhaps. I am not surprised at it, and if you knew what it says of me, you would easily understand why I despise its opinion!"

"The world speaks evil of you, madam?"

"Yes, in truth, and the greatest evil that can be said."

"How so?"

"It accuses me of sacrilege."

"You frighten me. Of what sacrilege, if you please?"

"Of an unworthy comedy that I am supposed to have played in order to deceive two children, on the mountain of the Salette."

"What! You must be——"

"I am Mademoiselle de la Merlière."

"I have heard speak of your trial, mademoiselle, and of the scandal which it caused, but it seems to me that your age and your position ought to have sheltered you from such an accusation."

"Come and see me, sir, and I will present you to my lawyer, M. Favre, who is a man of talent whom I wish to gain to God."

[1] Unless he were able to make himself invisible, as Levi, of course, could do. This is the point of his irony.—O. M.

Thus talking, the two companions had arrived at the Rue du Vieux Colombier. The lady thanked her improvised cavalier, and renewed her invitation to come to see her.

"I will try to do so," said Eliphas; "but if I come shall I ask the porter for Mlle. de la Merlière?"

"Do not do so," said she; "I am not known under that name; ask for Mme. Dutruck."

"Dutruck, certainly, madam; I present my humble compliments."

And they separated.

The trial of the assassin began, and Eliphas, reading in the newspapers that the man was a priest, that he had belonged to the clergy of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, that he had been a country vicar, and that he seemed exalted to the point of madness, recalled the pale priest who, a year earlier, had been looking for the *grimoire* of Honorius. But the description which the public sheets gave of the criminal disagreed with the recollection of the Professor of Magic. In fact, the majority of the papers said that he had black hair. . . . "It is not he, then," thought Eliphas. "However, I still keep in my ear and in my memory the word which would now be explained for me by this great crime: 'You will soon learn something. Before a little, you will hear speak of me.'"

The trial took place with all the frightful vicissitudes with which every one is familiar, and the accused was condemned to death.

The next day, Eliphas read in a legal newspaper the account of this unheard-of scene in the annals of justice, but a cloud passed over his eyes when he came to the description of the accused: "He is blond."

"It must be he," said the Professor of Magic.

Some days afterwards, a person who had been able to sketch the convict during the trial, showed it to Eliphas.

"Let me copy this drawing," said he, all trembling with fear.

He made the copy, and took it to his friend Desbarrolles, of whom he asked, without other explanation:

"Do you know this head?"

"Yes," said Desbarrolles energetically. "Wait a moment: yes, it is the mysterious priest whom we saw at Mme. A——'s, and who wanted to make magical evocations."

"Oh, well, my friend, you confirm me in my sad conviction. The man we saw, we shall never see again; the hand which you examined has become a bloody hand. We have heard speak of him, as he told us we should; that pale priest, do you know what was his name?"

"Oh, my God!" said Desbarolles, changing colour, "I am afraid to know it!"

"Well, you know it: it was the wretch Louis Verger!"

Some weeks after what we have just recorded, Eliphas Levi was talking with a bookseller whose speciality was to make a collection of old books concerning the occult sciences. They were talking of the *grimoire* of Honorius.

"Now-a-days, it is impossible to find it," said the merchant. "The last that I had in my hands I sold to a priest for a hundred francs."

"A young priest? And do you remember what he looked like?"

"Oh, perfectly, but you ought to know him well yourself,

for he told me he had seen you, and it is I who sent him to you."

No more doubt, then; the unhappy priest had found the fatal *grimoire*, he had done the evocation, and prepared himself for the murder by a series of sacrileges. For this is in what the infernal evocations consist, according to the *grimoire* of Honorius:

"Choose a black cock, and give him the name of the spirit of darkness which one wishes to evoke.

"Kill the cock, and keep its heart, its tongue, and the first feather of its left wing.

"Dry the tongue and the heart, and reduce them to powder.

"Eat no meat and drink no wine, that day.

"On Tuesday, at dawn, say a mass of the angels.

"Trace upon the altar itself, with the feather of the cock dipped in the consecrated wine, certain diabolical signatures (those of Mr. Home's pencil, and the bloody hosts of Vintras).

"On Wednesday, prepare a taper of yellow wax; rise at midnight, and alone, in the church, begin the office of the dead.

"Mingle with this office infernal evocations.

"Finish the office by the light of a single taper, extinguish it immediately, and remain without light in the church thus profaned until sunrise.

"On Thursday, mingle with the consecrated water the powder of the tongue and heart of the black cock, and let the whole be swallowed by a male lamb of nine days old. . . ."

The hand refuses to write the rest. It is a mixture of brutalizing practices and revolting crimes, so constituted as to kill for evermore judgment and conscience.[1]

But in order to communicate with the phantom of absolute evil, to realize that phantom to the point of seeing and touching it, is it not necessary to be without conscience and without judgment?

There is doubtless the secret of this incredible perversity, of this murderous fury, of this unwholesome hate against all order, all ministry, all hierarchy, of this fury, above all, against the dogma which sanctifies peace, obedience, gentleness, purity, under so touching an emblem as that of a mother.

This wretch thought himself sure not to die. The Emperor, thought he, would be obliged to pardon him; an honourable exile awaited him; his crime would give him an enormous celebrity; his reveries would be bought for their weight in gold by the booksellers. He would become immensely rich, attract the notice of a great lady, and marry beyond the seas. It is by such promises that the phantom of the devil, long ago, lured Gilles de Laval, Seigneur of Retz, and made him wade from crime to crime. A man capable of evoking the devil, according to the rites of the *grimoire* of Honorius, has gone so far upon the road of evil that he is disposed to all kinds of hallucinations, and all lies. So, Verger slept in blood, to dream of I know not what abominable pantheon; and he awoke upon the scaffold.

But the aberrations of perversity do not constitute an insanity; the execution of this wretch proved it.

[1] The great painter, dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse, employs an excess of yellow.—O. M.

One knows what desperate resistance he made to his executioners. "It is treason," said he; "I cannot die so! Only one hour, an hour to write to the Emperor! The Emperor is bound to save me."

Who, then, was betraying him?

Who, then, had promised him life?

Who, then, had assured him beforehand of a clemency which was impossible, because it would revolt the conscience of the public?

Ask all that of the *grimoire* of Honorius!

Two incidents in this tragic story bear upon the phenomena produced by Mr. Home: the noise of the storm heard by the wicked priest in his early evocations, and the difficulty which he found in expressing his real thought in the presence of Eliphas Levi.

One may also comment upon the apparition of the sinister man taking pleasure in the public grief, and uttering an indeed infernal word in the midst of the consternation of the crowd, an apparition only noticed by the ecstatic of La Salette, the too celebrated Mlle. de La Merlière, who has the air after all of a worthy individual, but very excitable, and perhaps capable of acting and speaking without knowing it herself, under the influence of a sort of ascetic sleep-waking.

This word "sleep-waking" brings us back to Mr. Home, and our anecdotes have not made us forget what the title of this work promised to our readers.

We ought, then, to tell them what Mr. Home is.

We keep our promise.

Mr. Home is an invalid suffering from a contagious sleep-waking.

This is an assertion.

It remains to us to give an explanation and a demonstration.

That explanation and demonstration, in order to be complete, demand a work sufficient to fill a book.

That book has been written, and we shall publish it shortly.

Here is the title:

The Reason of Miracles, or the Devil at the Tribunal of Science.[1]

"Why the devil?"

Because we have demonstrated by facts what Mr. de Mirville had, before us, incompletely set forth.

We say "incompletely"; because the devil is, for Mr. de Mirville, a fantastic personage, while for us, it is the misuse of a natural force.

A medium once said: "Hell is not a place, it is a state."

We shall be able to add: "The devil is not a person or a force; it is a vice, and in consequence, a weakness."

Let us return for a moment to the study of phenomena!

Mediums are, in general, of poor health and narrow limitations.

They can accomplish nothing extraordinary in the presence of calm and educated persons.

One must be accustomed to them before seeing or feeling anything.

The phenomena are not identical for all present. For example, where one will see a hand, another will perceive nothing but a whitish smoke.

[1] That was the title which we intended at that time to give to the book which we now publish.—E. L.

Persons impressed by the magnetism of Mr. Home feel a sort of indisposition; it seems to them that the room turns round, and the temperature seems to them to grow rapidly lower.

The miracles are more successful in the presence of a few people chosen by the medium himself.

In a meeting of several persons, it may be that all will see the miracles—with the exception of one, who will see absolutely nothing.

Among the persons who do see, all do not see the same thing.

Thus, for example:

One evening, at Mme. de B——'s, the medium made appear a child which that lady had lost. Mme. de B—— alone saw the child; Count de M—— saw a little whitish vapour, in the shape of a pyramid; the others saw nothing.

Everybody knows that certain substances, hashish, for example, intoxicate without taking away the use of reason, and cause to be seen with an astonishing vividness things which do not exist.

A great part of the phenomena of Mr. Home belong to a natural influence similar to that of hashish.

This is the reason why the medium refuses to operate except before a small number of persons chosen by himself.

The rest of these phenomena should be attributed to magnetic power.

To see anything at Mr. Home's *séances* is not a reassuring index of the health of him who sees.

And even if his health should be in other ways excellent,

the vision indicates a transitory perturbation of the nervous apparatus in its relation to imagination and light.

If this perturbation were frequently repeated, he would become seriously ill.

Who knows how many collapses, attacks of tetanus, insanities, violent deaths, the mania of table-turning has already produced?

These phenomena become particularly terrible when perversity takes possession of them.

It is then that one can really affirm the intervention and the presence of the spirit of evil.

Perversity or fatality, these pretended miracles obey one of these two powers.

As to qabalistic writings and mysterious signatures, we shall say that they reproduce themselves by the magnetic intuition of the mirages of thought in the universal vital fluid.

These instinctive reflections may be produced if the magic Word has nothing arbitrary in it, and if the signs of the occult sanctuary are the natural expressions of absolute ideas.

It is this which we shall demonstrate in our book.

But, in order not to send back our readers from the unknown to the future, we shall detach beforehand two chapters of that unpublished work, one upon the qabalistic Word, the other upon the secrets of the Qabalah, and we shall draw conclusions which will complete in a manner satisfactory to all the explanation which we have promised in the matter of Mr. Home.

There exists a power which generates forms; this power is light.

Light creates forms in accordance with the laws of eternal mathematics, by the universal equilibrium of light and shadow.

The primitive signs of thought trace themselves by themselves in the light, which is the material instrument of thought.

God is the soul of light. The universal and infinite light is for us, as it were, the body of God.

The Qabalah, or transcendental magic, is the science of light.

Light corresponds to life.

The kingdom of shadows is death.

All the dogmas of true religion are written in the Qabalah in characters of light upon a page of shadow.

The page of shadows consists of blind beliefs.

Light is the great plastic medium.

The alliance of the soul and the body is a marriage of light and shadow.

Light is the instrument of the Word, it is the white writing of God upon the great book of night.

Light is the source of thought, and it is in it that one must seek for the origin of all religious dogma. But there is only one true dogma, as there is only one pure light; shadow alone is infinitely varied.

Light, shadow, and their harmony, which is the vision of beings, form the principle analogous to the great dogmas of Trinity, of Incarnation, and of Redemption.

Such is also the mystery of the cross.

It will be easy for us to prove this by an appeal to religious monuments, by the signs of the primitive Word, by

those books which contain the secrets of the Qabalah, and finally by the reasoned explanation of all the mysteries by the means of the keys of qabalistic magic.

In all symbolisms, in fact, we find ideas of antagonism and of harmony producing a trinitarian notion in the conception of divinity, following which the mythological personification of the four cardinal points of heaven completes the sacred septenary, the base of all dogmas and of all rites. In order to convince oneself of it, it is sufficient to read again and meditate upon the learned work of Dupuis, who would be a great qabalist if he had seen a harmony of truths where his negative preoccupations only permitted him to see a concert of errors.

It is not here our business to repeat his work, which everybody knows; but it is important to prove that the religious reform brought about by Moses was altogether qabalistic, that Christianity, in instituting a new dogma, has simply come nearer to the primitive sources of the teachings of Moses, and that the Gospel is no more than a transparent veil thrown upon the universal and natural mysteries of oriental initiation.

A distinguished but little known man of learning, Mr. P. Lacour, in his book on the Elohim or Mosaic God, has thrown a great light on that question, and has rediscovered in the symbols of Egypt all the allegorical figures of Genesis. More recently, another courageous student of vast erudition, Mr. Vincent (de l'Yonne), has published a treatise upon idolatry among both the ancients and the moderns, in which he raises the veil of universal mythology.

We invite conscientious students to read these various

works, and we confine ourselves to the special study of the Qabalah among the Hebrews.

The Logos, or the Word, being according to the initiates of that science the complete revelation, the principles of the holy Qabalah ought to be found reunited in the signs themselves of which the primitive alphabet is composed.

Now, this is what we find in all Hebrew grammars.[1]

There is a fundamental and universal letter which generates all the others. It is the IOD.

There are two other mother letters, opposed and analogous among themselves; the ALEPH א and the MEM מ, according to others, the SCHIN ש.

There are seven double letters, the BETH ב, the GIMEL ג, the DALETH ד, the KAPH כ, the PE פ, the RESH ר, and the TAU ת.

Finally, there are twelve simple letters; in all twenty-two. The unity is represented, in a relative manner, by the ALEPH; the ternary is figured either by IOD, MEM, SCHIN,or by ALEPH, MEM, SCHIN.

The septenary, by BETH, GIMEL, DALETH, KAPH, PE, RESH, TAU.

The duodenary, by the other letters.

The duodenary is the ternary multiplied by four; and it reenters thus into the symbolism of the septenary.

Each letter represents a number: each assemblage of letters, a series of numbers.

[1] This is all deliberately wrong. That Levi knew the correct attributions is evident from a MS. annotated by himself. Levi refused to reveal these attributions, rightly enough, as his grade was not high enough, and the time not ripe. Note the subtlety of the form of his statement. The correct attributions are in Liber 777.—O. M.

The numbers represent absolute philosophical ideas.

The letters are shorthand hieroglyphs.

Let us see now the hieroglyphic and philosophical significations of each of the twenty-two letters (*vide* Bellarmin, Reuchlin, Saint-Jérôme, Kabala denudata, Sepher Yetzirah, Technica curiosa of Father Schott, Picus de Mirandola, and other authors, especially those of the collection of Pistorius).

The Mothers.

The IOD.—The absolute principle, the productive being.

The MEM.—Spirit, or the Jakin of Solomon.

The SCHIN.—Matter, or the column called Boaz.

The Double Letters

BETH. Reflection, thought, the moon, the Angel Gabriel, Prince of mysteries.

GIMEL. Love, will, Venus, the Angel Anael, Prince of life and death.

DALETH. Force, power, Jupiter, Sachiel, Melech, King of kings.

KAPH. Violence, strife, work, Mars, Samael Zebaoth, Prince of Phalanges.

PE. Eloquence, intelligence, Mercury, Raphael, Prince of sciences.

RESH. Destruction and regeneration, Time, Saturn, Cassiel, King of tombs and of solitude.

TAU. Truth, light, the Sun, Michael, King of the Elohim.

The Simple Letters

The simple letters are divided into four triplicities, having for titles the four letters of the divine tetragam יהוה.

In the divine tetragram, the IOD, as we have just said, symbolizes the productive and active principle.—The HÉ ה represents the passive productive principle, the CTEIS.—The VAU symbolizes the union of the two, or the lingam, and the final HÉ is the image of the second reproductive principle; that is to say, of the passive reproduction in the world of effects and forms.

The twelve simple letters, הוזחטלנסעצק and י or מ, divided into threes, reproduce the notion of the primitive triangle, with the interpretation, and under the influence, of each of the letters of the tetragram.

One sees that the philosophy and the religious dogma of the Qabalah are there indicated in a complete but veiled manner.

Let us now investigate the allegories of Genesis.

"In the beginning (IOD the unity of being,) Elohim, the equilibrated forces (Jakin and Boaz), created the heaven (spirit) and the earth (matter), or in other words, good and evil, affirmation and negation." Thus begins the Mosaic account of creation.

Then, when it comes to giving a place to man, and a sanctuary to his alliance with divinity, Moses speaks of a garden, in the midst of which a single fountain branched into four rivers (the IOD and the TETRAGRAM), and then of two trees, one of life, and the other of death, planted near the river. There are placed the man and the woman, the active and the

passive; the woman sympathizes with death, and draws Adam with her in her fall. They are then driven out from the sanctuary of truth, and a kerub (a bull-headed sphinx, *vide* the hieroglyphs of Assyria, of India and of Egypt) is placed at the gate of the garden of truth in order to prevent the profane from destroying the tree of life. Here we have mysterious dogma, with all its allegories and its terrors, replacing the simplicity of truth. The idol has replaced God, and fallen humanity will not delay to give itself up to the worship of the golden calf.

The mystery of the necessary and successive reactions of the two principles on each other is indicated subsequently by the allegory of Cain and Abel. Force avenges itself by oppression for the seduction of weakness; martyred weakness expiates and intercedes for force when it is condemned for its crime to branding remorse. Thus is revealed the equilibrium of the moral world; here is the basis of all the prophecies, and the fulcrum of all intelligent political thought. To abandon a force to its own excesses is to condemn it to suicide.

Dupuis failed to understand the universal religious dogma of the Qabalah, because he had not the science of the beautiful hypothesis, partly demonstrated and realized more from day to day by the discoveries of science: I refer to *universal analogy*.

Deprived of this key of transcendental dogma, he could see no more of the gods than the sun, the seven planets, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; but he did not see in the sun the image of the Logos of Plato, in the seven planets the seven notes of the celestial gamut, and in the zodiac the quadrature of the ternary circle of all initiations.

The Emperor Julian, that *adept of the spirit* who was never understood, that initiate whose paganism was less idolatrous than the faith of certain Christians, the Emperor Julian, we say, understood better than Dupuis and Volney the symbolic worship of the sun. In his hymn to the king, Helios, he recognizes that the star of day is but the reflection and the material shadow of that sun of truth which illumines the world of intelligence, and which is itself only a light borrowed from the Absolute.

It is a remarkable thing that Julian has ideas of the Supreme God, that the Christians thought they alone adored, much greater and more correct than those of some of the fathers of the Church, who were his contemporaries, and his adversaries.

This is how he expresses himself in his defence of Hellenism :

" It is not sufficient to write in a book that God spake, and things were made. It is necessary to examine whether the things that one attributes to God are not contrary to the very laws of Being. For, if it is so, God could not have made them, for He could not contradict Nature without denying Himself. . . . God being eternal, it is of the nature of necessity that His orders should be immutable as He."

So spake that apostate, that man of impiety! Yet, later, a Christian doctor, become the oracle of the theological schools, taking his inspiration perhaps from these splendid words of the misbeliever, found himself obliged to bridle superstition by writing that beautiful and brave maxim which easily resumes the thought of the great Emperor :

"A thing is not just because God wills it; but God wills it because it is just."

The idea of a perfect and immutable order in nature, the notion of an ascending hierarchy and of a descending influence in all beings, had furnished to the ancient hierophants the first classification of the whole of natural history. Minerals, vegetables, animals were studied analogically; and they attributed their origin and their properties to the passive or to the active principle, to the darkness or to the light. The sign of their election or of their reprobation, traced in their natural form, became the hieroglyphic character of a vice or a virtue; then, by dint of taking the sign for the thing, and expressing the thing by the sign, they ended by confounding them. Such is the origin of that fabulous natural history, in which lions allow themselves to be defeated by cocks, where dolphins die of sorrow for the ingratitude of men, in which mandrakes speak, and the stars sing. This enchanted world is indeed the poetic domain of magic: but it has no other reality than the meaning of the hieroglyphs which gave it birth. For the sage who understands the analogies of the transcendental Qabalah, and the exact relation of ideas with signs, this fabulous country of the fairies is a country still fertile in discoveries; for those truths which are too beautiful, or too simple to please men, without any veil, have all been hidden in these ingenious shadows.

Yes, the cock can intimidate the lion, and make himself master of him, because vigilance often supplants force, and succeeds in taming wrath. The other fables of the sham natural history of the ancients are explained in the same manner, and in this allegorical use of analogies, one can

already understand the possible abuses and predict the errors to which the Qabalah was obliged to give birth.

The law of analogies, in fact, has been for qabalists of a secondary rank the object of a blind and fanatical faith. It is to this belief that one must attribute all the superstitions with which the adepts of occult science have been reproached. This is how they reasoned:

The sign expresses the thing.

The thing is the virtue of the sign.

There is an analogical correspondence between the sign and the thing signified.

The more perfect is the sign, the more entire is the correspondence.

To say a word is to evoke a thought and make it present. To name God is to manifest God.

The word acts upon souls, and souls react upon bodies; consequently one can frighten, console, cause to fall ill, cure, even kill, and raise from the dead by means of words.

To utter a name is to create or evoke a being.

In the name is contained the *verbal* or spiritual doctrine of the being itself.

When the soul evokes a thought, the sign of that thought is written automatically in the light.

To invoke is to adjure, that is to say, to swear by a name; it is to perform an act of faith in that name, and to communicate in the virtue which it represents.

Words in themselves are, then, good or evil, poisonous or wholesome.

The most dangerous words are vain and lightly uttered words, because they are the voluntary abortions of thought.

A useless word is a crime against the spirit of intelligence; it is an intellectual infanticide.

Things are for every one what he makes of them by naming them. The *word* of every one is an impression or an habitual prayer.

To speak well is to live well.

A fine style is an aureole of holiness.

From these principles, some true, others hypothetical, and from the more or less exaggerated consequences that they draw from them, there resulted for superstitious qabalists an absolute confidence in enchantments, evocations, conjurations and mysterious prayers. Now, as faith has always accomplished miracles, apparitions, oracles, mysterious cures, sudden and strange maladies, have never been lacking to it.

It is thus that a simple and sublime philosophy has become the secret science of Black Magic. It is from this point of view above all that the Qabalah is still able to excite the curiosity of the majority in our so distrustful and so credulous century. However, as we have just explained, that is not the true science.

Men rarely seek the truth for its own sake; they have always a secret motive in their efforts, some passion to satisfy, or some greed to assuage. Among the secrets of the Qabalah there is one above all which has always tormented seekers; it is the secret of the transmutation of metals, and of the conversion of all earthly substances into gold.

Alchemy borrowed all these signs from the Qabalah, and it is upon the law of the analogies resulting from the harmony of contraries that it based its operations. An immense physical secret was, moreover, hidden under the qabalistic

parables of the ancients. This secret we have arrived at deciphering, and we shall submit its letter to the investigations of the gold-makers. Here it is :

1°. The four imponderable fluids are nothing but the diverse manifestations of one same universal agent, which is light.

2°. Light is the fire which serves for the Great Work under the form of electricity.

3°. The human will directs the vital light by means of the nervous system. In our days this is called Magnetism.

4°. The secret agent of the Great Work, the Azoth of the sages, the living and life-giving gold of the philosophers, the universal metallic productive agent, is MAGNETIZED ELECTRICITY.[1]

The alliance of these two words still does not tell us much, and yet, perhaps, they contain a force sufficient to overturn the world. We say "perhaps" on philosophical grounds, for, personally, we have no doubt whatever of the high importance of this great hermetic arcanum.

We have just said that alchemy is the daughter of the Qabalah; to convince oneself of the truth of this it is sufficient to look at the symbols of Flamel, of Basil Valentine, the pages of the Jew Abraham, and the more or less apocryphal oracles of the Emerald Table of Hermes. Everywhere one finds the traces of that decade of Pythagoras, which is so magnificently applied in the Sepher Yetzirah to the complete and absolute notion of divine things, that decade composed of unity and a triple ternary which the Rabbis have

[1] In this joke, Levi indicates that he really knew the Great Arcanum; but only those who also possess it can recognize it, and enjoy the joke.—O. M.

called the Berashith, and the Mercavah, the luminous tree of the Sephiroth, and the key of the Shemhamphorash.

We have spoken at some length in our book entitled *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie* of a hieroglyphic monument (preserved up to our own time under a futile pretext) which alone explains all the mysterious writings of high initiation. This monument is that Tarot of the Bohemians which gave rise to our games of cards. It is composed of twenty-two allegorical letters, and of four series of ten hieroglyphs each, referring to the four letters of the name of Jehovah. The diverse combinations of those signs, and the numbers which correspond to them, form so many qabalistic oracles, so that the whole science is contained in this mysterious book. This perfectly simple philosophical machine astonishes by the depth of its results.

The Abbé Trithemius, one of our greatest masters in magic, composed a very ingenious work, which he calls Polygraphy, upon the qabalistic alphabet. It is a combined series of progressive alphabets where each letter represents a word, the words correspond to each other, and complete themselves from one alphabet to another; and there is no doubt that Trithemius was acquainted with the Tarot, and made use of it to set his learned combinations in logical order.

Jerome Cardan was acquainted with the symbolical alphabet of the initiates, as one may recognize by the number and disposition of the chapters of his work on Subtlety. This work, in fact, is composed of twenty-two chapters, and the subject of each chapter is analogous to the number and to the allegory of the corresponding card of the Tarot. We

have made the same observation on a book of St. Martin entitled *A Natural Picture of the Relations which exist between God, Man and the Universe.* The tradition of this secret has, then, never been interrupted from the first ages of the Qabalah to our own times.

The table-turners, and those who make the spirits speak with alphabetical charts, are, then, a good many centuries behind the times; they do not know that there exists an oracular instrument whose words are always clear and always accurate, by means of which one can communicate with the seven genii of the planets, and make to speak at will the seventy-two wheels of Assiah, of Yetzirah, and of Briah. For that purpose it is sufficient to understand the system of universal analogies, such as Swedenborg has set it forth in the hieroglyphic key of the arcana; then to mix the cards together, and draw from them by chance, always grouping them by the numbers corresponding to the ideas on which one desires enlightenment; then, reading the oracles as qabalistic writings ought to be read, that is to say, beginning in the middle and going from right to left for odd numbers, beginning on the right for even numbers, and interpreting successively the number for the letter which corresponds to it, the grouping of the letters by the addition of their numbers, and all the successive oracles by their numerical order, and their hieroglyphic relations.

This operation of the qabalistic sages, originally intended to discover the rigorous development of absolute ideas, degenerated into superstition when it fell into the hands of the ignorant priests and the nomadic ancestors of the Bohemians who possessed the Tarot in the Middle Ages;

they did not know how to employ it properly, and used it solely for fortune-telling.

The game of chess, attributed to Palamedes, has no other origin than the Tarot, and one finds there the same combinations and the same symbols: the king, the queen, the knight, the soldier, the fool, the tower, and houses representing numbers. In old times, chess-players sought upon their chess-board the solution of philosophical and religious problems, and argued silently with each other in manœuvring the hieroglyphic characters across the numbers. Our vulgar game of goose, revived from the old Grecian game, and also attributed to Palamedes, is nothing but a chess-board with motionless figures and numbers movable by means of dice. It is a Tarot disposed in the form of a wheel, for the use of aspirants to initiation. Now, the word Tarot, in which one finds "rota" and "tora," itself expresses, as William Postel has demonstrated, this primitive disposition in the form of a wheel.

The hieroglyphs of the game of goose are simpler than those of the Tarot, but one finds the same symbols in it: the juggler, the king, the queen, the tower, the devil or Typhon, death, and so on. The dice-indicated chances of the game represent those of life, and conceal a highly philosophical sense sufficiently profound to make sages meditate, and simple enough to be understood by children.

The allegorical personage Palamedes is, however, identical with Enoch, Hermes, and Cadmus, to whom various mythologies have attributed the invention of letters. But, in the conception of Homer, Palamedes, the man who exposed the fraud of Ulysses and fell a victim to his revenge, represents

the initiator or the man of genius whose eternal destiny is to be killed by those whom he initiates. The disciple does not become the living realization of the thoughts of the Master until he has drunk his blood and eaten his flesh, to use the energetic and allegorical expression of the initiator, so ill understood by Christians.

The conception of the primitive alphabet was, as one may easily see, the idea of a universal language which should enclose in its combinations, and even in its signs themselves, the recapitulation and the evolutionary law of all sciences, divine and human. In our own opinion, nothing finer or greater has ever been dreamt by the genius of man; and we are convinced that the discovery of this secret of the ancient world has fully repaid us for so many years of sterile research and thankless toil in the crypts of lost sciences and the cemeteries of the past.

One of the first results of this discovery should be to give a new direction to the study of the hieroglyphic writings as yet so imperfectly deciphered by the rivals and successors of M. Champollion.

The system of writing of the disciples of Hermes being analogical and synthetical, like all the signs of the Qabalah, would it not be useful, in order to read the pages engraved upon the stones of the ancient temples, to replace these stones in their place, and to count the numbers of their letters, comparing them with the numbers of other stones?

The obelisk of Luxor, for example, was it not one of the two columns at the entrance of a temple? Was it at the right-hand or the left-hand pillar? If at the right, these signs refer to the active principle; if at the left, it is by the passive principle

that one must interpret its characters. But there should be an exact correspondence of one obelisk with the other, and each sign should receive its complete sense from the analogy of contraries. M. Champollion found Coptic in the hieroglyphics, another savant would perhaps find more easily, and more fortunately, Hebrew; but what would one say if it were neither Hebrew nor Coptic? If it were, for example, the universal primitive language? Now, this language, which was that of the transcendental Qabalah, did certainly exist; more, it still exists at the base of Hebrew itself, and of all the oriental languages which derive from it; this language is that of the sanctuary, and the columns at the entrance of the temples ordinarily contained all its symbols. The intuition of the ecstatics comes nearer to the truth with regard to these primitive signs than even the science of the learned, because, as we have said, the universal vital fluid, the astral light, being the mediating principle between the ideas and the forms, is obedient to the extraordinary leaps of the soul which seeks the unknown, and furnishes it naturally with the signs already found, but forgotten, of the great revelations of occultism. Thus are formed the pretended signatures of spirits, thus were produced the mysterious writings of Gablidone, who appeared to Dr. Lavater, the phantoms of Schrœpfer, of St. Michel-Vintras, and the spirits of Mr. Home.

If electricity can move a light, or even a heavy body, without one touching it, is it impossible to give by magnetism a direction to electricity, and to produce, thus naturally, signs and writings? One can do it, doubtless; because one does it.

Thus, then, to those who ask us, "What is the most important agent of miracles?" we shall reply—

"It is the first matter of the Great Work.

"It is MAGNETIZED ELECTRICITY."

Everything has been created by light.

It is in light that form is preserved.

It is by light that form reproduces itself.

The vibrations of light are the principle of universal movement.

By light, the suns are attached to each other, and they interlace their rays like chains of electricity.

Men and things are magnetized by light like the suns, and, by means of electro-magnetic chains whose tension is caused by sympathies and affinities, are able to communicate with each other from one end of the world to the other, to caress or strike, wound or heal, in a manner doubtless natural, but invisible, and of the nature of prodigy.

There is the secret of magic.

Magic, that science which comes to us from the magi!

Magic, the first of sciences!

Magic, the holiest science, because it establishes in the sublimest manner the great religious truths!

Magic, the most calumniated of all, because the vulgar obstinately confound magic with the superstitious sorcery whose abominable practices we have denounced!

It is only by magic that one can reply to the enigmatical questions of the Sphinx of Thebes, and find the solution of those problems of religious history which are sealed in the sometimes scandalous obscurities which are to be found in the stories of the Bible.

The sacred historians themselves recognize the existence and the power of the magic which boldly rivalled that of Moses.

The Bible tells us that Jannes and Jambres, Pharaoh's magicians, at first performed *the same miracles* as Moses, and that they declared those which they could not imitate impossible to human science. It is in fact more flattering to the self-love of a charlatan to deem that a miracle has taken place, than to declare himself conquered by the science or skill of a fellow-magician—above all, when he is a political enemy or a religious adversary.

When does the possible in magical miracles begin and end? Here is a serious and important question. What is certain is the existence of the facts which one habitually describes as miracles. Magnetizers and sleep-wakers do them every day; Sister Rose Tamisier did them; the "illuminated" Vintras does them still; more than fifteen thousand witnesses recently attested those of the American mediums; ten thousand peasants of Berry and Sologne would attest, if need were, those of the god Cheneau (a retired button-merchant who believes himself inspired by God). Are all these people hallucinated or knaves? Hallucinated, yes, perhaps, but the very fact that their hallucination is identical, whether separately or collectively, is it not a sufficiently great miracle on the part of him who produces it, always, at will, and at a stated time and place?

To do miracles, and to persuade the multitude that one does them, are very nearly the same thing, above all in a century as frivolous and scoffing as ours. Now, the world is full of wonder-makers, and science is often reduced to denying their works or refusing to see them, in order not to be reduced to examining them, or assigning a cause to them.

In the last century all Europe resounded with the miracles of Cagliostro. Who is ignorant of what powers were attributed to his 'wine of Egypt,' and to his 'elixir'? What can we add to the stories that they tell of his other-world suppers, where he made appear in flesh and blood the illustrious personages of the past? Cagliostro was, however, far from being an initiate of the first order, since the Great White Brotherhood abandoned him[1] to the Roman Inquisition, before whom he made, if one can believe the documents to his trial, so ridiculous and so odious an explanation of the Masonic trigram, L.·. P.·. D.·.

But miracles are not the exclusive privilege of the first order of initiates; they are often performed by beings without education or virtue. Natural laws find an opportunity in an organism whose exceptional qualifications are not clear to us, and they perform their work with their invariable precision and calm. The most refined gourmets appreciate truffles, and employ them for their purposes, but it is hogs that dig them up: it is analogically the same for plenty of things less material and less gastronomical: instincts have groping presentiments, but it is really only science which discovers.

The actual progress of human knowledge has diminished by a great deal the chances of prodigies, but there still remains a great number, since both the power of the imagination and the nature and power of magnetism are not yet known. The observation of universal analogies, moreover, has been neglected, and for that reason divination is no longer believed in.

[1] This is no more an argument than to say that God "abandoned" Christ. Martyrdom is usually cited on the other side. Besides, the fate of Cagliostro is unknown—at least to the world at large.—O. M.

A qabalistic sage may, then, still astonish the crowd and even bewilder the educated:

1°—By divining hidden things; 2°—by predicting many things to come; 3°—by dominating the will of others so as to prevent them doing what they will, and forcing them to do what they do not will; 4°—by exciting apparitions and dreams; 5°—by curing a large number of illnesses; 6°—by restoring life to subjects who display all the symptoms of death; 7°—lastly, by demonstrating (if need be, by examples) the reality of the philosophical stone, and the transmutation of metals, according to the secrets of Abraham the Jew, of Flamel, and of Raymond Lully.

All these prodigies are accomplished by means of a single agent which the Hebrew calls OD, as did the Chevalier de Reichenbach, which we, with the School of Pasqualis Martinez, call astral light, which Mr. de Mirville calls the devil, and which the ancient alchemists called Azoth. It is the vital element which manifests itself by the phenomena of heat, light, electricity and magnetism, which magnetizes all terrestrial globes, and all living beings.

In this agent even are manifested the proofs of the qabalistic doctrine with regard to equilibrium and motion, by double polarity; when one pole attracts the other repels, one produces heat, the other cold, one gives a blue or greenish light, the other a yellow or reddish light.

This agent, by its different methods of magnetization, attracts us to each other, or estranges us from each other, subordinates one to the wishes of the other by causing him to enter his centre of attraction, re-establishes or disturbs the equilibrium in animal economy by its transmutations and its

alternate currents, receives and transmits the imprints of the force of imagination which is in men the image and the semblance of the creative word, and thus produces presentiments and determines dreams. The science of miracles is then the knowledge of this marvellous force, and the art of doing miracles is simply the art of magnetizing or *illuminating* beings, according to the invariable laws of magnetism or astral light.

We prefer the word "light" to the word "magnetism," because it is more traditional in occultism, and expresses in a more complete and perfect manner the nature of the secret agent. There is, in truth, the liquid and drinkable gold of the masters in alchemy; the word "OR" (the French word for "gold") comes from the Hebrew "AOUR" which signifies "light." "What do you wish?" they asked the candidate in every initiation: "To see the light," should be their answer. The name of illuminati which one ordinarily gives to adepts, has then been generally very badly interpreted by giving to it a mystical sense, as if it signified men whose intelligence believes itself to be lighted by a miraculous day. 'Illuminati' means simply, knowers and possessors of the light, either by the knowledge of the great magical agent, or by the rational and ontological notion of the absolute.

The universal agent is a force tractable and subordinate to intelligence. Abandoned to itself, it, like Moloch, devours rapidly all that to which it gives birth, and changes the superabundance of life into immense destruction. It is, then, the infernal serpent of the ancient myths, the Typhon of the Egyptians, and the Moloch of Phœnicia; but if Wisdom, mother of the Elohim, puts her foot upon his head, she outwears

all the flames which he belches forth, and pours with full hands upon the earth a vivifying light. Thus also it is said in the Zohar that at the beginning of our earthly period, when the elements disputed among themselves the surface of the earth, that fire, like an immense serpent, had enveloped everything in its coils, and was about to consume all beings, when divine clemency, raising around it the waves of the sea like a vestment of clouds, put her foot upon the head of the serpent and made him re-enter the abyss. Who does not see in this allegory the first idea, and the most reasonable explanation, of one of the images dearest to Catholic symbolism, the triumph of the Mother of God?

The qabalists say that the occult name of the devil, his true name, is that of Jehovah written backwards. This, for the initiate, is a complete revelation of the mysteries of the tetragram. In fact, the order of the letters of that great name indicates the predominance of the idea over form, of the active over the passive, of cause over effect. By reversing that order one obtains the contrary. Jehovah is he who tames Nature as it were a superb horse and makes it go where he will; Chavajoh (the demon) is the horse without a bridle who, like those of the Egyptians of the song of Moses, falls upon its rider, and hurls him beneath it, into the abyss.

The devil, then, exists really enough for the qabalists; but it is neither a person nor a distinguished power of even the forces of Nature. The devil is dispersion, or the slumber of the intelligence. It is madness and falsehood.

Thus are explained the nightmares of the Middle Ages; thus, too, are explained the bizarre symbols of some initiates, those of the Templars, for example, who are much less to be

blamed for having worshipped Baphomet, than for allowing its image to be perceived by the profane. Baphomet, pantheistic figure of the universal agent, is nothing else than the bearded devil of the alchemists. One knows that the members of the highest grades in the old hermetic masonry attributed to a bearded demon the accomplishment of the Great Work. At this word, the vulgar hastened to cross themselves, and to hide their eyes, but the initiates of the cult of Hermes-Pantheos understood the allegory, and were very careful not to explain it to the profane.

Mr. de Mirville, in a book to-day almost forgotten, though it made some noise a few months ago, gives himself a great deal of trouble to compile an account of various sorceries, of the kind which fill the compilations of people like Delancre, Delrio, and Bodin. He might have found better than that in history. And without speaking of the easily attested miracles of the Jansenists of Port Royal, and of the Deacon Paris, what is more marvellous than the great monomania of martyrdom which has made children, and even women, during three hundred years, go to execution as if to a feast? What more magnificent than that enthusiastic faith accorded during so many centuries to the most incomprehensible, and, humanly speaking, to the most revolting mysteries? On this occasion, you will say, the miracles came from God, and one even employs them as a proof of the truth of religion. But, what? heretics, too, let themselves be killed for dogmas, this time quite frankly and really absurd. They then sacrificed both their reason and their life to their belief? Oh, for heretics, it is evident that the devil was responsible. Poor folk, who took the devil for God, and God for the devil! Why have

they not been undeceived by making them recognize the true God by the charity, the knowledge, the justice, and above all, by the mercy of his ministers?

The necromancers who cause the devil to appear after a fatiguing and almost impossible series of the most revolting evocations, are only children by the side of that St. Anthony of the legend who drew them from hell by thousands, and dragged them everywhere after him, like Orpheus, who attracted to him oaks, rocks and the most savage animals.

Callot alone, initiated by the wandering Bohemians during his infancy into the mysteries of black sorcery, was able to understand and reproduce the evocations of the first hermit. And do you think that in retracing those frightful dreams of maceration and fasting, the makers of legends have invented? No; they have remained far below the truth. The cloisters, in fact, have always been peopled with nameless spectres, and their walls have palpitated with shadows and infernal larvæ. St. Catherine of Siena on one occasion passed a week in the midst of an obscene orgy which would have discouraged the lust of Pietro di Aretino; St. Theresa felt herself carried away living into hell, and there suffered, between walls which ever closed upon her, tortures which only hysterical women will be able to understand. . . . All that, one will say, happened in the imagination of the sufferers. But where, then, would you expect facts of a supernatural order to take place? What is certain is that all these visionaries have seen and touched, that they have had the most vivid feeling of a formidable reality. We speak of it from our own experience, and there are visions of our own first youth, passed in retreat and asceticism, whose memory makes us shudder even now.

God and the devil are the ideals of absolute good and evil. But man never conceives absolute evil, save as a false idea of good. Good only can be absolute; and evil is only relative to our ignorance, and to our errors. Every man, in order to be a God, first makes himself a devil; but as the law of solidarity is universal, the hierarchy exists in hell as it does in heaven. A wicked man will always find one more wicked than himself to do him harm; and when the evil is at its climax, it must cease, for it could only continue by the annihilation of being, which is impossible. Then the man-devils, at the end of their resources, fall once more under the empire of the god-men, and are saved by those whom one at first thought their victims; but the man who strives to live a life of evil deeds, does homage to good by all the intelligence and energy that he develops in himself. For this reason the great initiator said in his figurative language: "I would that thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The Great Master, in one of his parables, condemns only the idle man who buried his treasure from fear of losing it in the risky operations of that bank which we call life. To think nothing, to love nothing, to wish for nothing, to do nothing —that is the real sin. Nature only recognizes and rewards workers.

The human will develops itself and increases itself by its own activity. In order to will truly, one must act. Action always dominates inertia and drags it at its chariot wheels. This is the secret of the influence of the alleged wicked over the alleged good. How many poltroons and cowards think themselves virtuous because they are afraid to be otherwise!

How many respectable women cast an envious eye upon prostitutes! It is not very long ago since convicts were in fashion. Why? Do you think that public opinion can ever give homage to vice? No, but it can do justice to activity and bravery, and it is right that cowardly knaves should esteem bold brigands.

Boldness united to intelligence is the mother of all successes in this world. To undertake, one must know; to accomplish, one must will; to will really, one must dare; and in order to gather in peace the fruits of one's audacity, one must keep silent.

TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL, TO KEEP SILENT, are, as we have said elsewhere, the four qabalistic words which correspond to the four letters of the tetragram and to the four hieroglyphic forms of the Sphinx. To know, is the human head; to dare, the claws of the lion; to will, the mighty flanks of the bull; to keep silent, the mystical wings of the eagle. He only maintains his position above other men who does not prostitute the secrets of his intelligence to their commentary and their laughter.

All men who are really strong are magnetizers, and the universal agent obeys their will. It is thus that they work marvels. They make themselves believed, they make themselves followed, and when they say, "This is thus," Nature changes (in a sense) to the eyes of the vulgar, and becomes what the great man wished. "This is my flesh and this is my blood," said a Man who had made himself God by his virtues; and eighteen centuries, in the presence of a piece of bread and a little wine, have seen, touched, tasted and adored flesh and blood made divine by martyrdom! Say now, that the human will accomplishes no miracles!

Do not let us here speak of Voltaire! Voltaire was not a wonder-worker, he was the witty and eloquent interpreter of those on whom the miracle no longer acted. Everything in his work is negative; everything was affirmative, on the contrary, in that of the "Galilean," as an illustrious and too unfortunate Emperor called Him.

And yet Julian in his time attempted more than Voltaire could accomplish; he wished to oppose miracles to miracles, the austerity of power to that of revolt, virtues to virtues, wonders to wonders; the Christians never had a more dangerous enemy, and they recognized the fact, for Julian was assassinated; and the Golden Legend still bears witness that a holy martyr, awakened in his tomb by the clamour of the Church, resumed his arms, and struck the Apostate in the darkness, in the midst of his army and of his victories. Sorry martyrs, who rise from the dead to become hangmen! Too credulous Emperor, who believed in his gods, and in the virtues of the past!

When the kings of France were hedged around with the adoration of their people, when they were regarded as the Lord's anointed, and the eldest sons of the Church, they cured scrofula. A man who is the fashion can always do miracles when he wishes. Cagliostro may have been only a charlatan, but as soon as opinion had made of him "the divine Cagliostro," he was expected to work miracles; and they happened.

When Cephas Barjona was nothing but a Jew proscribed by Nero, retailing to the wives of slaves a specific for eternal life, Cephas Barjona, for all educated people of Rome, was only a charlatan; but public opinion made an apostle of the

spiritualistic empiric; and the successors of Peter, were they Alexander VI, or even John XXII, are infallible for every man who is properly brought up, who does not wish to put himself uselessly outside the pale of society. So goes the world.

Charlatanism, when it is successful, is then, in magic as in everything else, a great instrument of power. To fascinate the mob cleverly, is not that already to dominate it? The poor devils of sorcerers who in the Middle Ages stupidly got themselves burnt alive had not, it is easy to see, a great empire on others. Joan of Arc was a magician at the head of her armies, and at Rouen the poor girl was not even a witch. She only knew how to pray, and how to fight, and the prestige which surrounded her ceased as soon as she was in chains. Does history tell us that the King of France demanded her release? That the French nobility, the people, the army protested against her condemnation? The Pope, whose eldest son was the King of France, did he excommunicate the executioners of the Maid of Orleans? No, nothing of all that! Joan of Arc was a sorceress for every one as soon as she ceased to be a magician, and it was certainly not the English alone who burned her. When one exercises an apparently superhuman power, one must exercise it always, or resign oneself to perish. The world always avenges itself in a cowardly way for having believed too much, admired too much, and above all, obeyed too much.

We only understand magic power in its application to great matters. If a true practical magician does not make himself master of the world, it is that he disdains it. To what, then, would he degrade his sovereign power? "I will give

thee all the kingdoms of the world, if thou wilt fall at my feet and worship me," the Satan of the parable said to Jesus. "Get thee behind me, Satan," replied the Saviour; "for it is written, Thou shalt adore God alone." . . . "ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI!" was what this sublime and divine adorer of God cried later. If he had replied to Satan, "I will not adore thee, and it is thou who wilt fall at my feet, for I bid thee in the name of intelligence and eternal reason," he would not have consigned his holy and noble life to the most frightful of all tortures. The Satan of the mountain was indeed cruelly avenged!

The ancients called practical magic the sacerdotal and royal art, and one remembers that the magi were the masters of primitive civilization, because they were the masters of all the science of their time.

To know is to be able when one dares to will.

The first science of the practical qabalist, or the magus, is the knowledge of men. Phrenology, psychology, chiromancy, the observation of tastes and of movement, of the sound of the voice and of either sympathetic or antipathetic impressions, are branches of this art, and the ancients were not ignorant of them. Gall and Spurzheim in our days have rediscovered phrenology. Lavater, following Porta, Cardan, Taisnier, Jean Belot and some others have divined anew rather than rediscovered the science of psychology; chiromancy is still occult, and one scarcely finds traces of it in the quite recent and very interesting work of d'Arpentigny. In order to have sufficient notions of it, one must remount to the qabalistic sources themselves from which the learned Cornelius Agrippa drew water. It is, then, convenient to say a few words

on the subject while waiting for the work of our friend Desbarrolles.

The hand is the instrument of action in man: it is, like the face, a sort of synthesis of the nervous system, and should also have features and physiognomy. The character of the individual is traced there by undeniable signs. Thus, among hands, some are laborious, some are idle, some square and heavy, others insinuating and light. Hard and dry hands are made for strife and toil, soft and damp hands ask only for pleasure. Pointed fingers are inquisitive and mystical, square fingers mathematical, spatulated fingers obstinate and ambitious.

The thumb, pollex, the finger of force and power, corresponds in the qabalistic symbolism to the first letter of the name of Jehovah. This finger is then a synthesis of the hand: if it is strong, the man is morally strong; if it is weak, the man is weak. It has three phalanges, of which the first is hidden in the palm of the hand, as the imaginary axis of the world traverses the thickness of the earth. This first phalanx corresponds to the physical life, the second to the intelligence, the third to the will. Greasy and thick palms denote sensual tastes and great force of physical life; a thumb which is long, especially in its last phalanx, reveals a strong will, which may go as far as despotism; short thumbs, on the contrary, show characters gentle and easily controlled.

The habitual folds of the hand determine its lines. These lines are, then, the traces of habits, and the patient observer will know how to recognize them and how to judge them. The man whose hand folds badly is clumsy or unhappy. The hand has three principal functions: to grasp, to hold, and to

handle. The subtlest hands seize and handle best; hard and strong hands hold longer. Even the lightest wrinkles bear witness to the habitual sensations of the organ. Each finger has, besides, a special function from which it takes its name. We have already spoken of the thumb; the index is the finger which points out, it is that of the word and of prophecy; the medius dominates the whole hand, it is that of destiny; the ring-finger is that of alliances and of honours: chiromancers have consecrated it to the sun; the little finger is insinuating and talkative, at least, so say simple folk and nursemaids, whose little finger tells them so much. The hand has seven protuberances which the qabalists, following natural analogies, have attributed to the seven planets: that of the thumb, to Venus; that of the index, to Jupiter; that of the medius, to Saturn; that of the ring-finger, to the Sun; that of the little finger, to Mercury; the two others to Mars and to the Moon. According to their form and their predominance, they judged the inclinations, the aptitudes, and consequently the probable destinies of the individuals who submitted themselves to their judgment.

There is no vice which does not leave its trace, no virtue which has not its sign. Thus, for the trained eyes of the observer, no hypocrisy is possible. One will understand that such a science is already a power indeed sacerdotal and royal.

The prediction of the principal events of life is already possible by means of the numerous analogical probabilities of this observation: but there exists a faculty called that of presentiments or sensitivism. Events exist often in their causes before realizing themselves in action; sensitives see in advance

the effects in the causes. Previous to all great events, there have been most astonishing predictions. In the reign of Louis Philippe we heard sleep-walkers and ecstatics announce the return of the Empire, and specify the date of its coming. The Republic of 1848 was clearly announced in the prophecy of Orval, which dated at least from 1830 and which we strongly suspect to be, like those works attributed to the brothers Olivarius, the posthumous work of Mlle. Lenormand. This is a matter of little importance in this thesis.

That magnetic light which causes the future to appear, also causes things at present existing, but hidden, to be guessed; as it is the universal life, it is also the agent of human sensibility, transmitting to some the sickness or the health of others, according to the fatal influence of contracts, or the laws of the will. It is that which explains the power of benedictions and of bewitchments so clearly recognized by the great adepts, and above all by the wonderful Paracelsus. An acute and judicious critic, Mr. Ch. Fauvety, in an article published by the *Revue philosophique et religieuse*, appreciates in a remarkable manner the advanced works of Paracelsus, of Pomponacius, of Goglienus, of Crollius, and of Robert Fludd on magnetism. But what our learned friend and collaborator studies only as a philosophical curiosity, Paracelsus and his followers practised without being very anxious that the world should understand it; for it was for them one of those traditional secrets with regard to which silence is necessary, and which it is sufficient to indicate to those who know, leaving always a veil upon the truth for the ignorant.

Now here is what Paracelsus reserved for initiates alone,

and what we have understood through deciphering the qabalistic characters, and the allegories of which he makes use in his work :

The human soul is material ; the divine *mens* is offered to it to immortalize it and to make it live spiritually and individually, but its natural substance is fluidic and collective.

There are, then, in man, two lives : the individual or reasonable life, and the common or instinctive life. It is by this latter that one can live in the bodies of others, since the universal soul, of which each nervous organism has a separate consciousness, is the same for all.

We live in a common and universal life in the embryonic state, in ecstasy, and in sleep. In sleep, in fact, reason does not act, and logic, when it mingles in our dreams, only does so by chance, in accordance with the accidents of purely physical reminiscences.

In dreams, we have the consciousness of the universal life ; we mingle ourselves with water, fire, air, and earth ; we fly like birds ; we climb like squirrels ; we crawl like serpents ; we are intoxicated with astral light ; we plunge into the common reservoir, as happens in a more complete manner in death ; but then (and it is thus that Paracelsus explains the mysteries of the other life) the wicked, that is to say, those who have allowed themselves to be dominated by the instincts of the brute to the prejudice of human reason, are drowned in the ocean of the common life with all the anguish of eternal death ; the others swim upon it, and enjoy for ever the riches of that fluid gold which they have succeeded in dominating.

This identity of all physical life permits the stronger

souls to possess themselves of the existence of the others, and to make auxiliaries of them ; it explains sympathetic currents either near or distant, and gives the whole secret of occult medicine, because the principle of this medicine is the grand hypothesis of universal analogies, and, attributing all the phenomena of physical life to the universal agent, teaches that one must act upon the astral body in order to react upon the material visible body ; it teaches also that the essence of the astral light is a double movement of attraction and repulsion ; just as human bodies attract and repel one another, they can also absorb themselves, extend one into another, and make exchanges ; the ideas or imaginations of one can influence the form of the other, and subsequently react upon the exterior body.

Thus are produced the so strange phenomena of maternal impressions, thus the neighbourhood of invalids gives bad dreams, and thus the soul breathes in something unwholesome when in the company of fools and knaves.

One may remark that in boarding-schools the children tend to assimilate in physiognomy ; each place of education has, so to speak, a family air which is peculiar to it. In orphan schools conducted by nuns all the girls resemble each other, and all take on that obedient and effaced physiognomy which characterizes ascetic education. Men become handsome in the school of enthusiasm, of the arts, and of glory ; they become ugly in prison, and of sad countenance in seminaries and in convents.

Here it will be understood we leave Paracelsus, in order that we may investigate the consequences and applications of his ideas, which are simply those of the ancient magi, and

to study the elements of that physical Qabalah which we call magic.

According to the qabalistic principles formulated by the school of Paracelsus, death is nothing but a slumber, ever growing deeper and more definite, a slumber which it would not be impossible to stop in its early stages by exercising a powerful action of will on the astral body as it breaks loose, and by recalling it to life through some powerful interest or some dominating affection. Jesus expressed the same thought when he said to the daughter of Jairus: "The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth"; and of Lazarus: "Our friend is fallen asleep, and I go to wake him." To express this resurrectionist system in such a manner as not to offend common sense, by which we mean generally-held opinions, let us say that death, when there is no destruction or essential alteration of the physical organs, is always preceded by a lethargy of varying duration. (The resurrection of Lazarus, if we could admit it as a scientific fact, would prove that this state may last for four days.[1])

Let us now come to the secret of the Great Work, which we have given only in Hebrew, without vowel points, in the *Rituel de la haute magie.* Here is the complete text in Latin, as one finds it on page 144 of the Sepher Yetzirah, commented by the alchemist Abraham (Amsterdam, 1642):

[1] It will be objected that Lazarus stank, but this is a thing which happens frequently to healthy people, as well as to sick men, who recover in spite of it. Besides, in the Gospel story, it is one of the bystanders who says that Lazarus "by this time stinketh, for he hath been dead four days." One may then attribute this remark to imagination.—E. L. Rather to the arrogance of the à priori reasoner.—TRANS.

SEMITA XXXI

Vocatur intelligentia perpetua ; et quare vocatur ita ? Eo quod ducit motum solis et lunæ juxta constitutionem eorum ; utrumque in orbe sibi conveniente.

Rabbi Abraham F.·. D.·. dicit :

Semita trigesima prima vocatur intelligentia perpetua : et illa ducit solem et lunam et reliquas stellas et figuras, unum quodque in orbe suo, et impertit omnibus creatis juxta dispositionem ad signa et figuras.

Here is the French translation of the Hebrew text which we have transcribed in our ritual :

" The thirty-first path is called the perpetual intelligence ; and it governs the sun and the moon, and the other stars and figures, each in its respective orb. And it distributes what is needful to all created things, according to their disposition to the signs and figures."

This text, one sees, is still perfectly obscure for whoever is not acquainted with the characteristic value of each of the thirty-two paths. The thirty-two paths are the ten numbers and the twenty-two hieroglyphic letters of the Qabalah. The thirty-first refers to ש, which represents the magic lamp, or the light between the horns of Baphomet. It is the qabalistic sign of the OD, or astral light, with its two poles, and its balanced centre. One knows that in the language of the alchemist the sun signifies gold, the moon silver, and that the other stars or planets refer to the other metals. One

should now be able to understand the thought of the Jew Abraham.

The secret fire of the masters of alchemy was, then, electricity; and there is the better half of their grand arcanum; but they knew how to equilibrate its force by a magnetic influence which they concentrated in their athanor. This is what results from the obscure dogmas of Basil Valentine, of Bernard Trevisan, and of Henry Khunrath, who, all of them, pretend to have worked the transmutation, like Raymond Lully, like Arnaud de Villeneuve, and like Nicholas Flamel.

The universal light, when it magnetizes the worlds, is called astral light; when it forms the metals, one calls it azoth, or philosophical mercury; when it gives life to animals, it should be called animal magnetism.

The brute is subject to the fatalities of this light; man is able to direct it.

It is the intelligence which, by adapting the sign to the thought, creates forms and images.

The universal light is like the divine imagination, and this world, which changes ceaselessly, yet ever remaining the same with regard to the laws of its configuration, is the vast dream of God.

Man formulates the light by his imagination; he attracts to himself the light in sufficient quantities to give suitable forms to his thoughts and even to his dreams; if this light overcomes him, if he drowns his understanding in the forms which he evokes, he is mad. But the fluidic atmosphere of madmen is often a poison for tottering reason and for exalted imaginations.

The forms which the over-excited imagination produces

in order to lead astray the understanding, are as real as photographic images. One could not see what does not exist. The phantoms of dreams, and even the dreams of the waking, are then real images which exist in the light.

There exist, besides these, contagious hallucinations. But we here affirm something more than ordinary hallucinations.

If the images attracted by diseased brains are in some sense real, can they not throw them without themselves, as real as they receive them?

These images projected by the complete nervous organism of the medium, can they not affect the complete organism of those who, voluntarily or not, are in nervous sympathy with the medium?

The things accomplished by Mr. Home prove that all this is possible.

Now, let us reply to those who think that they see in these phenomena manifestations of the other world and facts of necromancy.

We shall borrow our answer from the sacred book of the qabalists, and in this our doctrine is that of the rabbis who compiled the Zohar.

Axiom

The spirit clothes itself to descend, and strips itself to rise.

In fact:

Why are created spirits clothed with bodies?

It is that they must be limited in order to have a possible existence. Stripped of all body, and become consequently

without limit, created spirits would lose themselves in the infinite, and from lack of the power to concentrate themselves somewhere, they would be dead and impotent everywhere, lost as they would be in the immensity of God.

All created spirits have, then, bodies, some subtler, some grosser, according to the surroundings in which they are called to live.

The soul of a dead man would, then, not be able to live in the atmosphere of the living, any more than we can live in earth or in water.

For an airy, or rather an ethereal, spirit, it would be necessary to have an artificial body similar to the apparatus of our divers, in order that it might come to us.

All that we can see of the dead are the reflections which they have left in the atmospheric light, light whose imprints we evoke by the sympathy of our memories.

The souls of the dead are above our atmosphere. Our respirable air becomes earth for them. This is what the Saviour declares in His Gospel, when He makes the soul of a saint say :

"Now the great abyss is established between us, and those who are above can no longer descend to those who are below."

The hands which Mr. Home causes to appear are, then, composed of air coloured by the reflection which his sick imagination attracts and projects.[1]

[1] "The luminous agent being also that of heat, one understands the sudden variations of temperature occasioned by the abnormal projections or sudden absorptions of the light. There follows a sudden atmospheric perturbation, which produces the noise of storms, and the creaking of woodwork."—E. L.

One touches them as one sees them; half illusion, half magnetic and nervous force.

These, it seems to us, are very precise and very clear explanations.

Let us reason a little with those who support the theory of apparitions from another world:

Either those hands are real bodies, or they are illusions.

If they are bodies, they are, then, not spirits.

If they are illusions produced by mirages, either in us, or outside ourselves, you admit my argument.

Now, one remark!

It is that all those who suffer from luminous congestion or contagious somnambulism, perish by a violent or, at least, a sudden death.

It is for this reason that one used to attribute to the devil the power of strangling sorcerers.

The excellent and worthy Lavater habitually evoked the alleged spirit of Gablidone.

He was assassinated.

A lemonade-seller of Leipzig, Schrœpfer, evoked the animated images of the dead. He blew out his brains with a pistol.

One knows what was the unhappy end of Cagliostro.

A misfortune greater than death itself is the only thing that can save the life of these imprudent experimenters.

They may become idiots or madmen, and then they do not die, if one watches over them with care to prevent them from committing suicide.

Magnetic maladies are the road to madness; they are

always born from the hypertrophy or atrophy of the nervous system.

They resemble hysteria, which is one of their varieties, and are often produced, either by excesses of celibacy, or those of exactly the opposite kind.

One knows how closely connected with the brain are the organs charged by Nature with the accomplishment of her noblest work: those whose object is the reproduction of being.

One does not violate with impunity the sanctuary of Nature.

Without risking his own life, no one lifts the veil of the great Isis.

Nature is chaste, and it is to chastity that she gives the key of life.

To give oneself up to impure loves is to plight one's troth to death.

Liberty, which is the life of the soul, is only preserved in the order of Nature. Every voluntary disorder wounds it, prolonged excess murders it.

Then, instead of being guided and preserved by reason, one is abandoned to the fatalities of the ebb and flow of magnetic light.

The magnetic light devours ceaselessly, because it is always creating, and because, in order to produce continually, one must absorb eternally.

Thence come homicidal manias and temptations to commit suicide.

Thence comes that spirit of perversity which Edgar Poe has described in so impressive and accurate a manner, and which Mr. de Mirville would be right to call the devil.

The devil is the giddiness of the intelligence stupefied by the irresolution of the heart.

It is a monomania of nothingness, the lure of the abyss; independently of what it may be according to the decisions of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith, which we have not the temerity to touch.

As to the reproduction of signs and characters by that universal fluid, which we call astral light, to deny its possibility would be to take little account of the most ordinary phenomena of Nature.

The mirage in the steppes of Russia, the palace of Morgan le Fay, the figures printed naturally in the heart of stones which Gaffarel calls *gamahés*, the monstrous deformities of certain children caused by impressions of the nightmares of their mothers, all these phenomena and many others prove that the light is full of reflections and images which it projects and reproduces according to the evocations of the imagination, of memory, or of desire. Hallucination is not always an objectless reverie: as soon as every one sees a thing it is certainly visible; but if this thing is absurd one must rigorously conclude that everybody is deceived or hallucinated by a real appearance.

To say (for example) that in the magnetic parties of Mr. Home real and living hands come out of the tables, true hands which some see, others touch, and by which still others feel themselves touched without seeing them, to say that these really corporeal hands are hands of spirits, is to speak like children or madmen; it implies a contradiction in terms. But to deem that such or such apparitions, such or such sensations, are produced, is simply to be sincere, and to mock

the mockery of the normal man, even when these normal men are as witty as this or that editor of this or that comic journal.

These phenomena of the light which produce apparitions always appear at epochs when humanity is in labour. They are phantoms of the delirium of the world-fever; it is the hysteria of a bored society. Virgil tells us in fine verse that in the time of Cæsar Rome was full of spectres; in the time of Vespasian the gates of the Temple of Jerusalem opened of themselves, and a voice was heard crying, "The gods depart." Now, when the gods depart, the devils return. Religious feeling transforms itself into superstition when faith is lost; for souls need to believe, because they thirst for hope. How can faith be lost? How can science doubt the infinite harmony? Because the sanctuary of the absolute is always closed for the majority. But the kingdom of truth, which is that of God, suffers violence, and the violent must take it by force. There exists a dogma, there exists a key, there exists a sublime tradition; and this dogma, this key, this tradition is transcendental magic. There only are found the absolute of knowledge and the eternal bases of law, guardian against all madness, all superstition and all error, the Eden of the intelligence, the ease of the heart, and the peace of the soul. We do not say this in the hope of convincing the scoffer, but only to guide the seeker. Courage and good hope to him; he will surely find, since we ourselves have found.

The magical dogma is not that of the mediums. The mediums who dogmatize can teach nothing but anarchy, since their inspiration is drawn from a disordered exaltation. They are always predicting disasters; they deny hierarchical authority; they pose, like Vintras, as sovereign pontiffs.

The initiate, on the contrary, respects the hierarchy before all, he loves and preserves order, he bows before sincere beliefs, he loves all signs of immortality in faith, and of redemption by charity, which is all discipline and obedience. We have just read a book published under the influence of astral and magnetic intoxication, and we have been struck by the anarchical tendencies with which it is filled under a great appearance of benevolence and religion. At the head of this book one sees the symbol, or, as the magi call it, *the signature*, of the doctrines which it teaches. Instead of the Christian cross, symbol of harmony, alliance and regularity, one sees the tortuous tendrils of the vine, jutting from its twisted stem, images of hallucination and of intoxication.

The first ideas set forth by this book are the climax of the absurd. The souls of the dead, it says, are everywhere, and nothing any longer hems them in. It is an infinite overcrowded with gods, returning the one into the other. The souls can and do communicate with us by means of tables and hats. And so, no more regulated instruction, no more priesthood, no more Church, delirium set upon the throne of truth, oracles which write for the salvation of the human race the word attributed to Cambronne, great men who leave the serenity of their eternal destinies to make our furniture dance, and to hold with us conversations like those which Beroalde de Verville[1] makes them hold, in *Le Moyen de Parvenir.* All this is a great pity; and yet, in America, all this is

[1] Born in 1538—died in 1612. Author of *Le Moyen de Parvenir.* The Bibliophile Jacob suggests that Verville stole his *Moyen de Parvenir* from a lost book of Rabelais. Verville was a Canon of St. Gatien, Tours, and is associated with Tours and Touraine. Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques* are deemed to have been more inspired by Verville than by Rabelais.—TRANS.

spreading like an intellectual plague. Young America raves, she has fever; she is, perhaps, cutting her teeth. But France! France to accept such things! No, it is not possible, and it is not so. But while they refuse the doctrines, serious men should observe the phenomena, remain calm in the midst of the agitations of all the fanaticisms (for incredulity also has its own), and judge after having examined.

To preserve one's reason in the midst of madmen, one's faith in the midst of superstitions, one's dignity in the midst of buffoons, and one's independence among the sheep of Panurge, is of all miracles the rarest, the finest, and the most difficult to accomplish.

CHAPTER IV

FLUIDIC PHANTOMS AND THEIR MYSTERIES

THE ancients gave different names to these: larvae, lemures (empuses). They loved the vapour of shed blood, and fled from the blade of the sword.

Theurgy evoked them, and the Qabalah recognized them under the name of elementary spirits.

They were not spirits, however, for they were mortal.

They were fluidic coagulations which one could destroy by dividing them.

They were a sort of animated mirages, imperfect emanations of human life. The traditions of Black Magic say that they were born owing to the celibacy of Adam. Paracelsus says that the vapours of the blood of hysterical women people the air with phantoms; and these ideas are so ancient, that

we find traces of them in Hesiod, who expressly forbids that linen, stained by a pollution of any sort, should be dried before a fire.

Persons who are obsessed by phantoms are usually exalted by too rigorous celibacy, or weakened by excesses.

Fluidic phantoms are the abortions of the vital light; they are plastic media without body and without spirit, born from the excesses of the spirit and the disorders of the body.

These wandering media may be attracted by certain degenerates who are fatally sympathetic to them, and who lend them at their own cost a factitious existence of a more or less durable kind. They then serve as supplementary instruments to the instinctive volitions of these degenerates: never to cure them, always to send them farther astray, and to hallucinate them more and more.

If corporeal embryos can take the forms which the imagination of their mothers gives them, the wandering fluidic embryos ought to be prodigiously variable, and to transform themselves with an astonishing facility. Their tendency to give themselves a body in order to attract a soul, makes them condense and assimilate naturally the corporeal molecules which float in the atmosphere.

Thus, by coagulating the vapour of blood, they remake blood, that blood which hallucinated maniacs see floating upon pictures or statues. But they are not the only ones to see it. Vintras and Rose Tamisier are neither impostors nor myopics; the blood really flows; doctors examine it, analyse it; it is blood, real human blood: whence comes it? Can it be formed spontaneously in the atmosphere? Can it naturally flow from a marble, from a painted canvas or a host? No,

doubtless; this blood did once circulate in veins, then it has been shed, evaporated, dried, the serum has turned into vapour, the globules into impalpable dust, the whole has floated and whirled into the atmosphere, and has then been attracted into the current of a specified electro-magnetism. The serum has again become liquid; it has taken up and imbibed anew the globules which the astral light has coloured, and the blood flows.

Photography proves to us sufficiently that images are real modifications of light. Now, there exists an accidental and fortuitous photography which makes durable impressions of mirages wandering in the atmosphere, upon leaves of trees, in wood, and even in the heart of stones: thus are formed those natural figures to which Gaffarel has consecrated several pages in his book of *Curiosités inouies*, those stones to which he attributes an occult virtue, and which he calls *gamahés;* thus are traced those writings and drawings which so greatly astonish the observers of fluidic phenomena. They are astral photographs traced by the imagination of the mediums with or without the assistance of the fluidic larvæ.

The existence of these larvæ has been demonstrated to us in a peremptory manner by a rather curious experience. Several persons, in order to test the magic power of the American Home, asked him to summon up relations which they pretended they had lost, but, who, in reality, had never existed. The spectres did not fail to reply to this appeal, and the phenomena which habitually followed the evocations of the medium were fully manifested.

This experience is sufficient of itself to convict of tiresome credulity and of formal error those who believe that spirits

intervene to produce these strange phenomena. That the dead may return, it is above all necessary that they should have existed, and demons would not so easily be the dupes of our mystifications.

Like all Catholics, we believe in the existence of spirits of darkness, but we know also that the divine power has given them the darkness for an eternal prison, and that the Redeemer saw Satan fall from heaven like lightning. If the demons tempt us, it is by the voluntary complicity of our passions, and it is not permitted to them to make head against the empire of God, and by stupid and useless manifestations to disturb the eternal order of Nature.

The diabolical signatures and characters, which are produced without the knowledge of the medium, are evidently not proofs of a tacit or formal pact between these degenerates and intelligences of the abyss. These signs have served from the beginning to express astral vertigo, and remain in a state of mirage in the reflections of the divulged light. Nature also has its recollections, and sends to us the same signs to correspond to the same ideas. In all this, there is nothing either supernatural or infernal.

"How? do you want me to admit," said to us the Curé Charvoz, the first vicar of Vintras, "that Satan dares to impress his hideous stigmata upon consecrated materials, which have become the actual body of Jesus Christ?" We declared immediately, that it was equally impossible for us to pronounce in favour of such a blasphemy; and yet, as we demonstrated in our articles in the *Estafette*, the signs printed in bleeding characters upon the hosts of Vintras, regularly consecrated by Charvoz, were those which, in

Black Magic, are absolutely recognized for the signatures of demons.

Astral writings are often ridiculous or obscene. The pretended spirits, when questioned on the greater mysteries of Nature, often reply by that coarse word which became, so they say, heroic on one occasion, in the military mouth of Cambronne. The drawings which pencils will trace if left to their own devices very often reproduce shapeless phalli, such as the anæmic hooligan, as one might picturesquely call him, sketches on the hoardings as he whistles, a further proof of our hypothesis, that wit in no way presides at those manifestations, and that it would be above all sovereignly absurd to recognize in them the intervention of spirits released from the bondage of matter.

The Jesuit, Paul Saufidius, who has written on the manners and customs of the Japanese, tells us a very remarkable story. A troop of Japanese pilgrims one day, as they were traversing a desert, saw coming towards them a band of spectres whose number was equal to that of the pilgrims, and which walked at the same pace. These spectres, at first without shape, and like larvæ, took on as they approached all the appearance of the human body. Soon they met the pilgrims, and mingled with them, gliding silently between their ranks. Then the Japanese saw themselves double, each phantom having become the perfect image and, as it were, the mirage of each pilgrim. The Japanese were afraid, and prostrated themselves, and the bonze who was conducting them began to pray for them with great contortions and great cries. When the pilgrims rose up again, the phantoms had disappeared, and the troop of devotees was able to continue

its path in peace. This phenomenon, whose truth we do not doubt, presents the double characters of a mirage, and of a sudden projection of astral larvæ, occasioned by the heat of the atmosphere, and the fanatical exhaustion of the pilgrims.

Dr. Brierre de Boismont, in his curious treatise, *Traité des hallucinations*, tells us that a man, perfectly sane, who had never had visions, was tormented one morning by a terrible nightmare: he saw in his room a mysterious ape horrible to behold, who gnashed his teeth upon him, and gave himself over to the most hideous contortions. He woke with a start, it was already day; he jumped from his bed, and was frozen with terror on seeing, really present, the frightful object of his dream. The monkey was there, the exact image of the monkey of the nightmare, equally absurd, equally terrible, even making the same grimaces. He could not believe his eyes; he remained nearly half an hour motionless, observing this singular phenomenon, and asking himself whether he was delirious or mad. Ultimately, he approached the phantasm to touch it, and it vanished.

Cornelius Gemma, in his *Histoire critique universelle*, says that in the year 454, in the island of Candia, the phantom of Moses appeared to some Jews on the sea-side; on his forehead he had luminous horns, in his hand was his blasting rod; and he invited them to follow him, showing them with his finger the horizon in the direction of the Holy Land. The news of this prodigy spread abroad, and the Israelites rushed towards the shore in a mob. All saw, or pretended to see, the marvellous apparition: they were, in number, twenty thousand, according to the chronicler, whom we suspect to be slightly exaggerating in this respect. Immediately heads

grow hot, and imaginations wild; they believe in a miracle more startling than was of old the passage of the Red Sea. The Jews form in a close column, and run towards the sea; the rear ranks push the front ranks frantically: they think they see the pretended Moses walk upon the water. A shocking disaster resulted: almost all that multitude was drowned, and the hallucination was only extinguished with the life of the greater number of those unhappy visionaries.

Human thought creates what it imagines; the phantoms of superstition project their deformities on the astral light, and live upon the same terrors which give them birth. That black giant which reaches its wings from east to west to hide the light from the world, that monster who devours souls, that frightful divinity of ignorance and fear—in a word, the devil,—is still, for a great multitude of children of all ages, a frightful reality. In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie* we represented him as the shadow of God, and in saying that, we still hid the half of our thought: God is light without shadow. The devil is only the shadow of the phantom of God!

The phantom of God! that last idol of the earth; that anthropomorphic spectre which maliciously makes himself invisible; that finite personification of the infinite; that invisible whom one cannot see without dying—without dying at least to intelligence and to reason, since in order to see the invisible, one must be mad; the phantom of Him who has no body; the confused form of Him who is without form and without limit; it is in *that* that, without knowing it, the greater number of believers believe. He who *is* essentially, purely, spiritually, without being either absolute being, or an abstract

being, or the collection of beings, the intellectual infinite in a word, is so difficult to imagine! Besides, every imagination makes its creator an idolater; he is obliged to believe in it, and worship it. Our spirit should be silent before Him, and our heart alone has the right to give Him a name: Our Father!

BOOK II

MAGICAL MYSTERIES

CHAPTER I

THEORY OF THE WILL

HUMAN life and its innumerable difficulties have for object, in the ordination of eternal wisdom, the education of the will of man.

The dignity of man consists in doing what he will, and in willing the good, in conformity with the knowledge of truth.

The good in conformity with the true, is the just.

Justice is the practice of reason.

Reason is the word of reality.

Reality is the science of truth.

Truth is idea identical with being.

Man arrives at the absolute idea of being by two roads, experience and hypothesis.

Hypothesis is probable when it is necessitated by the teachings of experience; it is improbable or absurd when it is rejected by this teaching.

Experience is science, and hypothesis is faith.

True science necessarily admits faith; true faith necessarily reckons with science.

Pascal blasphemed against science, when he said that by reason man could not arrive at the knowledge of any truth.

In fact, Pascal died mad.

But Voltaire blasphemed no less against science, when he declared that every hypothesis of faith was absurd, and admitted for the rule of reason only the witness of the senses.

Moreover, the last word of Voltaire was this contradictory formula: "GOD AND LIBERTY."

God! that is to say, a Supreme Master, excludes every idea of liberty, as the school of Voltaire understood it.

And Liberty, by which is meant an absolute independence of any master, which excludes all idea of God.

The word GOD expresses the supreme personification of law, and by consequence, of duty; and if by the word LIBERTY, you are willing to accept our interpretation, THE RIGHT OF DOING ONE'S DUTY, we in our turn will take it for a motto, and we shall repeat, without contradiction and without error: "GOD AND LIBERTY."

As there is no liberty for man but in the order which results from the true and the good, one may say that the conquest of liberty is the great work of the human soul. Man, by freeing himself from his evil passions and their slavery, creates himself, as it were, a second time. Nature made him living and suffering; he makes himself happy and immortal; he thus becomes the representative of divinity upon earth, and (relatively) exercises its almighty power.

AXIOM I

Nothing resists the will of man, when he knows the truth, and wills the good.

AXIOM II

To will evil, is to will death. A perverse will is a beginning of suicide.

AXIOM III

To will good with violence, is to will evil, for violence produces disorder, and disorder produces evil.

AXIOM IV

One can, and one should, accept evil as the means of good; but one must never will it or do it, otherwise one would destroy with one hand what one builds with the other. Good faith never justifies bad means; it corrects them when one undergoes them, and condemns them when one takes them.

AXIOM V

To have the right to possess always, one must will patiently and long.

AXIOM VI

To pass one's life in willing what it is impossible to possess always, is to abdicate life and accept the eternity of death.

AXIOM VII

The more obstacles the will surmounts, the stronger it is. It is for this reason that Christ glorified poverty and sorrow.

AXIOM VIII

When the will is vowed to the absurd, it is reproved by eternal reason.

AXIOM IX

The will of the just man is the will of God himself, and the law of Nature.

Axiom X

It is by the will that the intelligence sees. If the will is healthy, the sight is just. God said: "Let there be light!" and light is; the will says, "Let the world be as I will to see it!" and the intelligence sees it as the will has willed. This is the meaning of the word, "So be it," which confirms acts of faith.

Axiom XI

When one creates phantoms for oneself, one puts vampires into the world, and one must nourish these children of a voluntary nightmare with one's blood, one's life, one's intelligence, and one's reason, without ever satisfying them.

Axiom XII

To affirm and to will what ought to be is to create; to affirm and will what ought not to be, is to destroy.

Axiom XIII

Light[1] is an electric fire put by Nature at the service of the will; it lights those who know how to use it, it burns those who abuse it.

Axiom XIV

The empire of the world is the empire of the light.[1]

Axiom XV

Great intellects whose wills are badly balanced are like comets which are aborted suns.

Axiom XVI

To do nothing is as fatal as to do evil, but it is more cowardly. The most unpardonable of mortal sins is inertia.

[1] Meaning again the special "light" spoken of previously.—Trans.

Axiom XVII

To suffer is to work. A great sorrow suffered is a progress accomplished. Those who suffer much live more than those who do not suffer.

Axiom XVIII

Voluntary death from devotion is not suicide; it is the apotheosis of the will.

Axiom XIX

Fear is nothing but idleness of the will, and for that reason public opinion scourges cowards.

Axiom XX

Succeed in not fearing the lion, and the lion will fear you. Say to sorrow: "I will that you be a pleasure, more even than a pleasure, a happiness."

Axiom XXI

A chain of iron is easier to break than a chain of flowers.

Axiom XXII

Before saying that a man is happy or unhappy, find out what the direction of his will has made of him: Tiberius died every day at Capri, while Jesus proved his immortality and even his divinity on Calvary and upon the Cross.

CHAPTER II

THE POWER OF THE WORD

It is the word which creates forms; and forms in their turn react upon the word, in order to modify it and complete it.

Every word of truth is a beginning of an act of justice.

One asks if man may sometimes be necessarily driven to evil. Yes, when his judgment is false, and consequently his word unjust.

But one is responsible for a false judgment as for a bad action.

What falsifies the judgment is selfishness and its unjust vanities.

The unjust word, unable to realize itself by creation, realizes itself by destruction. It must either slay or be slain.

If it were able to remain without action, it would be the greatest of all disorders, an abiding blasphemy against truth.

Such is that idle word of which Christ has said that one will give account at the Day of Judgment. A jesting word, a comicality which *recreates* and causes laughter, is not an idle word.

The beauty of the word is a splendour of truth. A true word is always beautiful, a beautiful word is always true.

For this reason works of art are always holy when they are beautiful.

What does it matter to me that Anacreon should sing of Bathyllus, if in his verse I hear the notes of that divine harmony which is the eternal hymn of beauty? Poetry is pure as the Sun: it spreads its veil of light over the errors of humanity. Woe to him who would lift the veil in order to perceive things ugly!

The Council of Trent decided that it was permissible for wise and prudent persons to read the books of the ancients, even those which were obscene, on account of the beauty of the form. A statue of Nero or of Heliogabalus made like a masterpiece of Phidias, would it not be an absolutely beautiful and absolutely good work?—and would not he deserve the execration of the whole world who would propose to break it because it was the representation of a monster?

Scandalous statues are those which are badly sculptured, and the Venus of Milo would be desecrated if one placed her beside some of the Virgins which they dare to exhibit in certain churches.

One realizes evil in books of morality ill-written far more than in the poetry of Catullus or the ingenious Allegories of Apuleius.

There are no bad books, except those which are badly conceived and badly executed.

Every word of beauty is a word of truth. It is a light crystallized in speech.

But in order that the most brilliant light may be produced and made visible, a shadow is necessary; and the creative word, that it may become efficacious, needs contradictions. It must submit to the ordeal of negation, of sarcasm, and then to that more cruel yet, of indifference and forgetfulness.

The Master said: "If a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Affirmation and negation must, then, marry each other, and from their union will be born the practical truth, the real and progressive word. It is necessity which should constrain the workmen to choose for the corner-stone that which they had at first despised and rejected. Let contradiction, then, never discourage men of initiative! Earth is necessary for the ploughshare, and the earth resists because it is in labour. It defends itself like all virgins; it conceives and brings forth slowly like all mothers. You, then, who wish to sow a new plant in the field of intelligence, understand and respect the modesties and reluctances of limited experience and slow-moving reason.

When a new word comes into the world, it needs swaddling clothes and bandages; genius brought it forth, but it is for experience to nourish it. Do not fear that it will die of neglect! Oblivion is for it a favourable time of rest, and contradictions help it to grow. When a sun bursts forth in space it creates worlds or attracts them to itself. A single spark of fixed light promises a universe to space.

All magic is in a word, and that word pronounced qabalistically is stronger than all the powers of Heaven, Earth and Hell. With the name of *Jod hé vau hé*, one commands Nature: kingdoms are conquered in the name of Adonai, and the occult forces which compose the empire of Hermes are one and all obedient to him who knows how to pronounce duly the incommunicable name of Agla.

In order to pronounce duly the great words of the Qabalah,

one must pronounce them with a complete intelligence, with a will that nothing checks, an activity that nothing daunts. In magic, to have said is to have done; the word begins with letters, it ends with acts. One does not really will a thing unless one wills it with all one's heart, to the point of breaking for it one's dearest affections; and with all one's forces, to the point of risking one's health, one's fortune, and one's life.

It is by absolute devotion that faith proves itself and constitutes itself. But the man armed with such a faith will be able to move mountains.

The most fatal enemy of our souls is idleness. Inertia intoxicates us and sends us to sleep; but the sleep of inertia is corruption and death. The faculties of the human soul are like the waves of the ocean. To keep them sweet, they need the salt and bitterness of tears: they need the whirlwinds of Heaven: they need to be shaken by the storm.

When, instead of marching upon the path of progress, we wish to have ourselves carried, we are sleeping in the arms of death. It is to us that it is spoken, as to the paralytic man in the Gospel, "Take up thy bed and walk!" It is for us to carry death away, to plunge it into life.

Consider the magnificent and terrible metaphor of St. John; Hell is a sleeping fire. It is a life without activity and without progress; it is sulphur in stagnation: *stagnum ignis et sulphuris.*

The sleeping life is like the idle word, and it is of that that men will have to give an account in the Day of Judgment.

Intelligence speaks, and matter stirs. It will not rest until it has taken the form given to it by the word. Behold the Christian word, how for these nineteen centuries it has put

the world to work! What battles of giants! How many errors set forth and rebutted! How much deceived and irritated Christianity lies at the bottom of Protestantism, from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth! Human egotism, in despair at its defeats, has whipped up all its stupidities in turn. They have re-clothed the Saviour of the world with every rag and with every mocking purple. After Jesus the Inquisitor they have invented the *sans-culotte* Jesus! Measure if you can all the tears and all the blood that have flowed; calculate audaciously all that will yet be shed before the arrival of the Messianic reign of the Man-God who shall submit at once all passions to powers and all powers to justice. THY KINGDOM COME! For nigh on nineteen hundred years, over the whole surface of the earth, this has been the cry of seven hundred million throats, and the Israelites yet await the Messiah! He said that he would come, and come he will. He came to die, and he has promised to return to live.

HEAVEN IS THE HARMONY OF GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.
HELL IS THE CONFLICT OF COWARDLY INSTINCTS.

When humanity, by dint of bloody and dolorous experience, has truly understood this double truth, it will abjure the Hell of selfishness to enter into the Heaven of devotion and of Christian charity.

The lyre of Orpheus civilized savage Greece, and the lyre of Amphion built Thebes the Mysterious, because harmony is truth. The whole of Nature is harmony. But the Gospel is not a lyre: it is the book of the eternal principles which should and will regulate all the lyres and all the living harmonies of the universe.

While the world does not understand these three words: Truth, Reason, Justice, and these: Duty, Hierarchy, Society, the revolutionary motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," will be nothing but a threefold lie.

CHAPTER III

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES

No middle course is possible. Every man is either good or bad. The indifferent, the lukewarm are not good; they are consequently bad, and the worst of all the bad, for they are imbecile and cowardly. The battle of life is like a civil war; those who remain neutral betray both parties alike, and renounce the right to be numbered among the children of the fatherland.

We all of us breathe in the life of others, and we breathe upon them in some sort a part of our own existence. Good and intelligent men are, unknown to themselves, the doctors of humanity; foolish and wicked men are public poisoners.

There are people in whose company one feels refreshed. Look at that young society woman! She chatters, she laughs, she dresses like everybody else; why, then, is everything in her better and more perfect? Nothing is more natural than her manner, nothing franker and more nobly free than her conversation. Near her everything should be at its ease, except bad sentiments, but near her they are impossible. She does not seek hearts, but draws them to herself and lifts them up. She does not intoxicate, she

enchants. Her whole personality preaches a perfection more amiable than virtue itself. She is more gracious than grace, her acts are easy and inimitable, like fine music and poetry. It is of her that a charming woman, too friendly to be her rival, said after a ball: "I thought I saw the Holy Bible frolicking."

Now look upon the other side of the sheet! See this other woman who affects the most rigid devotion, and would be scandalized if she heard the angels sing; but her talk is malevolent, her glance haughty and contemptuous; when she speaks of virtue she makes vice lovable. For her God is a jealous husband, and she makes a great merit of not deceiving him. Her maxims are desolating, her actions due to vanity more than to charity, and one might say after having met her at church: "I have seen the devil at prayer."

On leaving the first, one feels one's self full of love for all that is beautiful, good and generous. One is happy to have well said to her all the noble things with which she has inspired you, and to have been approved by her. One says to one's self that life is good, since God has bestowed it on such souls as hers; one is full of courage and of hope. The other leaves you weakened and baffled, or perhaps, what is worse, full of evil designs; she makes you doubt of honour, piety and duty; in her presence one only escapes from weariness by the door of evil desires. One has uttered slander to please her, humiliated one's self to flatter her pride, one remains discontented with her and with one's self.

The lively and certain sentiment of these diverse influences is proper to well-balanced spirits and delicate consciences,

and it is precisely that which the old ascetic writers called the power of discerning spirits.

You are cruel consolers, said Job to his pretended friends. It is, in fact, the vicious that afflict rather than console. They have a prodigious tact for finding and choosing the most desperate banalities. Are you weeping for a broken affection? How simple you are! they were playing with you, they did not love you. You admit sorrowfully that your child limps; in friendly fashion they bid you remark that he is a hunchback. If he coughs and that alarms you, they conjure you tenderly to take great care of him, perhaps he is consumptive. Has your wife been ill for a long time? Cheer up, she will die of it!

Hope and work is the message of Heaven to us by the voice of all good souls. Despair and die, Hell cries to us in every word and movement, even in all the friendly acts and caresses of imperfect or degraded beings.

Whatever the reputation of any one may be, and whatever may be the testimonies of friendship that that person may give you, if, on leaving him, you feel yourself less well disposed and weaker, he is pernicious for you: avoid him.

Our double magnetism produces in us two sorts of sympathies. We need to absorb and to radiate turn by turn. Our heart loves contrasts, and there are few women who have loved two men of genius in succession.

One finds peace through the protection which one's own weariness of admiration gives; it is the law of equilibrium; but sometimes even sublime natures are surprised in caprices of vulgarity. Man, said the Abbé Gerbet, is the shadow of

a God in the body of a beast: there are in him the friends of the angel and the flatterers of the animal. The angel attracts us; but if we are not on our guard, it is the beast that carries us away: it will even drag us fatally with it when it is a question of beastliness; that is to say, of the satisfactions of that life the nourisher of death, which, in the language of beasts, is called "real life." In religion, the Gospel is a sure guide; it is not so in business, and there are a great many people who, if they had to settle the temporal succession of Jesus Christ, would more willingly come to an agreement with Judas Iscariot than with St. Peter.

One admires probity, said Juvenal, and one leaves it to freeze to death. If such and such a celebrated man, for example, had not scandalously solicited wealth, would one ever have thought of endowing his old muse? Who would have left him legacies?

Virtue has our admiration, our purse owes it nothing, that great lady is rich enough without us. One would rather give to vice, it is so poor!

"I do not like beggars, and I only give to the poor who are ashamed to beg," said one day a man of wit. "But what do you give them since you do not know them?" "I give them my admiration and my esteem, and I have no need to know them to do that." "How is it that you need so much money?" they asked another, "you have no children and no calls on you." "I have my poor folk, and I cannot prevent myself from giving them a great deal of money." "Make me acquainted with them, perhaps I will give them something too." "Oh! you know some of them already, I have no doubt. I have seven who cost me an enormous amount, and

an eighth who costs more than the seven others. The seven are the seven deadly sins; the eighth is gambling."

Another dialogue :—

"Give me five francs, sir, I am dying of hunger." "Imbecile! you are dying of hunger, and you want me to encourage you in so evil a course? You are dying of hunger, and you have the impudence to admit it. You wish to make me the accomplice of your incapacity, the abetter of your suicide. You want to put a premium on wretchedness. For whom do you take me? Do you think I am a rascal like yourself? . . ."

And yet another :—

"By the way, old fellow, could you lend me a thousand pounds? I want to seduce an honest woman." "Ah! that is bad, but I can never refuse anything to a friend. Here they are. When you have succeeded you might give me her address." That is what is called in England, and elsewhere, the manners of a gentleman.

"The man of honour who is out of work steals, and does not beg!" replied, one day, Cartouche to a passer-by who asked alms of him. It is as emphatic as the word which tradition associates with Cambronne, and perhaps the famous thief and the great general both really replied in the same manner.

It was that same Cartouche who offered, on another occasion, of his own accord and without it being asked of him, twenty thousand pounds to a bankrupt. One must act properly to one's brothers.

Mutual assistance is a law of nature. To aid those who are like ourselves is to aid ourselves. But above mutual

assistance rises a holier and greater law: it is universal assistance, it is charity.

We all admire and love Saint Vincent de Paul, but we have also a secret weakness for the cleverness, the presence of mind, and, above all, the audacity of Cartouche.

The avowed accomplices of our passions may disgust us by humiliating us; at our own risk and peril our pride will teach us how to resist them. But what is more dangerous for us than our hypocritical and hidden accomplices? They follow us like sorrow, await us like the abyss, surround us like infatuation. We excuse them in order to excuse ourselves, defending them in order to defend ourselves, justifying them in order to justify ourselves, and we submit to them finally because we must, because we have not the strength to resist our inclinations, because we lack the will to do so.

They have possessed themselves of our ascendant, as Paracelsus says, and where they wish to lead us we shall go.

They are our bad angels. We know it in the depths of our consciousness; but we put up with them, we have made ourselves their servants that they also may be ours.

Our passions, treated tenderly and flattered, have become slave-mistresses; and those who serve our passions our valets, and our masters.

We breathe out our thoughts and breathe in those of others imprinted in the astral light which has become their electro-magnetic atmosphere: and thus the companionship of the wicked is less fatal to the good than that of vulgar, cowardly, and tepid beings. Strong antipathy warns us easily, and saves us from the contact of gross vices; it is not thus with disguised vices vices to a certain extent diluted

and become almost lovable. An honest woman will experience nothing but disgust in the society of a prostitute, but she has everything to fear from the seductions of a coquette.

One knows that madness is contagious, but the mad are more particularly dangerous when they are amiable and sympathetic. One enters little by little into their circle of ideas, one ends by understanding their exaggerations, while partaking their enthusiasms, one grows accustomed to their logic that has lost its way, one ends by finding that they are not as mad as one thought at first. Thence to believing that they alone are right there is but one step. One likes them, one approves of them, one is as mad as they are.

The affections are free and may be based on reason, but sympathies are of fatalism, and very frequently unreasonable. They depend on the more or less balanced attractions of the magnetic light, and act on men in the same way as upon animals. One will stupidly take pleasure in the society of a person in whom is nothing lovable, because one is mysteriously attracted and dominated by him. And often enough, these strange sympathies began by lively antipathies; the fluids repelled each other at first, and subsequently became balanced.

The equilibrating speciality of the plastic medium of every person is what Paracelsus calls his *ascendant*, and he gives the name of *flagum* to the particular reflection of the habitual ideas of each one in the universal light.

One arrives at the knowledge of the *ascendant* of a person by the sensitive divination of the *flagum*, and by a persistent direction of the will. One turns the active side of one's own ascendant towards the passive side of the ascendant of

another when one wishes to take hold of that other and dominate him.

The astral ascendant has been divined by other magi, who gave it the name of *tourbillon* (vortex).

It is, say they, a current of specialized light, representing always the same circle of images, and consequently determined and determining impressions. These vortices exist for men as for stars. "The stars," said Paracelsus, "breathe out their luminous soul, and attract each other's radiation. The soul of the earth, prisoner of the fatal laws of gravitation, frees itself by specializing itself, and passes through the instinct of animals to arrive at the intelligence of man. The active portion of this will is dumb, but it preserves in writing the secrets of Nature. The free part can no longer read this fatal writing without instantaneously losing its liberty. One does not pass from dumb and vegetative contemplation to free vibrating thought without changing one's surroundings and one's organs. Thence comes the forgetfulness which accompanies birth, and the vague reminiscences of our sickly intuitions, always analogous to the visions of our ecstasies and of our dreams."

This revelation of that great master of occult medicine throws a fierce light on all the phenomena of somnambulism and of divination. There also, for whoever knows how to find it, is the true key of evocation, and of communication with the fluidic soul of the earth.

Those persons whose dangerous influence makes itself felt by a single touch are those who make part of a fluidic association, or who either voluntarily or involuntarily make use of a current of astral light which has gone astray. Those,

for example, who live in isolation, deprived of all communication with humanity, and who are daily in fluidic sympathy with animals gathered together in great number, as is ordinarily the case with shepherds, are possessed of the demon whose name is *legion;* in their turn they reign despotically over the fluid souls of the flocks that are confided to their care: consequently their good-will or ill-will makes their cattle prosper or die; and this influence of animal sympathy can be exercised by them upon human plastic mediums which are ill defended, owing either to a weak will or a limited intelligence.

Thus are explained the bewitchments which are habitually made by shepherds, and the still quite recent phenomena of the Presbytery of Cideville.

Cideville is a little village of Normandy, where a few years ago were produced phenomena like those which have since occurred under the influence of Mr. Home. M. de Mirville has studied them carefully, and M. Gougenet Desmousseaux has reprinted all the details in a book, published in 1854, entitled *Mœurs et pratiques des démons.* The most remarkable thing in this latter author is that he seems to divine the existence of the plastic medium or the fluidic body. "We have certainly not two souls," said he, "but perhaps we have two bodies." Everything that he says, in fact, would seem to prove this hypothesis. He saw a shepherd whose fluidic form haunted a Presbytery, and who was wounded at a distance by blows inflicted on his astral larva.

We shall here ask of MM. de Mirville and Gougenet Desmousseaux if they take this shepherd for the devil, and if, far or near, the devil such as they conceive him can be scratched

or wounded. At that time, in Normandy, the magnetic illnesses of mediums were hardly known, and this unhappy sleep-walker, who ought to have been cared for and cured, was roughly treated and even beaten, not even in his fluidic appearance, but in his proper person, by the Vicar himself. That is, one must agree, a singular kind of exorcism ! If those violences really took place, and if they may be imputed to a Churchman whom one considers, and who may be, for all we know, very good and very respectable, let us admit that such writers as MM. de Mirville and Gougenet Desmousseaux make themselves not a little his accomplices !

The laws of physical life are inexorable, and in his animal nature man is born a slave to fatality ; it is by dint of struggles against his instincts that he may win moral freedom. Two different existences are then possible for us upon the earth ; one fatal, the other free. The fatal being is the toy or instrument of a force which he does not direct. Now, when the instruments of fatality meet and collide, the stronger breaks or carries away the weaker ; truly emancipated beings fear neither bewitchments nor mysterious influences.

You may reply that an encounter with Cain may be fatal for Abel. Doubtless ; but such a fatality is an advantage to the pure and holy victim, it is only a misfortune for the assassin.

Just as among the righteous there is a great community of virtues and merits, there is among the wicked an absolute solidarity of fatal culpability and necessary chastisement. Crime resides in the tendencies of the heart. Circumstances which are almost always independent of the will are the only causes of the gravity of the acts. If fatality had made Nero

a slave, he would have become an actor or a gladiator, and would not have burned Rome: would it be to him that one should be grateful for that?

Nero was the accomplice of the whole Roman people, and those who should have prevented them incurred the whole responsibility for the frenzies of this monster. Seneca, Burrhus, Thrasea, Corbulon, theirs is the real guilt of that fearful reign; great men who were either selfish or incapable! The only thing they knew was how to die.

If one of the bears of the Zoological Gardens escaped and devoured several people, would one blame him or his keepers?

Whoever frees himself from the common errors of mankind is obliged to pay a ransom proportional to the sum of these errors: Socrates pays for Aneitus, and Jesus was obliged to suffer a torment whose terror was equal to the whole treason of Judas.

Thus, by paying the debts of fatality, hard-won liberty purchases the empire of the world; it is hers to bind and to unbind. God has put in her hands the keys of Heaven and of Hell.

You men who abandon brutes to themselves wish them to devour you.

The rabble, slaves of fatality, can only enjoy liberty by absolute obedience to the will of free men; they ought to work for those who are responsible for them.

But when the brute governs brutes, when the blind leads the blind, when the leader is as subject to fatality as the masses, what must one expect? What but the most shocking catastrophes? In that we shall never be disappointed.

By admitting the anarchical dogmas of 1789, Louis XVI

launched the State upon a fatal slope. From that moment all the crimes of the Revolution weighed upon him alone; he alone had failed in his duty. Robespierre and Marat only did what they had to do. Girondins and Montagnards killed each other in the workings of fatality, and their violent deaths were so many necessary catastrophes; at that epoch there was but one great and legitimate execution, really sacred, really expiatory: that of the King. The principle of royalty would have fallen if that too weak prince had escaped. But a transaction between order and disorder was impossible. One does not inherit from those whom one murders; one robs them; and the Revolution rehabilitated Louis XVI by assassinating him. After so many concessions, so many weaknesses, so many unworthy abasements, that man, consecrated a second time by misfortune, was able at least to say, as he walked to the scaffold: "The Revolution is condemned, and I am always the King of France"!

To be just is to suffer for all those who are not just, but it is life: to be wicked is to suffer for one's self without winning life; it is to deceive one's self, to do evil, and to win eternal death.

To recapitulate: Fatal influences are those of death. Living influences are those of life. According as we are weaker or stronger in life, we attract or repel witchcraft. This occult power is only too real, but intelligence and virtue will always find the means to avoid its obsessions and its attacks.

CHAPTER IV

MYSTERIES OF PERVERSITY

HUMAN equilibrium is composed of two attractions, one towards death, the other towards life. Fatality is the vertigo which drags us to the abyss; liberty is the reasonable effort which lifts us above the fatal attractions of death. What is mortal sin? It is apostasy from our own liberty; it is to abandon ourselves to the law of inertia. An unjust act is a compact with injustice: now, every injustice is an abdication of intelligence. We fall from that moment under the empire of force whose reactions always crush everything which is unbalanced.

The love of evil and the formal adhesion of the will to injustice are the last efforts of the expiring will. Man, whatever he may do, is more than a brute, and he cannot abandon himself like a brute to fatality. He must choose. He must love. The desperate soul that thinks itself in love with death is still more alive than a soul without love. Activity for evil can and should lead back a man to good, by counter-stroke and by reaction. The true evil, that for which there is no remedy, is inertia.

The abysses of grace correspond to the abysses of perversity. God has often made saints of scoundrels; but He has never done anything with the half-hearted and the cowardly.

Under penalty of reprobation, one must work, one must act. Nature, moreover, sees to this, and if we will not march on with all our courage towards life, she flings us with all

her forces towards death. She drags those who will not walk.

A man whom one may call the great prophet of drunkards, Edgar Poe, that sublime madman, that genius of lucid extravagance, has depicted with terrifying reality the nightmares of perversity. . . .

"I killed the old man because he squinted." "I did that because I ought not to have done it."

There is the terrible antistrophe of Tertullian's *Credo quia absurdum.*

To brave God and to insult Him, is a final act of faith. "The dead praise thee not, O Lord," said the Psalmist; and we might add if we dared: "The dead do not blaspheme thee."

"O my son!" said a father as he leaned over the bed of his child who had fallen into lethargy after a violent access of delirium: "insult me again, beat me, bite me, I shall feel that you are still alive, but do not rest for ever in the frightful silence of the tomb!"

A great crime always comes to protest against great lukewarmness. A hundred thousand good priests, had their charity been more active, might have prevented the crime of the wretch Verger. The Church has the right to judge, condemn and punish an ecclesiastic who causes scandal; but she has not the right to abandon him to the frenzies of despair and the temptations of misery and hunger.

Nothing is so terrifying as nothingness, and if one could ever formulate the conception of it, if it were possible to admit it, Hell would be a thing to hope for.

This is why Nature itself seeks and imposes expiation as a remedy; that is why chastisement is a chastening, as that

great Catholic Count Joseph de Maistre so well understood; this is why the penalty of death is a natural right, and will never disappear from human laws. The stain of murder would be indelible if God did not justify the scaffold; the divine power, abdicated by society and usurped by criminals, would belong to them without dispute. Assassination would then become a virtue when it exercised the reprisals of outraged nature. Private vengeance would protest against the absence of public expiation, and from the splinters of the broken sword of justice anarchy would forge its daggers.

"If God did away with Hell, men would make another in order to defy Him," said a good priest to us one day. He was right: and it is for that reason that Hell is so anxious to be done away with. Emancipation! is the cry of every vice. Emancipation of murder by the abolition of the pain of death; emancipation of prostitution and infanticide by the abolition of marriage; emancipation of idleness and rapine by the abolition of property. . . . So revolves the whirlwind of perversity until it arrives at this supreme and secret formula: Emancipation of death by the abolition of life!

It is by the victories of toil that one escapes from the fatalities of sorrow. What we call death is but the eternal parturition of Nature. Ceaselessly she re-absorbs and takes again to her breast all that is not born of the spirit. Matter, in itself inert, can only exist by virtue of perpetual motion, and spirit, naturally volatile, can only endure by fixing itself. Emancipation from the laws of fatality by the free adhesion of the spirit to the true and good, is what the Gospel calls the spiritual birth; the re-absorption into the eternal bosom of Nature is the second death.

Unemancipated beings are drawn towards this second death by a fatal gravitation; the one drags the other, as the divine Michel Angelo has made us see so clearly in his great picture of the Last Judgment; they are clinging and tenacious like drowning men, and free spirits must struggle energetically against them, that their flight may not be hindered by them, that they may not be pulled back to Hell.

This war is as ancient as the world; the Greeks figured it under the symbols of Eros and Anteros, and the Hebrews by the antagonism of Cain and Abel. It is the war of the Titans and the Gods. The two armies are everywhere invisible, disciplined and always ready for attack or counter-attack. Simple-minded folk on both sides, astonished at the instant and unanimous resistance that they meet, begin to believe in vast plots cleverly organized, in hidden, all-powerful societies. Eugène Sue invents Rodin;[1] churchmen talk of the Illuminati and of the Freemasons; Wronski dreams of his bands of mystics, and there is nothing true and serious beneath all that but the necessary struggle of order and disorder, of the instincts and of thought; the result of that struggle is balance in progress, and the devil always contributes, despite himself, to the glory of St. Michael.

Physical love is the most perverse of all fatal passions. It is the anarchist of anarchists; it knows neither law, duty, truth nor justice. It would make the maiden walk over the corpses of her parents. It is an irrepressible intoxication; a furious madness. It is the vertigo of fatality seeking new victims; the cannibal drunkenness of Saturn who wishes to

[1] Not the sculptor.—TRANS.

become a father in order that he may have more children to devour. To conquer love is to triumph over the whole of Nature. To submit it to justice is to rehabilitate life by devoting it to immortality; thus the greatest works of the Christian revelation are the creation of voluntary virginity and the sanctification of marriage.

While love is nothing but a desire and an enjoyment, it is mortal. In order to make itself eternal it must become a sacrifice, for then it becomes a power and a virtue. It is the struggle of Eros and Anteros which produces the equilibrium of the world.

Everything that over-excites sensibility leads to depravity and crime. Tears call for blood. It is with great emotions as with strong drink; to use them habitually is to abuse them. Now, every abuse of the emotions perverts the moral sense; one seeks them for their own sakes; one sacrifices everything in order to procure them for one's self. A romantic woman will easily become an Old Bailey heroine. She may even arrive at the deplorable and irreparable absurdity of killing herself in order to admire herself, and pity herself, in seeing herself die!

Romantic habits lead women to hysteria and men to melancholia. Manfred, René, Lélia are types of perversity only the more profound in that they argue on behalf of their unhealthy pride, and make poems of their dementia. One asks one's self with terror what monster might be born from the coupling of Manfred and Lélia!

The loss of the moral sense is a true insanity; the man who does not, first of all, obey justice no longer belongs to himself; he walks without a light in the night of his exist-

ence; he shakes like one in a dream, a prey to the nightmare of his passions.

The impetuous currents of instinctive life and the feeble resistances of the will form an antagonism so distinct that the qabalists hypothesized the super-fœtation of souls: that is to say, they believed in the presence in one body of several souls who dispute it with each other and often seek to destroy it. Very much as the shipwrecked sailors of the *Medusa*, when they were disputing the possession of the too small raft, sought to sink it.

It is certain that, in making one's self the servant of any current whatever, of instincts or even of ideas, one gives up one's personality, and becomes the slave of that multitudinous spirit whom the Gospel calls *legion*. Artists know this well enough. Their frequent evocations of the universal light enervate them. They become *mediums*, that is to say, sick men. The more success magnifies them in public opinion, the more their personality diminishes. They become crotchety, envious, wrathful. They do not admit that any merit, even in a different sphere, can be placed beside theirs; and, having become unjust, they dispense even with politeness. To escape this fatality, really great men isolate themselves from all comradeship, knowing it to be death to liberty. They save themselves by a proud unpopularity from the contamination of the vile multitude. If Balzac had been during his life a man of a clique or of a party, he would not have remained after his death the great and universal genius of our epoch.

The light illuminates neither things insensible nor closed eyes, or at least it only illuminates them for the profit of those who see. The word of Genesis, "Let there be light!"

is the cry of victory with which intelligence triumphs over darkness. This word is sublime in effect because it expresses simply the greatest and most marvellous thing in the world: the creation of intelligence by itself, when, calling its powers together, balancing its faculties, it says: I wish to immortalize myself with the sight of the eternal truth. Let there be light! and there is light. Light, eternal as God, begins every day for all eyes that are open to see it. Truth will be eternally the invention and the creation of genius; it cries: Let there be light! and genius itself is, because light is. Genius is immortal because it understands that light is eternal. Genius contemplates truth as its work because it is the victor of light, and immortality is the triumph of light because it will be the recompense and crown of genius.

But all spirits do not see with justness, because all hearts do not will with justice. There are souls for whom the true light seems to have no right to be. They content themselves with phosphorescent visions, abortions of light, hallucinations of thought; and, loving these phantoms, fear the day which will put them to flight, because they feel that, the day not being made for their eyes, they would fall back into a deeper darkness. It is thus that fools first fear, then calumniate, insult, pursue and condemn the sages. One must pity them, and pardon them, for they know not what they do.

True light rests and satisfies the soul; hallucination, on the contrary, tires it and worries it. The satisfactions of madness are like those gastronomic dreams of hungry men which sharpen their hunger without ever satisfying it. Thence are born irritations and troubles, discouragements and despairs.—Life is always a lie to us, say the disciples of

Werther, and therefore we wish to die! Poor children, it is not death that you need, it is life. Since you have been in the world you have died every day; is it from the cruel pleasure of annihilation that you would demand a remedy for the annihilation of your pleasures? No, life has never deceived you, you have not yet lived. What you have been taking for life is but the hallucinations and the dreams of the first slumber of death!

All great criminals have hallucinated themselves on purpose; and those who hallucinate themselves on purpose may be fatally led to become great criminals. Our personal light specialized, brought forth, determined by our own overmastering affection, is the germ of our paradise or of our Hell. Each one of us (in a sense) conceives, bears, and nourishes his good or evil angel. The conception of truth gives birth in us to the good genius; intentional untruth hatches and brings up nightmares and phantoms. Everyone must nourish his children; and our life consumes itself for the sake of our thoughts. Happy are those who find again immortality in the creations of their soul! Woe unto them who wear themselves out to nourish falsehood and to fatten death! for every one will reap the harvest of his own sowing.

There are some unquiet and tormented creatures whose influence is disturbing and whose conversation is fatal. In their presence one feels one's self irritated, and one leaves their presence angry; yet, by a secret perversity, one looks for them, in order to experience the disturbance and enjoy the malevolent emotions which they give us. Such persons suffer from the contagious maladies of the spirit of perversity.

The spirit of perversity has always for its secret motive

the thirst of destruction, and its final aim is suicide. The murderer Éliçabide, on his own confession, not only felt the savage need of killing his relations and friends, but he even wished, had it been possible—he said it in so many words at his trial—*to burst the globe like a cooked chestnut.* Lacenaire, who spent his days in plotting murders, in order to have the means of passing his nights in ignoble orgies or in the excitement of gambling, boasted aloud that he had lived. He called that living, and he sang a hymn to the guillotine, which he called his beautiful betrothed, and the world was full of imbeciles who admired the wretch! Alfred de Musset, before extinguishing himself in drunkenness, wasted one of the finest talents of his century in songs of cold irony and of universal disgust. The unhappy man had been bewitched by the breath of a profoundly perverse woman, who, after having killed him, crouched like a ghoul upon his body and tore his winding sheet. We asked one day, of a young writer of this school, what his literature proved. It proves, he replied frankly and simply, that one must despair and die. What apostleship, and what a doctrine! But these are the necessary and regular conclusions of the spirit of perversity; to aspire ceaselessly to suicide, to calumniate life and nature, to invoke death every day without being able to die. This is eternal Hell, it is the punishment of Satan, that mythological incarnation of the spirit of perversity; the true translation into French of the Greek word *Diabolos*, or devil, is *le pervers—the perverse.*

Here is a mystery which debauchees do not suspect. It is this: one cannot enjoy even the material pleasures of life but by virtue of the moral sense. Pleasure is the music of the

interior harmonies; the senses are only its instruments, instruments which sound false in contact with a degraded soul. The wicked can feel nothing, because they can love nothing: in order to love one must be good. Consequently for them everything is empty. and it seems to them that Nature is impotent, because they are so themselves; they doubt everything because they know nothing; they blaspheme everything because they taste nothing; they caress in order to degrade; they drink in order to get drunk; they sleep in order to forget; they wake in order to endure mortal boredom: thus will live, or rather thus will die, every day he who frees himself from every law and every duty in order to make himself the slave of his passions. The world, and eternity itself, become useless to him who makes himself useless to the world and to eternity.

Our will, by acting directly upon our plastic medium, that is to say, upon the portion of astral life which is specialized in us, and which serves us for the assimilation and configuration of the elements necessary to our existence; our will, just or unjust, harmonious or perverse, shapes the medium in its own image and gives it beauty in conformity with what attracts us. Thus moral monstrosity produces physical ugliness; for the astral medium, that interior architect of our bodily edifice, modifies it ceaselessly according to our real or factitious needs. It enlarges the belly and the jaws of the greedy, thins the lips of the miser, makes the glances of impure women shameless, and those of the envious and malicious venomous. When selfishness has prevailed in the soul, the look becomes cold, the features hard: the harmony of form disappears, and according to the absorption or radiant speciality of this

selfishness, the limbs dry up or become encumbered with fat. Nature, in making of our body the portrait of our soul, guarantees its resemblance for ever, and tirelessly retouches it. You pretty women who are not good, be sure that you will not long remain beautiful. Beauty is the loan which Nature makes to virtue. If virtue is not ready when it falls due, the lender will pitilessly take back Her capital.

Perversity, by modifying the organism whose equilibrium it destroys, creates at the same time a fatality of needs which urges it to its own destruction, to its death. The less the perverse man enjoys, the more thirsty of enjoyment he is. Wine is like water for the drunkard, gold melts in the hands of the gambler; Messalina tires herself out without being satiated. The pleasure which escapes them changes itself for them into a long irritation and desire. The more murderous are their excesses, the more it seems to them that supreme happiness is at hand. . . . One more bumper of strong drink, one more spasm, one more violence done to Nature. . . Ah! at last, here is pleasure; here is life . . . and their desire, in the paroxysm of its insatiable hunger, extinguishes itself for ever in death.

FOURTH PART

THE GREAT PRACTICAL SECRETS OR THE REALIZATION OF SCIENCE

INTRODUCTION

THE lofty sciences of the Qabalah and of Magic promise man an exceptional, real, effective, efficient power, and one should regard them as false and vain if they do not give it.

Judge the teachers by their works, said the supreme Master. This rule of judgment is infallible.

If you wish me to believe in what you know, show me what you do.

God, in order to exalt man to moral emancipation, hides Himself from him and abandons to him, after a fashion, the government of the world. He leaves Himself to be guessed by the grandeurs and harmonies of Nature, so that man may progressively make himself perfect by ever exalting the idea that he makes for himself of its author.

Man knows God only by the names which he gives to that Being of beings, and does not distinguish Him but by the images of Him which he endeavours to trace. He is then in a manner the creator of Him Who has created him. He believes himself the mirror of God, and by indefinitely enlarging his own mirage, he thinks that he may be able to sketch in infinite space the shadow of Him Who is without body, without shadow, and without space.

TO CREATE GOD, TO CREATE ONE'S SELF, TO MAKE ONE'S SELF INDEPENDENT, IMMORTAL AND WITHOUT SUFFERING: there certainly is a programme more daring than the dream of Prometheus. Its expression is bold to the point of impiety, its thought ambitious to the point of madness. Well, this programme is only paradoxical in its form, which lends itself to a false and sacrilegious interpretation. In one sense it is perfectly reasonable, and the science of the adepts promises to realize it, and to accomplish it in perfection.

Man, in effect, creates for himself a God corresponding to his own intelligence and his own goodness; he cannot raise his ideal higher than his moral development permits him to do. The God whom he adores is always an enlargement of his own reflection. To conceive the absolute of goodness and justice is to be one's self exceeding just and good.

The moral qualities of the spirit are riches, and the greatest of all riches. One must acquire them by strife and toil. One may bring this objection, the inequality of aptitudes; some children are born with organisms nearer to perfection. But we ought to believe that such organisms result from a more advanced work of Nature, and the children who are endowed with them have acquired them, if not by their own efforts, at least by the consolidated works of the human beings to whom their existence is bound. It is a secret of Nature, and Nature does nothing by chance; the possession of more developed intellectual faculties, like that of money and land, constitutes an indefeasible right of transmission and inheritance.

Yes, man is called to complete the work of his creator, and every instant employed by him to improve himself or to

destroy himself, is decisive for all eternity. It is by the conquest of an intelligence eternally clear and of a will eternally just, that he constitutes himself as living for eternal life, since nothing survives injustice and error but the penalty of their disorder. To understand good is to will it, and on the plane of justice to will is to do. For this reason the Gospel tells us that men will be judged according to their works.

Our works make us so much what we are, that our body itself, as we have said, receives the modification, and sometimes the complete change, of its form from our habits.

A form conquered, or submitted to, becomes a providence, or a fatality, for all one's existence. Those strange figures which the Egyptians gave to the human symbols of divinity represent the fatal forms. Typhon has a crocodile's head. He is condemned to eat ceaselessly in order to fill his hippopotamus belly. Thus he is devoted, by his greed and his ugliness, to eternal destruction.

Man can kill or vivify his faculties by negligence or by abuse. He can create for himself new faculties by the good use of those which he has received from Nature. People often say that the affections will not be commanded, that faith is not possible for all, that one does not re-make one's own character. All these assertions are true only for the idle or the perverse. One can make one's self faithful, pious, loving, devoted, when one wishes sincerely to be so. One can give to one's spirit the calm of justness, as to one's will the almighty power of justice. One can reign in Heaven by virtue of faith, on earth by virtue of science. The man who knows how to command himself is king of all Nature.

We are going to state forthwith, in this last book, by what means the true initiates have made themselves the masters of life, how they have overcome sorrow and death; how they work upon themselves and others the transformation of Proteus; how they exercise the divining power of Apollonius; how they make the gold of Raymond Lully and of Flamel; how in order to renew their youth they possess the secrets of Postel the Re-arisen, and those alleged to have been in the keeping of Cagliostro. In short, we are going to speak the last word of magic.

CHAPTER I

OF TRANSFORMATION—THE WAND OF CIRCE—THE BATH OF MEDEA—MAGIC OVERCOME BY ITS OWN WEAPONS—THE GREAT ARCANUM OF THE JESUITS AND THE SECRET OF THEIR POWER

THE Bible tells us that King Nebuchadnezzar, at the highest point of his power and his pride, was suddenly changed into a beast.

He fled into savage places, began to eat grass, let his beard and hair grow, as well as his nails, and remained in this state for seven years.

In our *Dogme et rituel de la haute magie*, we have said what we think of the mysteries of lycanthropy, or the metamorphosis of men into werewolves.

Everyone knows the fable of Circe and understands its allegory.

The fatal ascendant of one person on another is the true wand of Circe.

One knows that almost all human physiognomies bear a resemblance to one animal or another, that is to say, the *signature* of a specialized instinct.

Now, instincts are balanced by contrary instincts, and dominated by instincts stronger than those.

In order to dominate sheep, the dog plays upon their fear of wolves.

If you are a dog, and you want a pretty little cat to love you, you have only one means to take: to metamorphose yourself into a cat.

But how? By observation, imitation and imagination. We think that our figurative language will be understood for once, and we recommend this revelation to all who wish to magnetize: it is the deepest of all the secrets of their art.

Here is the formula in technical terms:

"To polarize one's own animal light, in equilibrated antagonism with the contrary pole."

Or:

To concentrate in one's self the special qualities of absorption in order to direct their rays towards an absorbing focus, and vice versa.

This government of our magnetic polarization may be done by the assistance of the animal forms of which we have spoken; they will serve to fix the imagination.

Let us give an example:

You wish to act magnetically upon a person polarized like yourself, which, if you are a magnetizer, you will divine at the first contact: only that person is a little less strong than you

are, a mouse, while you are a rat. Make yourself a cat, and you will capture it.

In one of the admirable stories which, though he did not invent it, he has told better than anybody, Perrault puts upon the stage a cat, which cunningly induces an ogre to change himself into a mouse, and the thing is no sooner done, than the mouse is crunched by the cat. The *Tales of Mother Goose*, like the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, are perhaps true magical legends, and hide beneath the cloak of childish fairy tales the formidable secrets of science.

It is a matter of common knowledge that magnetizers give to pure water the properties and taste of wine, liqueurs and every conceivable drug, merely by the laying-on of hands, that is to say, by their will expressed in a sign.

One knows, too, that those who tame fierce animals conquer lions by making themselves mentally and magnetically stronger and fiercer than lions.

Jules Gérard, the intrepid hunter of the African lion, would be devoured if he were afraid. But, in order not to be afraid of a lion, one must make one's self stronger and more savage than the animal itself by an effort of imagination and of will. One must say to one's self: It is I who am the lion, and in my presence this animal is only a dog who ought to tremble before me.

Fourier imagined anti-lions; Jules Gérard has realized that chimera of the phalansterian[1] dreamer.

But, one will say, in order not to fear lions, it is enough to be a man of courage and well armed.

[1] Fourier was a Socialist who wrote a sort of "Utopia." His social unit was the "phalanstère."—TRANS.

No, that is not enough. One must know one's self by heart, so to speak, to be able to calculate the leaps of the animal, divining its stratagems, avoiding its claws, foreseeing its movements, to be in a word past-master in lioncraft, as the excellent La Fontaine might have said.

Animals are the living symbols of the instincts and passions of men. If you make a man timid, you change him into a hare. If, on the contrary, you drive him to ferocity, you make a tiger of him.

The wand of Circe is the power of fascination which woman possesses; and the changing of the companions of Ulysses into hogs is not a story peculiar to that time.

But no metamorphosis may be worked without destruction. To change a hawk into a dove, one must first kill it, then cut it to pieces, so as to destroy even the least trace of its first form, and then boil it in the magic bath of Medea.

Observe how modern hierophants proceed in order to accomplish human regeneration; how, for example, in the Catholic religion, they go to work in order to change a man more or less weak and passionate into a stoical missionary of the Society of Jesus.

There is the great secret of that venerable and terrible Order, always misunderstood, often calumniated, and always sovereign.

Read attentively the book entitled, *The Exercises of St. Ignatius*, and note with what magical power that man of genius operates the realization of faith.

He orders his disciples to see, to touch, to smell, to taste invisible things. He wishes that the senses should be exalted during prayer to the point of voluntary hallucination.

You are meditating upon a mystery of faith; St. Ignatius wishes, in the first place, that you should create a place, dream of it, see it, touch it. If it is hell, he gives you burning rocks to touch, he makes you swim in shadows thick as pitch, he puts liquid sulphur on your tongue, he fills your nostrils with an abominable stench, he shows you frightful tortures, and makes you hear groans superhuman in their agony; he commands your will to create all that by exercises obstinately persevered in. Every one carries this out in his own fashion, but always in the way best suited to impress him. It is not the hashish intoxication which was useful to the knavery of the Old Man of the Mountain; it is a dream without sleep, an hallucination without madness, a reasoned and willed vision, a real creation of intelligence and faith. Thenceforward, when he preaches, the Jesuit can say: "What we have seen with our eyes, what we have heard with our ears, and what our hands have handled, that do we declare unto you." The Jesuit thus trained is in communion with a circle of wills exercised like his own; consequently each of the fathers is as strong as the Society, and the Society is stronger than the world.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO PRESERVE AND RENEW YOUTH—THE SECRETS OF CAGLIOSTRO—THE POSSIBILITY OF RESURRECTION—EXAMPLE OF WILLIAM POSTEL, CALLED THE RESURRECTED—STORY OF A WONDER-WORKING WORKMAN, ETC.

ONE knows that a sober, moderately busy, and perfectly regular life usually prolongs existence; but in our opinion,

that is little more than the prolongation of old age, and one has the right to ask from the science which we profess other privileges and other secrets.

To be a long time young, or even to become young again, that is what would appear desirable and precious to the majority of men. Is it possible? We shall examine the question.

The famous Count of Saint-Germain is dead, we do not doubt, but no one ever saw him grow old. He appeared always of the age of forty years, and at the time of his greatest celebrity, he pretended to be over eighty.

Ninon de l'Enclos, in her very old age, was still a young, beautiful and seductive woman. She died without having grown old.

Desbarrolles, the celebrated palmist, has been for a long while for everybody a man of thirty-five years. His birth certificate would speak very differently if he dared to show it, but no one would believe it.

Cagliostro always appeared the same age. He pretended to possess not only an elixir which gave to the old, for an instant, all the vigour of youth; but he also prided himself on being able to operate physical regeneration by means which we have detailed and analysed in our *History of Magic*.

Cagliostro and the Count of Saint-Germain attributed the preservation of their youth to the existence and use of the universal medicine, that medicament uselessly sought by so many hermetists and alchemists.

An Initiate of the sixteenth century, the good and learned William Postel, never pretended that he possessed the great arcanum of the hermetic philosophy; and yet after having

been seen old and broken, he reappeared with a bright complexion, without wrinkles, his beard and hair black, his body agile and vigorous. His enemies pretended that he rouged, and dyed his hair; for scoffers and false savants must find some sort of explanation for the phenomena which they do not understand.

The great magical means of preserving the youth of the body is to prevent the soul from growing old by preserving preciously that original freshness of sentiments and thoughts which the corrupt world calls illusions, and which we shall call the primitive mirages of eternal truth.

To believe in happiness upon earth, in friendship, in love, in a maternal Providence which counts all our steps, and will reward all our tears, is to be a perfect dupe, the corrupt world will say; it does not see that it is itself who is the dupe, believing itself strong in depriving itself of all the delights of the soul.

To believe in moral good is to possess that good: for this reason the Saviour of the world promises the kingdom of heaven to those who should make themselves like little children. What is childhood? It is the age of faith. The child knows nothing yet of life; and thus he radiates confident immortality. Is it possible for him to doubt the devotion, the tenderness, the friendship, and the love of Providence when he is in the arms of his mother?

Become children in heart, and you will remain young in body.

The realities of God and Nature surpass infinitely in beauty and goodness all the imagination of men. It is thus that the world-weary are people who have never known how to be happy; and those who are disillusioned prove by their dislikes

that they have only drunk of muddy streams. To enjoy even the animal pleasures of life one must have the moral sense; and those who calumniate existence have certainly abused it.

High magic, as we have proved, leads man back to the laws of the purest morality. Either he finds a thing holy or makes it holy, says an adept—*Vel sanctum invenit, vel sanctum facit;* because it makes us understand that in order to be happy, even in this world, one must be holy.

To be holy! that is easy to say; but how give one's self faith when one no longer believes? How re-discover a taste for virtue in a heart faded by vice?

One must have recourse to the four words of science: to know, to dare, to will, and to keep silence.

One must still one's dislikes, study duty, and begin by practising it as though one loved it.

You are an unbeliever, and you wish to make yourself a Christian?

Perform the exercises of a Christian, pray regularly, using the Christian formulæ; approach the sacraments as if you had faith, and faith will come. That is the secret of the Jesuits, contained in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

By similar exercises, a fool, if he willed it with perseverance, would become a wise man.[1]

By changing the habits of the soul one certainly changes those of the body; we have already said so, and we have explained the method.

What contributes above all to age us by making us ugly? Hatred and bitterness, the unfavourable judgments which

[1] If the fool would but persist in his folly, he would become wise.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

we make of others, our rages of hurt vanity, and our ill-satisfied passions. A kindly and gentle philosophy would avoid all these evils.

If we close our eyes to the defects of our neighbour, and only consider his good qualities, we shall find good and benevolence everywhere. The most perverse man has a good side to him, and softens when one knows how to take him. If you had nothing in common with the vices of men, you would not even perceive them. Friendship, and the devotions which it inspires, are found even in prisons and in convict stations. The horrible Lacenaire faithfully returned any money which had been lent to him, and frequently acted with generosity and kindness. I have no doubt that in the life of crime which Cartouche and Mandrin led there were acts of virtue fit to draw tears from the eyes. There has never been any one absolutely bad or absolutely good. "There is none good but God," said the best of the Masters.

That quality in ourselves which we call zeal for virtue is often nothing but a masterful secret self-love, a jealousy in disguise, and a proud instinct of contradiction. "When we see manifest disorders and scandalous sinners," say mystical theologians, "let us believe that God is submitting them to greater tests than those with which He tries us, that certainly, or at least very probably, we are not as good as they are, and should do much worse in their place."

Peace! Peace! this is the supreme welfare of the soul, and it is to give us this that Christ came to the world.

"Glory to God in the highest, peace upon earth, and good will toward men!" cried the Angels of Heaven at the birth of the Saviour.

The ancient fathers of Christianity counted an eighth deadly sin : it was Sorrow.

In fact, to the true Christian even repentance is not a sorrow ; it is a consolation, a joy, and a triumph. "I wished evil, and I wish it no more ; I was dead and I am alive." The father of the Prodigal Son has killed the fatted calf because his son has returned. What can he do ? Tears and embarrassment, no doubt ! but above all, joy !

There is only one sad thing in the world, and that is sin and folly. Since we are delivered, let us laugh and shout for joy, for we are saved, and all those who loved us in their lives rejoice in heaven !

We all bear within ourselves a principle of death and a principle of immortality. Death is the beast, and the beast produces always bestial stupidity. God does not love fools, for his divine spirit is called the spirit of intelligence. Stupidity expiates itself by suffering and slavery. The stick is made for beasts.

Suffering is always a warning. So much the worse for him who does not understand it ! When Nature tightens the rein, it is that we are swerving ; when she plies the whip, it is that danger is imminent. Woe, then, to him who does not reflect !

When we are ripe for death, we leave life without regret, and nothing would make us take it back ; but when death is premature, the soul regrets life, and a clever thaumaturgist would be able to recall it to the body. The sacred books indicate to us the proceeding which must be employed in such a case. The Prophet Elisha and the Apostle St. Paul employed it with success. The deceased must be magnetized

by placing the feet on his feet, the hands on his hands, the mouth on his mouth. Then concentrate the whole will for a long time, call to itself the escaped soul, using all the loving thoughts and mental caresses of which one is capable. If the operator inspires in that soul much affection or great respect, if in the thought which he communicates magnetically to it the thaumaturgist can persuade it that life is still necessary to it, and that happy days are still in store for it below, it will certainly return, and for the man of everyday science the apparent death will have been only a lethargy.

It was after a lethargy of this kind that William Postel, recalled to life by Mother Jeanne, reappeared with a new youth, and called himself no longer anything but Postel the Resurrected, *Postellus restitutus.*

In the year 1799, there was in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Paris, a blacksmith who gave himself out to be an adept of hermetic science. His name was Leriche, and he passed for having performed miraculous cures and even resurrections by the use of the universal medicine. A ballet girl of the Opéra, who believed in him, came one day to see him, and said to him, weeping, that her lover had just died. M. Leriche went out with her to the house of death. As he entered, a person who was going out, said to him : "It is useless for you to go upstairs, he died six hours ago." "Never mind," said the blacksmith, "since I am here I will see him." He went upstairs, and found a corpse frozen in every part except in the hollow of the stomach, where he thought that he still felt a little heat. He had a big fire made, massaged his whole body with hot napkins, rubbed him with the universal medicine dissolved in spirit of wine. [His pretended universal medicine

must have been a powder containing mercury analogous to the kermes[1] of the druggist.] Meanwhile the mistress of the dead man wept and called him back to life with the most tender words. After an hour and a half of these attentions, Leriche held a mirror before the patient's face, and found the glass slightly clouded. They redoubled their efforts, and soon obtained a still better marked sign of life. They then put him in a well warmed bed, and a few hours afterwards he was entirely restored to life. The name of this person was Candy. He lived from that time without ever being ill. In 1845 he was still alive, and was living at Place du Chevalier du Guet, 6. He would tell the story of his resurrection to any one who would listen to him, and gave much occasion for laughter to the doctors and wiseacres of his quarter. The good man consoled himself in the vein of Galileo, and answered them: "You may laugh as much as you like. All I know is, that the death certificate was signed and the burial licence made out; eighteen hours later they were going to bury me, and here I am."

CHAPTER III

THE GRAND ARCANUM OF DEATH

We often become sad in thinking that the most beautiful life must finish, and the approach of the terrible Unknown that one calls death disgusts us with all the joys of existence.

Why be born, if one must live so little? Why bring up

[1] Made by boiling black antimony sulphide with sodium carbonate solution. Used in gout and rheumatism and some skin diseases on the Continent, rarely in England.—TRANS.

with so much care children who must die? Such is the question of human ignorance in its most frequent and its saddest doubts.

This, too, is what the human embryo may vaguely ask itself at the approach of that birth which is about to throw it into an unknown world by stripping it of its protective envelope. Let us study the mystery of birth, and we shall have the key of the great arcanum of death!

Thrown by the laws of Nature into the womb of a woman, the incarnated spirit very slowly wakes, and creates for itself with effort organs which will later be indispensable, but which as they grow increase its discomfort in its present situation. The happiest period of the life of the embryo is that when, like a chrysalis, it spreads around it the membrane which serves it for refuge, and which swims with it in a nourishing and preserving fluid. At that time it is free, and does not suffer. It partakes of the universal life, and receives the imprint of the memories of Nature which will later determine the configuration of its body and the form of its features. That happy age may be called the childhood of the embryo.

Adolescence follows; the human form becomes distinct, and its sex is determined; a movement takes place in the maternal egg which resembles the vague reveries of that age which follows upon childhood. The placenta, which is the exterior and the real body of the fœtus, feels germinating in itself something unknown, which already tends to break it and escape. The child then enters more distinctly into the life of dreams. Its brain, acting as a mirror of that of its mother, reproduces with so much force her imaginations, that it communicates their form to its own limbs. Its mother is for it at

that time what God is for us, a Providence unknown and invisible, to which it aspires to the point of identifying itself with everything that she admires. It holds to her, it lives by her, although it does not see her, and would not even know how to understand her. If it was able to philosophize, it would perhaps deny the personal existence and intelligence of that mother which is for it as yet only a fatal prison and an apparatus of preservation. Little by little, however, this servitude annoys it; it twists itself, it suffers, it feels that its life is about to end. Then comes an hour of anguish and convulsion; its bonds break; it feels that it is about to fall into the gulf of the unknown. It is accomplished; it falls, it is crushed with pain, a strange cold seizes it, it breathes a last sigh which turns into a first cry; it is dead to embryonic life, it is born to human life!

During embryonic life it seemed to it that the placenta was its body, and it was in fact its special embryonic body, a body useless for another life, a body which had to be thrown off as an unclean thing at the moment of birth.

The body of our human life is like a second envelope, useless for the third life, and for that reason we throw it aside at the moment of our second birth.

Human life compared to heavenly life is veritably an embryo. When our evil passions kill us, Nature miscarries, and we are born before our time for eternity, which exposes us to that terrible dissolution which St. John calls the second death.

According to the constant tradition of ecstatics, the abortions of human life remain swimming in the terrestrial atmosphere which they are unable to surmount, and which

little by little absorbs them and drowns them. They have human form, but always lopped and imperfect; one lacks a hand, another an arm, this one is nothing but a torso, and that is a pale rolling head. They have been prevented from rising to heaven by a wound received during human life, a moral wound which has caused a physical deformity, and through this wound, little by little, all of their existence leaks away.

Soon their moral soul will be naked, and in order to hide its shame by making itself at all costs a new veil, it will be obliged to drag itself into the outer darkness, and pass slowly through the dead sea, the slumbering waters of ancient chaos. These wounded souls are the larvæ of the second formation of the embryo; they nourish their airy bodies with a vapour of shed blood, and they fear the point of the sword. Frequently they attach themselves to vicious men and live upon their lives, as the embryo lives in its mother's womb. In these circumstances, they are able to take the most horrible forms to represent the frenzied desires of those who nourish them, and it is these which appear under the figures of demons to the wretched operators of the nameless works of black magic.

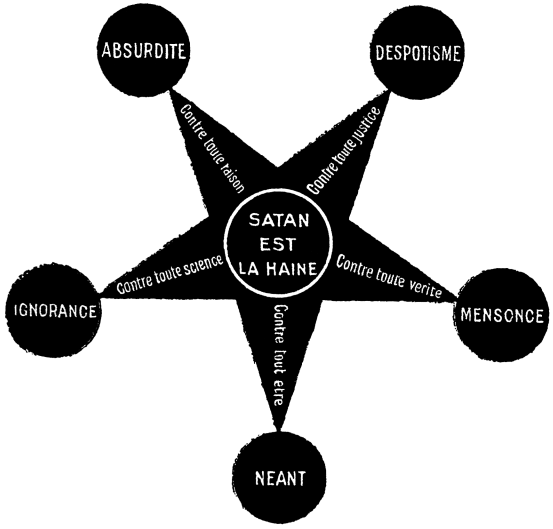
These larvæ fear the light, above all the light of the mind. A flash of intelligence is sufficient to destroy them as by a thunderbolt, and hurl them into that Dead Sea which one must not confuse with the sea in Palestine so-called. All that we reveal in this place belongs to the tradition of seers, and can only stand before science in the name of that exceptional philosophy, which Paracelsus called the philosophy of sagacity, *philosophia sagax*.

CHAPTER IV

ARCANUM ARCANORUM

THE great arcanum—that is to say, the unutterable and inexplicable secret—is the absolute knowledge of good and of evil.

"When you have eaten the fruit of this tree, you will be as the gods," said the Serpent.



"If you eat of it, you will die," replied Divine Wisdom.

Thus good and evil bear fruit on one same tree, and from one same root.

Good personified is God.

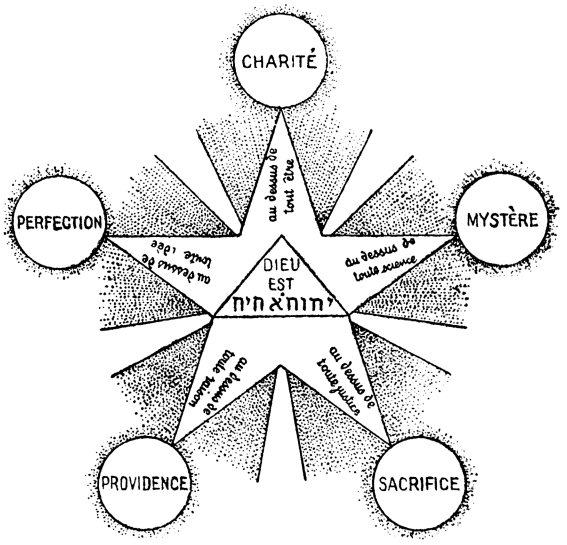
Evil personified is the Devil.

To know the secret or the formula of God is to be God.

To know the secret or the formula of the Devil is to be the Devil.

To wish to be at the same time God and Devil is to absorb in one's self the most absolute antinomy, the two most strained contrary forces; it is the wish to shut up in one's self an infinite antagonism.

It is to drink a poison which would extinguish the suns and consume the worlds.[1]



It is to put on the consuming robe of Deianira.

It is to devote one's self to the promptest and most terrible of all deaths.

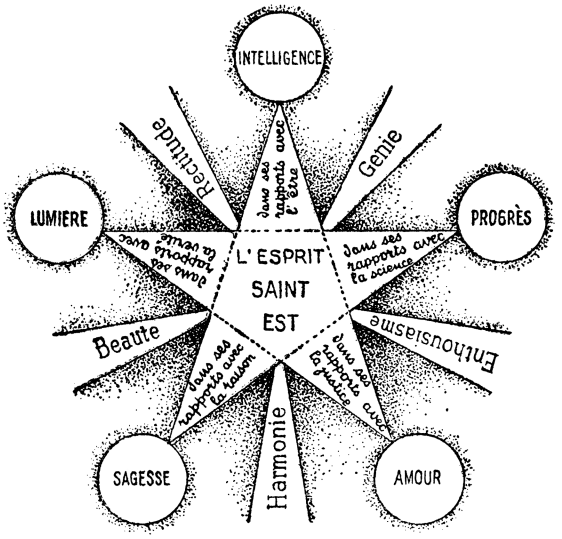
Woe to him who wishes to know too much! For if excessive and rash knowledge does not kill him it will make him mad.

[1] An allusion to Shiva, the patron of adepts, who drank the poison generated by the churning of the 'Milk Ocean.' (See Bhagavata Purana Skandha VIII, Chaps. 5–12.) Levi therefore means in this passage the exact contrary of what he pretends to mean. Otherwise this "Be good, and you will be happy" chapter would scarcely deserve the title "Arcanum Arcanorum."—O. M.

To eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, is to associate evil with good, and assimilate the one to the other.

It is to cover the radiant countenance of Osiris with the mask of Typhon.

It is to raise the sacred veil of Isis ; it is to profane the sanctuary.



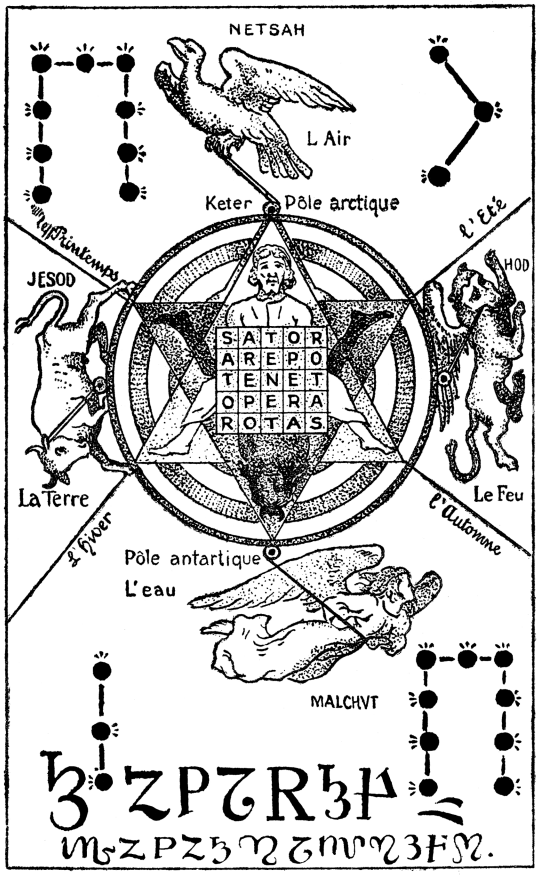
The rash man who dares to look at the sun without protection becomes blind, and from that moment for him the sun is black.

We are forbidden to say more on this subject ; we shall conclude our revelation by the figure of three pentacles.

These three stars will explain it sufficiently. They may be compared with that which we have caused to be drawn at the head of our " History of Magic." By reuniting the four, one may arrive at the understanding of the Great Arcanum of Arcana.

It now remains for us to complete our work by giving the great Key of William Postel.

This key is that of the Tarot. There are the four suits,



wands, caps, swords, coins or pentacles, corresponding to the four cardinal points of Heaven, and the four living creatures or symbolic signs and numbers and letters formed in a circle; then the seven planetary signs, with the indication of their repetition signified by the three colours, to symbolize the natural world, the human world and the divine world, whose

hieroglyphic emblems compose the twenty-one trumps of our Tarot.

In the centre of the ring may be perceived the double triangle forming the Star or Seal of Solomon. It is the religious and metaphysical triad analogous to the natural triad of universal generation in the equilibrated substance.

Around the triangle is the cross which divides the circle into four equal parts, and thus the symbols of religion are united to the signs of geometry ; faith completes science, and science acknowledges faith.

By the aid of this key one can understand the universal symbolism of the ancient world, and note its striking analogies with our dogmas. One will thus recognize that the divine revelation is permanent in nature and humanity. One will feel that Christianity only brought light and heat into the universal temple by causing to descend therein the spirit of charity, which is the Very Life of God Himself.

EPILOGUE

Thanks be unto thee, O my God, that thou hast called me to this admirable light ! Thou, the Supreme Intelligence and the Absolute Life of those numbers and those forces which obey thee in order to people the infinite with inexhaustible creation ! Mathematics proves thee, the harmonies of Nature proclaim thee, all forms as they pass by salute thee and adore thee !

Abraham knew thee, Hermes divined thee, Pythagoras calculated thee, Plato, in every dream of his genius, aspired to

thee; but only one initiate, only one sage has revealed thee to the children of earth, one alone could say of thee: "I and my Father are one." Glory then be his, since all his glory is thine!

Thou knowest, O my Father, that he who writes these lines has struggled much and suffered much; he has endured poverty, calumny, proscription, prison, the forsaking of those whom he loved:—and yet never did he find himself unhappy, since truth and justice remained to him for consolation!

Thou alone art holy, O God of true hearts and upright souls, and thou knowest if ever I thought myself pure in thy sight! Like all men I have been the plaything of human passions. At last I conquered them, or rather thou hast conquered them in me; and thou hast given me for a rest the deep peace of those who have no goal and no ambition but Thyself.

I love humanity, because men, as far as they are not insensate, are never wicked but through error or through weakness. Their natural disposition is to love good, and it is through that love that thou hast given them as a support in all their trials that they must sooner or later be led back to the worship of justice by the love of truth.

Now let my books go where thy Providence shall send them! If they contain the words of thy wisdom they will be stronger than oblivion. If, on the contrary, they contain only errors, I know at least that my love of justice and of truth will survive them, and that thus immortality cannot fail to treasure the aspirations and wishes of my soul that thou didst create immortal!

CONTENTS

PAGE

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE v

INTRODUCTION vii

PREFACE xi

PART I (RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES) 1

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS 1

FIRST ARTICLE 12

SKETCH OF THE PROPHETIC THEOLOGY OF NUMBERS . . . 14

ARTICLE II 72

ARTICLE III 77

ARTICLE IV 82

ARTICLE V 89

RÉSUMÉ OF PART I 91

PART II (PHILOSOPHICAL MYSTERIES) 98

PART III (MYSTERIES OF NATURE) 108

FIRST BOOK CHAPTER I 110

CHAPTER II 117

CHAPTER III 127

CHAPTER IV 226

BOOK II CHAPTER I 234

CHAPTER II 239

CHAPTER III 244

CHAPTER IV 256

PART IV (PRACTICAL SECRETS) INTRODUCTION . . . 267

CHAPTER I 270

CHAPTER II 274

CHAPTER III 281

CHAPTER IV 285

EPILOGUE 289

NOW READY

SIR PALAMEDE THE SARACEN

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX IV

PRICE 5/-

"Much vigorous imagination."—*Times.*

". . . his genius, be its origin celestial or internal, is considerably to our liking; he can write angelic poetry and devilish good prose, a cloud of exotic scholarship trailing over the whole, and suffused now and then by lightning-like gleams of mirth and snappiness."—*English Review.*

"The poet's impassioned imagination and fancy move untrammelled throughout this metrical romance."—*Publishers' Circular.*

LOOK OUT! FOR THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

AHA!

REPRINTED FROM EQUINOX III

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by ALEISTER CROWLEY

Price 5/-

WIELAND & CO. **Telephone: 2632 Kensington.**

PRICE
ONE
GUINEA
NET



To be had
of The Equinox,
33 Avenue Studios,
76 Fulham Road,
South Kensington,
S.W.
and through all
Booksellers

GOETIA vel Clavicula

SALOMONIS REGIS

(The Lesser Key of Solomon the King)

The best, simplest, most intelligible and most effective treatise extant on

CEREMONIAL MAGIC

Careful and complete instruction; ample illustration; beautiful production. This book is very much easier both to understand and to operate than the so-called "Greater" Key of Solomon

---

ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAIN FOR SALE

NOW READY ***PRICE ONE SHILLING***

HAIL MARY! BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

The "Daily Mail" says—"This is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns & Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging naïveté, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."

Father Kent writes in "The Tablet"—"Among the many books which benevolent publishers are preparing as appropriate Christmas presents we notice many new editions of favourite poetic classics. But few, we fancy, can be more appropriate for the purpose than a little volume of original verses, entitled 'Amphora,' which Messrs. Burns & Oates are on the point of publishing. The following stanzas from a poem on the Nativity will surely be a better recommendation of the book than any words of critical appreciation:

"The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The root of David shoots a stem.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)

"She lies alone amid the kine.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The straw is fragrant as with wine.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow her!)"

Lieut.-Col. Gormley writes—"The hymns ordinarily used in churches for devotional purposes are no doubt excellent in their way, but it can scarcely be said, in the case of many of them, that they are of much literary merit, and some of them indeed are little above the familiar nursery rhymes of our childhood; it is therefore somewhat of a relief and a pleasure to read the volume of hymns to the Virgin Mary which has just been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. These hymns to the Virgin Mary are in the best style, they are devotional in the highest degree, and to Roman Catholics, for whom devotion to the Virgin Mary forms so important a part of their religious belief, these poems should indeed be welcome; personally I have found them just what I desired, and I have no doubt other Catholics will be equally pleased with them."

"Vanity Fair" says—"To the ordinary mind passion has no relation to penitence, and carnal desire is the very antithesis of spiritual fervour. But close observers of human nature are accustomed to discover an intimate connection between the forces of the body and the soul; and the student of psychology is continually being reminded of the kinship between saint and sinner. Now and then we find the extremes of self and selflessness in the same soul. Dante tells us how the lover kissed the trembling mouth, and with the same thrill describes his own passionate abandonment before the mystic Rose. In our own day, the greatest of French lyric poets, Verlaine, has given us volumes of the most passionate love songs, and side by side with them a book of religious poetry more sublimely credulous and ecstatic than anything that has come down to us from the Ages of faith. We are all, as Sainte-Beuve said, 'children of a sensual literature,' and perhaps for that reason we should expect from our singers fervent religious hymns.

"There is one of London's favourites almost unrivalled to express by her art the delights of the body with a pagan simplicity and directness. Now she sends us a book, 'Amphora,' a volume of religious verse: it contains song after song in praise of Mary," etc. etc. etc.

The "Scotsman" says—"Outside the Latin Church conflicting views are held about the worship of the Virgin, but there can be no doubt that this motive of religion has given birth to many beautiful pieces of literature, and the poets have never tired of singing variations on the theme of 'Hail Mary.' This little book is best described here as a collection of such variations. They are written with an engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and with a graceful, refined literary art that cannot but interest and attract many readers beyond the circles of such as must feel it religiously impossible not to admire them."

The "Daily Telegraph" says—"In this slight volume we have the utterances of a devout anonymous Roman Catholic singer, in a number of songs or hymns addressed to the Virgin Mary. The author, who has evidently a decided gift for sacred verse and has mastered varied metres suitable to her high themes, divides her poems into four series of thirteen each—thus providing a song for each week of the year. The songs are all of praise or prayer addressed to the Virgin, and though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to the author's co-religionists."

The "Catholic Herald" says—"This anonymous volume of religious verse reaches a very high level of poetic imagery. It is a series of hymns in honour of Our Lady, invariably expressed in melodious verse. The pitfalls of religious verse are bathos and platitude, but these the sincerity of the writer and a certain mastery over poetic expression have enabled him—or her—to avoid. The writer of such verse as the following may be complimented on a very high standard of poetic expression:

"The shadows fall about the way;
Strange faces glimmer in the gloom;
The soul clings feebly to the clay,
For that, the void; for this, the tomb!

"But Mary sheds a blessèd light;
Her perfect face dispels the fears.
She charms Her melancholy knight
Up to the glad and gracious spheres.

"O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this failing breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illume
The darkling corridors of death!"

The "Catholic Times" says—"The 'Amphora' is a collection of poems in honour of our Blessed Lady. They are arranged in four books, each of which contains thirteen pieces. Thus with the prologue there are fifty-three poems in all. Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, which cannot but do good to the pious soul."

The "Staffordshire Chronicle" says—"Under this title there has appeared an anonymous volume of verses breathing the same exotic fragrance of Rossetti's poem on Our Lady that begins 'Mother of the fair delight.' There is the same intense pre-Raphaelite atmosphere, the same æsthetic revelling in Catholic mysticism, the same rich imagery and gorgeous word-colouring that pervade the poetic works of that nineteenth-century artist. A valuable addition to the poetic literature on the Mother of our Lord."

The "Guardian" says—"The devotional fervour of 'Amphora' will make them acceptable to those who address their worship to the Blessed Mother of the Christ. The meaning of the title of the book is not very obvious. It cannot surely have anything to do with the lines in Horace, 'Amphora coepit,'" etc.

The "Catholic Times" says—"As far as we can gather from his other works, the author is not a Catholic, perhaps not even, strictly speaking, a Christian; but here we have page after page of most exquisite praise of Her, whom Wordsworth greeted as 'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' until one marvels at the fecundity of concept, imagery, and fit expression."

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studies, South Kensington, London, S.W.

TELEPHONE: 2632 Kensington.

RIDERS' New and Forthcoming Publications

SCIENCE AND THE INFINITE, OR THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL. By SYDNEY T. KLEIN. Crown 8vo, 183 pp. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS IN EIGHT VIEWS.—Clearing the Approach. The Vision. Mysticism and Symbolism. Love in Action. The Physical Film. Space. Time. Creation.

"This book is of an importance which I think it would be hard to overrate. The two main religious tendencies of to-day are towards Science and Mysticism. Mr. Klein writes the two. . . . Mr. Klein undermines our naïve belief in Time and Space, and shows that to perfect knowledge there is only Here and Now. The Universe is a single instantaneous phenomenon. This conclusion is identical with that reached by the Mystic in the first of the really high trances, and with the doctrine taught in the more advanced schools of Shaivism. We cannot too highly praise the manner whereby the ordinary educated mind is led to a perception of the Truth through simple and incontrovertible intellectual methods."—A. E. CROWLEY, in the *English Review.*

(Now Ready.)

ANIMAL GHOSTS. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. Author of "Byways of Ghostland," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth. 3s. 6d. net.

The author brings forward many stories and instances in support of the contention that animals may reasonably be considered as participating in a future existence.

THE VAMPIRE. An Occult Romance. By REGINALD HODDER. Author of "The Daughter of the Dawn," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 6s.

CARD-READING. Practical Methods of Divination by Cards, clearly explained by MINETTA. Crown 8vo, cloth. 1s. net.

THE VITAL BALANCE. A Short Survey of some of the More Important Aspects of Health. By ALBERT GRESSWELL, M.A., M.D. (Oxon), M.R.C.V.S., and GEORGE GRESSWELL, M.A. (OXON), L.R.C.P., S.E. Author of "An Examination of the Theory of Evolution," and other works. 2s. net.

CONTENTS. I. Physical Health. II. Mental Health. III. Spiritual Health.

Every aspect of health is carefully surveyed and practically dealt with in the pages of this small volume in a manner that hould ensure wide popularity and utility.

THE GROWTH OF A SOUL. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by CLAUD FIELD. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d. net.

A sequel to this famous writer's autobiographical work, "The Son of a Servant."

THE KABALA OF NUMBERS. PART II. By SEPHARIAL. Crown 8vo, cloth. 2s. 6d. net.

Further considerations of the significance and predictive value of numbers, and methods of applying Kabalistic theories to numerical processes.

(Cheap Edition. Now Ready.)

DEATH: ITS CAUSES AND PHENOMENA. By HEREWARD CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. Ornamental black cloth gilt, 8⅜in. × 5½in., 552 pp. 5s. net.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

PREFACE. PART I. *Physiological.*—The Scientific Aspect of Life and Death. The Signs of Death. Trance, Catalepsy, Suspended Animation, etc. Premature Burial. Cremation, Mummification. The Causes of Death. Old Age: Its Scientific Study. Conclusions.

PART II. *Historical.*—I. Man's Theories of Immortality. II. The Philosophical Aspect of Death and Immortality. III. The Theological Aspect of Death and Immortality. IV. The Common Arguments for Immortality.

PART III. *Psychological.*—Introductory. The Moment of Death. Visions of the Dying. Death described from beyond the Veil. Experiments in Photographing and Weighing the Soul. The Testimony of Science—On the Intra-Cosmic Difficulties of Communication. Conclusions. Appendices. Bibliography. Index.

"An extraordinarily interesting book."—*Truth.*

"Proved evidence as to the persistence of individual consciousness and personal identity which merits consideration."—*Sunday Times.*

"Our authors have maintained an admirably detached attitude . . . Mr. Carrington's theory will stand many tests of application in the light of our present knowledge."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Riders' Complete Catalogue of Works in Mysticism, Occult Science and Psychology will be forwarded Post Free on application.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

RIDERS' AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Now Ready.)

THE OCCULT ARTS. An examination of the claims made for the existence and practice of supernormal powers, and an attempted justification of some of them by the conclusions of the researches of modern science. By J. W. FRINGS. Crown 8vo, 236 pp., cloth gilt. 2s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS.—Introductory. Alchemy. Astrology. Psychometry. Telepathy. Clairvoyance. Spiritism. Hypnotism. Geomancy. Palmistry. Omens and Oracles. Conclusion. Bibliography.

(Now Ready.)

REINCARNATION. A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. WALKER. Crown 8vo, 350 + xiv pp. Cloth gilt, gilt tops. 3s. 6d. net.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.—Introduction. What is Reincarnation? Evidences of Reincarnation. Reincarnation among the Ancients—in the Bible—in early Christendom—in the East to-day. Esoteric Oriental Reincarnation. Transmigration through Animals. Death. Heaven and Hell. Karma the Companion truth of Reincarnation. Conclusion. Bibliography. Index.

A careful and thorough examination of the evidence for and against the theory of Reincarnation, and an able study of the influence of the theory on the thought of yesterday and to-day.

(Cheap Edition. Now Ready.)

HYPNOTISM: Its History, Practice and Theory. By J. MILNE BRAMWELL, M.B., C.M. Author of "Hypnotism and Treatment by Suggestion." Demy 8vo. Cloth gilt. 12s. 6d. net.

This important book, unanimously regarded by students as the standard work on Hypnotism, is offered at a price which should command a larger public than it has hitherto reached.

WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 8-11 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

In preparation. Crown 8vo. Probable price 3s. 6d. net.

CAMBRIDGE POETS 1900-1913

AN ANTHOLOGY

Chosen by AELFRIDA TILLYARD

The Volume will contain selections from the works of—

ALEISTER CROWLEY

John Alford
E. N. da C. Andrade
Martin D. Armstrong
Rupert Brooke
"Richard Buxton" (E. Buxton Shanks)
Archibald Young Campbell
Amy K. Clarke
Frances Cornford (née Darwin)
Norman Davey
Dermot Freyer
J. Elroy Flecker
Arthur Grimble
H. L. Hubbard
G. Leathem
Marjorie Mines (née Rolfe)
Harold Monro
Hugh Owen Meredith
Constantine Michaelides (C. Graham)
Victor Neuburg
Gerald H. S. Pinsent
"John Presland" (Mrs. Skelton)
A. V. Ratcliffe
Eric M. Silvanus
Jean Isabel Smith
J. C. Squire
Frank W. Stokoe
Aelfrida Tillyard (Mrs. Constantine Graham)
Edmund Vale
Olwen Ward (Mrs. Archibald Campbell)
Iolo Aneurism Williams
Enid Welsford
Esmé C. Wingfield-Stratford

Cambridge: W. HEFFER & SONS, Ltd.

A. CROWLEY'S WORKS

The volumes here listed are all of definite occult and mystical interest and importance.

The Trade may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W. (Tel.: 2632 Kensington) and
Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Public may obtain them from

"The Equinox," 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, S.W.
Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W.
The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.
Mr. F. Hollings, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

And through all Booksellers.

ACELDAMA. Crown 8vo, 29 pp., £2 2*s.* net.
Of this rare pamphlet less than ten copies remain. It is Mr. Crowley's earliest and in some ways most striking mystical work.

JEPHTHAH AND OTHER MYSTERIES, LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC. Demy 8vo, boards, pp. xxii + 223, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

SONGS OF THE SPIRIT. Pp. x + 109. A new edition. 3*s.* 6*d.* net
These two volumes breathe the pure semi-conscious aspiration of the soul, and express the first glimmerings of the light.

THE SOUL OF OSIRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. ix + 129, 5*s.* net.
A collection of lyrics, illustrating the progress of the soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

TANNHAUSER. Demy 4to, pp. 142, 15*s.* net.
The progress of the soul in dramatic form.

BERASHITH. 4to, China paper, pp. 24, 5*s.* net.
Only a few copies remain. An illuminating essay on the Universe, reconciling the conflicting systems of religion.

THE GOD-EATER. Crown 4to, pp. 32, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
A striking dramatic study of the origins of religions.

THE SWORD OF SONG. Post 4to, pp. ix + 194, printed in red and black, decorative wrapper, 20*s.* net.
This is the author's first most brilliant attempt to base the truths of mysticism on the truths of scepticism. It contains also an enlarged amended edition of "Berashith," and an Essay showing the striking parallels and identities between the doctrines of Modern Science and those of Buddhism.

GARGOYLES. Pott 8vo, pp. vi + 113, 5*s.* net.

ORACLES. Demy 8vo, pp. viii + 176, 5*s.* net.
Some of Mr. Crowley's finest mystical lyrics are in these collections.

KONX OM PAX. See Advertisement.

Collected Works (Travellers' Edition). Extra crown 8vo, India paper, 3 vols. in one, pp. 808 + Appendices. Vellum, green ties, with portraits, £3 3*s.*; white buckram, without portraits, £2 2*s.*
This edition contains "Qabalistic Dogma," "Time," "The Excluded Middle," "Eleusis," and other matters of the highest occult importance which are not printed elsewhere.

AMBERGRIS. Medium 8vo, pp. 200, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. (Elkin Mathews.)
A selection of lyrics, containing some of great mystical beauty.

POETRY AND DRAMA

No. 1 **March 1913**

CONTENTS

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS ANNOUNCEMENTS

ARTICLES

Personal Explanation *Harold Monro*
The National Anthem *Algar Thorold*
The Greek Genius *A. Romney Green*
Shakespeare and Mr. Granville Barker *Leonard Inkster*
A Note on John Webster *Rupert Brooke*
Ella Wheeler Wilcox *Edward Thomas*
The Theatre in Whitechapel *J. Rodker*

CRITICISM

Georgian Poetry 1911–12 *Henry Newbolt*
Reviews
Anthologies: Good and Bad *Richard Buxton*
Dramatic Chronicle *Gilbert Cannan*
French Chronicle *F. S. Flint*

POETRY

Maurice Hewlett James Elroy Flecker Lascelles Abercrombie Michael Mecredy

CONTENTS

No. 2 **June 1913**

VARIA

Poetry and the Public—The Imagistes—A Censorship on Poetasters—A National Theatre—Molière as Antidote—Experiments with Puppets—Sumurûn—Mermaid Nights—Literary Dishonesty—A Futurist Number of POETRY AND DRAMA—The Death of the Poet Laureate—Particulars of POETRY AND DRAMA.

POETRY

Emile Verhaeren Rabindranath Tagore Harold Monro John Helston
Victor Plarr John Drinkwater Henry Simpson

STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS

Emile Verhaeren: an Appreciation *Michael T. H. Sadler*
Thomas Hardy of Dorchester *Edward Thomas*
John Donne *Rupert Brooke*
The Greek Genius (II) *A. Romney Green*
A Model Anthology *J. C. Squire*

CHRONICLES

Current English Poetry *The Editor*
Dramatic Chronicle *Gilbert Cannan*
French Chronicle *F. S. Flint*
Italian Chronicle *Arundel del Re*

REVIEWS

The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse—The Poetical Works of George Meredith—Poems New and Old: Henry Newbolt—Love-Poems and Others: D. H. Lawrence—The Venturers: Vivian Locke Ellis—Lyrics: Lady Margaret Sackville—A Boy's Will: Robert Frost—Death and the Princess: Frances Cornford—Songs of Alban: E. S. Lorimer—Narcissus: Edward Storer—The Book of Lies: Frater Perdurabo—The Agate Lamp: Eva Gore-Booth—Agnus Dei: Nancy Campbell.

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS [Annotated]

¶ ***Poetry and Drama is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.***

THE WHIRLPOOL

BY

ETHEL ARCHER

With a Cover specially designed by E. J. WIELAND; a Dedicatory Sonnet by VICTOR B. NEUBURG; and an Introduction by ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET

"This is a whirlpool, and no mistake; a witches' cauldron wherein suns and stars and souls, and Lilith and Sappho, and 'whispering hair,' and corpses and poppies, jostle one another in a heaving brew of iridescent, quasi-putrescent, ultra-modernity. Quite good reading all the same. Take p. 44:— . . . . And we must thank the mysterious V. B. N. for a really inspired line—

'Thou lyric laughter of the enfranchised male.'

. . . . The naughty new 'male,' smashing our windows with his inverted commas . . . . unless, indeed, as Mr. Aleister Crowley authoritatively hints in his sacerdotal preface, . . . But the time, we think, is hardly ripe for such disclosures, although the more intelligent among us may have seen a certain Writing upon the Wall, setting forth, in clearest language, that 1 + 1 = 3."—*The English Review.*

"Poems by a new writer who possesses imaginative gifts of unusual quality. Miss Archer's poems are both mystical and realistic, and they bear traces of having been to some extent influenced by the work of Mr. Aleister Crowley, but without losing an originality which is entirely their own."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

"This book has all the defects and none of the qualities of Mr. Crowley's work. . . . Miss Ethel Archer misses everything. There is no *élan* in the work. She has none of the happy fluency of her master, and it requires much to carry off the cumbrous apparatus of esoteric epithets with which she is burdened. Miss Archer's mechanical abnormalities are ridiculous; she has mistaken jingle for music and incomprehensibility for passion. . . . The world will not willingly let it die."—*Vanity Fair.*

"On the cover a naked woman is riding a bat over a whirlpool; craggy white mountains are behind her and a red sky behind all. There is a fine fierceness of movement in the design; it is certainly good. Mr. Aleister Crowley introduces Miss Archer briefly but splendidly, with phrases of this sort: 'We find such rime-webs as abaaab-babbba . . ., more exquisite than all the arabesques of the Alhambra.' . . . It is all very splendid. . . . We feel drearily sensible of our outer darkness. Coming to Miss Archer's poetry we are obliged to notice her debt to Swinburne, yet we find it, on the whole, good. . . . The colour is very strong; the shades of thought are clear, and often subtle. . . . The uninitated may certainly recognise great strength of conviction in Miss Archer, even if they cannot or do not wish to appreciate it."—*The Poetry Review.*

"Several of these unpleasant phantasies are reprinted from the *Equinox*, and there is an introduction by Aleister Crowley, in which he says this book is the hell of sterile passion glowing in the heart of the hell of desolation."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"There is a resemblance in much of Miss Archer's verse to the sensuous school of English poetry, and it has the same lyrical power. Love in its various forms is the theme of her songs, and she expresses her thoughts in vivid words. The portrayal of the intensity of personal feeling with an unguarded freedom, is that which a student of pre-Raphaelite poetry would naturally acquire. (Our reviewer's guarded remarks lead us to suppose he means that 'The Whirlpool' is rather 'hot water.'—ED.)"—*Publishers' Circular.*

"Moralists with no pretensions to severity will frown at the sentiments conveyed in the poem 'To Lilith. . . .' 'Reverie,' 'Midsummer Morn,' and 'Sleep,' are really beautiful poems. . . ."—*Westminster Review.*

"Full, at any rate, of high artistic endeavour is Miss Ethel Archer's 'The Whirlpool.' There is a strong sense of classical beauty and of form in these passionate and exotic verses. 'The Felon Flower' is an extraordinary rhapsody, and the 'Song to Leila' is delicate and highly wrought."—*The Commentator.*

"The verse is musical and the ideas profound. . . ."—*Light.*

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW VOLUME OF POEMS

Imperial 16mo, pp. 200

Now ready. Order through **The Equinox,** *or of any Bookseller*

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN

POEMS BY VICTOR B. NEUBURG

This volume, containing many poems—nearly all of them hitherto unpublished—besides THE TRIUMPH OF PAN, includes THE ROMANCE OF OLIVIA VANE.

The First Edition is limited to Two Hundred and Fifty copies; Two Hundred and Twenty on ordinary paper, whereof less than Two Hundred are for sale; and Thirty on Japanese vellum, of which Twenty-five are for sale. These latter copies are numbered, and signed by the Author. The binding is half-parchment with crimson sides; the ordinary copies are bound in crimson boards, half-holland.

The price of ordinary copies is Five Shillings net; of the special copies, One Guinea net.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES

"Not every one will care for Mr. Neuburg's tone in all the pieces, but he is undoubtedly a poet to be reckoned with, and a volume so original as this is should create no small stir. It is superbly produced by the publishers."—*Sussex Daily News.*

"When one comes to the poems . . . it is evident that they are written in English. . . . In a certain oblique and sub-sensible sense, eloquent and musical. . . . Distinctly Wagnerian in their effects. . . ."—*Scotsman.*

"It is full of 'the murmurous monotones of whispering lust,' 'the song of young desire,' and that kind of poppycock."—*London Opinion.*

"A competent master of words and rhythms. . . . His esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint."—*Morning Leader.*

"A charming volume of poems. . . . Pagan glamour . . . passion and vigour. . . . 'Sigurd's Songs' are commendable for dealing with the all too largely neglected Scandinavian theology. . . . A scholarly disciple. . . . The entire volume is eminently recommendable."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

"A gorgeous rhapsody. . . . Fortunately, there are the police. . . . On the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting."—*Light.*

"Sometimes of much beauty of rhythm and phrase. . . ."—*Times.*

"Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. . . . A Neo-mystic or semi-astrological pantheist. . . ."—*Liverpool Echo.*

"Love-making appears to have an added halo in his eyes if it is associated with delirium or bloodshed. . . . Mr. Neuburg has a 'careless rapture' all his own; the carelessness, indeed, is just the trouble. His versification is remarkable, and there is something impressive in its mere fluency. . . . So luxurious, so rampant, a decadence quickly palls. . . . On the whole, this book must be pronounced a quite grievous exhibition of recklessness and folly."—*Manchester Guardian.*

". . . We began to be suspicious of him. . . . Hardly the sort of person we should care to meet on a dark night with a knobby stick in his hand. . . . This clever book."—*Academy.*

"A vivid imagination fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and this allied to a command of richly adorned language . . . have already assured for the author a prominent place amongst present-day poets. . . . An enthusiastic devotion to classic song . . . sustained metrical charm. From first to last the poet's work is an important contribution to the century's literature."—*Publishers' Circular.*

"This [book] contains the answer to a very well-known riddle propounded by the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. You remember she asked in one of her poems, 'What was he doing to Great God Pan: Down in the reeds by the River?' Well, Mr. Victor Neuburg has discovered the answer, for he was obviously wandering near the river if he was not hidden in the reeds. . . ."—ROBERT ROSS in *The Bystander.*

"There is no question about the poetic quality of much of Mr. Neuburg's verse. . . . We are given visions of love which open new amorous possibilities."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Sheer ennui is apt to say 'morbid,' and have done with it. . . . But here is Mr. Neuburg, with real literary and temperamental gifts . . . but it is not honest to deny that he is actually straying here and there upon the borders of a definite region of consciousness; that the evil and power he acclaims and fears have a phantom existence. . . ."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"A volume of no ordinary ability . . . real beauty."—*Advocate of India.*

". . . His poems are a mystery beyond the comprehension of the uninitiate. But we can appreciate the beauty of their sound, and envy those lovers in distant countries who will apparently enjoy the meaning. . . ."—*English Review.*

"By a big Pot, no doubt."—*John Bull.*

"'The Triumph of Pan' contains poems alive with music and rich in thought. Mr. Neuburg writes with distinction, and the book, from first to last, is one which lovers of poetry will appreciate."—*Standard.*

". . . full of the throbbing fever of life which one cannot confine into measure on all occasions.

"'The Triumph of Pan' is full of sonorous lines, with wonderful word pictures and poetic imagery which has seldom been excelled. . . ."—*American Register.*

". . . Many beautiful passages in the volume . . . strange allusions to unpleasant gods, and the imagery is occasionally repellent.

"The tremendous conception of that 'world so wide' . . . at his best in some of the shorter poems . . . stirring rhythm.

". . . we linger with delight over the splendid line—

"'The murmurous song of the morning star, aflame o'er the birth of day.'

". . . Melodious and plaintive with a haunting rhythm . . . vivid and pictorial . . . a painter's vision as well as a poet's ear . . . a fine simile in 'Osiris' is all his own."—*Co-Mason.*

". . . a delirious music . . . the majority of them (the poems) trouble the reader by giving the impression that a deep meaning lies behind the embroidered veil of words to which he is unable to penetrate; others again seem to suggest events of too intimate and personal a nature to have a general application or interest . . . mixed metaphors—erratic visualisation. . . ."—*Theosophy in Scotland.*

"Passion and pain, 'red desire' and 'red roses' are frequent *motifs* in Mr. V. B. Neuburg's 'Triumph of Pan' ('The Equinox' Office), much of which merits the ambiguous distinction of being unusual. Though by no means deficient in originality, vigour or imaginative power, his verse is too often cumbered with the fantastic symbols of a species of erotic mysticism, into which we feel no desire to probe; while the lack of reticence consistently displayed constitutes an artistic blemish not lightly to be excused. The author's serene confidence in the immortality of his lays would be better justified were he to make some attempt to discriminate between the gold and the rubbish, and, incidentally, refraining from penning such grotesqueness as is contained, for example, in 'The Sunflower,' where we are informed how, among other portents—

"'a greater god arose,
And stole the earth by standing on his toes
And blowing through the air.'

"It is difficult to believe that the persons to whom certain poems are inscribed will experience any very lively gratification at the compliment."—*Athenæum.*

". . . really notable fluency and fecundity of expression. . . . He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually termed 'strong meat.' . . . his dedicatory poem is the one that fascinates me most. It is a tender little lyric, delicate, iridescent, fragrant as a summer dawn. I take the liberty of quoting it in full. . . ."—*New Age.*

"Fie, Mr. Neuburg! . . . a most regrettable collection of songs that deal with unrestrained affection. . . . There's no denying they are first-rate verse."—PERCY FLAGE in *The Equinox.*

". . . We are dizzied and dazzled by a foaming rainbow-hued torrent of impassioned words. We are struck by the wealth and boldness of the imagery, and the facility of mechanical execution. . . . It is brilliant work . . . one is bound to admire the cleverness of it all."—*Literary Guide.*

". . . In the author of the present collection of poems . . . we have a veritable twentieth-century mystic and apostle of ecstasy who, according to his dedication, gives his songs—

"'By the sign that is black and forbidden,
By the word that is uttered no more.'

"'The Triumph of Pan,' from which the book borrows its title, is a remarkable sequence of some forty 'philosophic and ecstatic' stanzas. . . . He would also seem to 'hold opinion with Pythagoras,' although we question if even Nietzsche himself could quite fathom the undercurrent of the lay. . . . Despite occasional extravagances in thought and in diction his work is that of a cultured scholar, his verbal artistry undeniably inspired with the true spirit of poetry. Whether he sings of 'Violet skies all rimmed in tune,' of red ravens, of purple kisses, of silver stars 'crested with amber melody,' or of the 'rhythmic sway of the idle moon,' he is always musical albeit, like Wagner, whose effects he now and then distinctly recalls, often utterly unintelligible. . . . In striking contrast to the chaste and serenely beautiful 'Diana Rides' . . . are no less than twenty-two audaciously passionate love-lyrics inscribed not only to one Olivia Vane, but also, curiously enough, to her 'other' lover."—*The Gambolier.*

"He has arrived. . . .

"Mr. Neuburg's work is partly mystical and partly of the flesh. . . . Quite frankly, some of his work we do not at all understand. This applies notably to his 'Music-Pictures,' which 'were obtained under the direct influence of music.' 'This,' the poet naïvely tells us, 'may explain their apparent inconsequence.' . . . he is much more than a minor poet. He can and will yet accomplish great work. . . . His ingenious rhyming capacity sometimes almost startles one. In the choice of some of his subjects he is daring—greatly daring. . . . His genius is undoubted; and the world has a lot yet to hear of and from this gifted singer."—*Greater London Illustrated.*

"If he rejects this mask, Mr. Neuburg may become a poet."—*Rhythm.*

The Star in the West

BY

CAPTAIN J. F. C. FULLER

FOURTH LARGE EDITION NOW READY

THROUGH THE EQUINOX AND ALL BOOKSELLERS

SIX SHILLINGS NET

A highly original study of morals and religion by a new writer, who is as entertaining as the average novelist is dull. Nowadays human thought has taken a brighter place in the creation: our emotions are weary of bad baronets and stolen wills; they are now only excited by spiritual crises, catastrophes of the reason, triumphs of the intelligence. In these fields Captain Fuller is a master dramatist.

KONX OM PAX

THE MOST REMARKABLE TREATISE ON THE MYSTIC PATH EVER WRITTEN

Contains an Introduction and Four Essays; the first an account or the progress of the soul to perfect illumination, under the guise of a charming fairy tale;

The second, an Essay on Truth, under the guise of a Christmas pantomime;

The third, an Essay on Magical Ethics, under the guise of the story of a Chinese philosopher;

The fourth, a Treatise on many Magical Subjects of the profoundest importance, under the guise of a symposium, interspersed with beautiful lyrics.

No serious student can afford to be without this delightful volume. The second edition is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in white buckram, with cover design in gold.

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS

WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO. Ltd., and through "The Equinox"

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

Dr. M. D. EDER in *The New Age*

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life, O laughing lion that is to be!

"Here you have distilled for our delight the inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. 'So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery.' Yes, but the phenomenon shall it not be as another sacred mystery; the force of attraction still to be interpreted in terms of God and the Psyche? We shall reward you by befoulment, by cant, by misunderstanding, and by understanding. This to you who wear the Phrygian cap, not as symbol of Liberty, O ribald ones, but of sacrifice and victory, of Inmost Enlightenment, of the soul's deliverance from the fetters of the very soul itself—fear not; you are not 'replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanical skill.'

"You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."

John Bull, in the course of a long review by Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humourist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse esoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast, and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion."

The Times

"The Light wherein he writes is the L.V.X. of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the LVX of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that LVX. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."

The Literary Guide

"He is a lofty idealist. He sings like a lark at the gates of heaven. *Konx Om Pax* is the apotheosis of extravagance, the last word in eccentricity. A prettily-told fairy-story 'for babes and sucklings' has 'explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the wise and prudent'—which notes, as far as we can see, explain nothing—together with a weird preface in scraps of twelve or fifteen languages. The best poetry in the book is contained in the last section—'The Stone of the Philosophers.' Here is some fine work."

Household Gods

A COMEDY

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

Privately Printed by the Chiswick Press and bound in White Buckram with Gold Lettering

---

PRICE HALF A GUINEA

Copies may be obtained on application to the Author at the offices of the "The Equinox"

Thirty copies of the Sketch of ALEISTER CROWLEY by AUGUSTUS JOHN have been pulled on Special Paper, and are for sale, framed, at the Price of One Guinea Net. Application should be made at once to the Offices of this Magazine

To be obtained of

THE EQUINOX,

33 Avenue Studios, 76 Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W.

TELEPHONE: 2632 KENSINGTON.

Crown 8vo, Scarlet Buckram, pp. 64

PRICE 10s. net

Less than 100 copies remain. The price will shortly be raised to one guinea net

A.·.A.·. PUBLICATION IN CLASS B

BOOK

777

THIS book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondence of the G.·.D.·. and R. R. et A. C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonised with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, etc. By a glance at the Tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

The *Occult Review* says:

"Despite its cumbrous sub-title and high price per page, this work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise alike the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a Table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. The denominator chosen is necessarily a large one, as the author's object is to reconcile systems which divide all things into 3, 7, 10, 12, as the case may be. Since our expression 'common denominator' is used in a figurative and not in a strictly mathematical sense, the task is less complex than appears at first sight, and the 32 Paths of the Sepher Yetzirah, or Book of Formation of the Qabalah, provide a convenient scale. These 32 Paths are attributed by the Qabalists to the 10 Sephiroth, or Emanations of Deity, and to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, which are again subdivided into 3 mother letters, 7 double letters, and 12 simple letters. On this basis, that of the Qabalistic 'Tree of Life,' as a certain arrangement of the Sephiroth and 22 remaining Paths connecting them is termed, the author has constructed no less than 183 tables.

"The Qabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and to his printer. Among several hundred words, mostly proper names, we found and marked a few misprints, but subsequently discovered each one of them in a printed table of errata, which we had overlooked. When one remembers the misprints in 'Agrippa' and the fact that the ordinary Hebrew compositor and reader is no more fitted for this task than a boy cognisant of no more than the shapes of the Hebrew letters, one wonders how many proofs there were and what the printer's bill was. A knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet and of the Qabalistic Tree of Life is all that is needed to lay open to the reader the enormous mass of information contained in this book. The 'Alphabet of Mysticism,' as the author says—several alphabets we should prefer to say—is here. Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here, but though our author has secured for his work the *imprimatur* of some body with the mysterious title of the A.·.A.·., and though he remains himself anonymous, he appears to be no mystery-monger. Obviously he is widely read, but he makes no pretence that he has secrets to reveal. On the contrary, he says, 'an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed.' The writer of that sentence has learned at least one fact not to be learned from books.

"G. C. J."

WILLIAM NORTHAM

Robemaker

9 Henrietta Street, Southampton Street, Strand

TELEPHONE—5400 Central

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.·. A.·. and its adepts and aspirants.

No. 0.	PROBATIONER'S ROBE			£5	0 0
1.	„ „ superior quality			7	0 0
2.	NEOPHYTE'S			6	0 0
3.	ZELATOR	Symbol added to No. 2	. . .	1	0 0
4.	PRACTICUS	„ „ 3	. .	1	0 0
5.	PHILOSOPHUS	„ „ 4	. . .	1	0 0
6.	DOMINUS LIMINIS	„ „ 5	. . .	1	0 0
7.	ADEPTUS (without)	„ „ 0 or 1	. . .	3	0 0
8.	„ (within) . . .	. . . .	. . .	10	0 0
9.	ADEPTUS MAJOR			10	0 0
10.	ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS			10	0 0
11.	MAGISTER TEMPLI			50	0 0

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general Invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe is fitted for all elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving I O, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uraeus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes, should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving I I, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case an Uraeus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemyss of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uraeus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cap embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for hose rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: "Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.

A GREEN GARLAND

BY

V. B. NEUBURG

Green Paper Cover . . 2s. 6d. net.

"As far as the verse is concerned there is in this volume something more than mere promise; the performance is at times remarkable; there is beauty not only of thought and invention—and the invention is of a positive kind—but also of expression and rhythm. There is a lilt in Mr. Neuburg's poems; he has the impulse to sing, and makes his readers feel that impulse."—*The Morning Post.*

"There is a certain grim power in some of the imaginings concerning death, as 'The Dream' and 'The Recall,' and any reader with a liking for verse of an unconventional character will find several pieces after his taste."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Here is a poet of promise."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

"It is not often that energy and poetic feeling are united so happily as in this little book."—*The Morning Leader.*

"There is promise and some fine lines in these verses."—*The Times.*

TO BE OBTAINED OF

PROBSTHAIN & CO.

41 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And all Booksellers

WIELAND & CO.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN

BY

ALBERT CHURCHWARD

"The book is in every sense a great book."—*Equinox.*

PRICE 13/6 NET

A. COLIN LUNN

Cigar Importer and Cigarette Merchant

3 Bridge Street; 19 King's Parade
and 31 Trinity St., Cambridge

Sole Agent for Loewe & Co.'s Celebrated Straight Grain Briar Pipes

YENIDYEH CIGARETTES, No. 1A.—*"A Connoisseur's Cigarette."* These are manufactured from the finest selected growths of 1908 crop, and are of exceptional quality. They can be inhaled without causing any irritation of the throat.

Sole Manufacturer: A. COLIN LUNN, Cambridge

WIELAND & CO.

Beg to announce that they can now supply the various OILS, PERFUMES, UNGUENTS, ESSENCES, INCENSES, etc., and other products useful to members of the lower grades of the A.·. A.·.

ALEISTER CROWLEY'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS

OIL OF ABRAMELIN	2/6 per oz.
ABRAMELIN INCENSE	10/- per lb.
SALEM INCENSE	8/- ,,
VENUS INCENSE	18/- ,,
DITTANY INCENSE	7/- ,,
OPOPONAX INCENSE	16/- ,,
UNGUENTVM SABBATI	17/6 per oz.

RUTHAH, the Perfume of Immortality, 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle

The special Incense always used by H. P. Blavatsky. Prepared from the receipt given by an intimate friend and colleague. 11/- per lb.

Cash in all Cases must accompany Order

ALL GOODS POST FREE

MR. NEUBURG'S NEW WORKS

IN PREPARATION

SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH

A Contribution to the Personal Note in Literature

THE NEW DIANA

A History. With other Poems, and some Translations

THE CHANGELING

A Fairy Play

ROSA IGNOTA

An Essay in Mysticism

HEINE'S LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO

A Complete Translation, with a Prose Preface

SONGS OF THE DECADENCE

New Lyrics

LIBER CCCXXXIII **NOW READY**

THE BOOK OF LIES

WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED

BREAKS

THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS OF THE ONE THOUGHT OF

FRATER PERDURABO

WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF UNTRUE

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy stones, O Sea!
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

CONTENTS

0
1. The Sabbath of the Goat
2. The Cry of the Hawk
3. The Oyster
4. Peaches
5. The Battle of the Ants
6. Caviar
7. The Dinosaurs
8. Steeped Horsehair
9. The Branks
10. Windlestraws
11. The Glow-Worm
12. The Dragon-Flies
13. Pilgrim-Talk
14. Onion-Peelings
15. The Gun-Barrel
16. The Stag-Beetle
17. The Swan
18. Dewdrops
19. The Leopard and the Deer
20. Samson
21. The Blind Webster
22. The Despot
23 Skidoo!
24. The Hawk and the Blindworm
25. THE STAR RUBY
26. The Elephant and the Tortoise
27. The Sorcerer
28. The Pole-Star
29. The Southern Cross
30. John-a-Dreams
31. The Garotte
32. The Mountaineer
33. BAPHOMET
34. The Smoking Dog
35. Venus of Milo
36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE
37. Dragons
38. Lambskin
39. The Looby
40. The HIMOG
41. Corn Beef Hash
42. Dust-Devils
43. Mulberry Tops
44. THE MASS OF THE PHŒNIX
45. Chinese Music
46. Buttons and Rosettes
47. Windmill-Words
48. Môme Raths
49. WARATAH-BLOSSOMS
50. The Vigil of St. Hubert
51. Terrier Work
52. The Bull-Baiting
53. The Dowser
54. Eaves-Droppings
55. The Drooping Sunflower
56. Trouble with Twins
57. The Duck-Billed Platypus
58. Haggai-Howlings
59. The Tailless Monkey
60. The Wound of Amfortas
61. The Fool's Knot
62. Twig?
63. Margery Daw
64. Constancy
65. Sic Transeat——
66. The Praying Mantis
67. Sodom-Apples
68. Manna
69. The Way to Succeed—and the Way to Suck Eggs!
70. Broomstick-Babblings
71. King's College Chapel
72. Hashed Pheasant
73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the Orphan Child
74. Carey Street
75. Plovers' Eggs
76. Phaeton
77. THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEPTENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-GOAT ALSO
78. Wheel and—Woa!
79. The Bal Bullier
80. Blackthorn
81. Louis Lingg
82. Bortsch: also Imperial Purple (and A PUNIC WAR)
83. The Blind Pig
84. The Avalanche
85. Borborygmi
86. TAT
87. Mandarin Meals
88. Gold Bricks
89. Unprofessional Conduct
90. Starlight
91. The Heikle

PRICE ONE GUINEA

WIELAND & CO., 33 Avenue Studios, South Kensington, London, S.W.

THE BOOK OF LIES. WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED BREAKS

By Frater Perdurabo. (Wieland & Co., 21s.)

Poetry and Drama says: Creation and destruction of Gods has been for centuries mankind's favourite religious mania and philosophical exercise. "The Book of Lies" is a witty, instructive, and wholly admirable collection of paradoxes, in themselves contradictory, summing up and illustrating various experiments in God-making. Frater Perdurabo, however, has not written a philosophical or mystical treatise; on the contrary, his book leaves one with a feeling of intense exhilaration and clearheadedness. The book cannot be judged by the mere reading of excerpts; nor can it be read straight through. Indeed, if one is really desirous to appreciate its subtleties, this should not be attempted before 12 p.m. To be carried about and discussed at leisure, to annoy, repel, stimulate, puzzle and interest, are evidently some few of its functions. Stupendously idiotic and amazingly clever, it is at the same time the quintessence of paradox and simplicity itself; yet when all this is said one is still far from the core, for just when one thinks to have discovered it, one finds that many obvious beauties of thought and expression have been overlooked, others misinterpreted. Sometimes one is even doubtful if the author himself could translate into definite terms the exact meaning of his aphorisms and paradoxes without detracting from the value of the book as artistic expression of his personality. This is, however, an individual appreciation. "The Book of Lies" will be interpreted differently by each reader and judged accordingly.—A. d. R.

The New Witness says: I have read with great care two very extraordinary books for which one Frater Perdurabo is partly or wholly responsible, "The Book of Lies," and "Book Four," both published by Messrs. Wieland & Co., Avenue Studios, South Kensington. "Book Four" is sold for a shilling, but "The Book of Lies" is evidently far more precious, for though its wisdom fills only 116 small black-edged pages, it is not obtainable for less than a guinea. Allow me to reproduce its name and description in full (*done*).

Now that, I thought, was rather pleasant, but looking on I perceived that these breaks could not be profitable to me without a severe intellectual preparation. I turned to "Book Four," and there I read: "This book is intentionally *not* the work of Frater Perdurabo. Experience shows that his writing is too concentrated, too abstruse, too occult for ordinary minds to apprehend." "Book Four" seems intended as a kind of introduction to the "Book of Lies." It has also other objects. It tells one, for example, how to procure certain of the very interesting works of Mr. Aleister Crowley for the insignificant sum of 6 guineas, 31 dollars, or 156 francs. It tells one, also, how to approach the throne of the Brother, how to gain a spiritual power not unlike his, although he is anxious, being "the most honest of all the great religious teachers," that nobody shall believe him. Hoping some day to be able to write little books that should sell for a guinea apiece, and also to understand "The Book of Lies," I set myself vehemently to the study of "Book Four." I experimented with "the seven keys to the great gate," though I admit my ambition led me to concentrate my energies chiefly on "Meditation," as Soror Virakam says that this, as described in "Book Four," is "The Way of Attainment of Genius or Godhead considered as a development of the Human Brain." Genius or Godhead; either would suit me well. I will not describe my experiments in detail but rather their results, which were a very bad cold in the head, and a few words of poetry which I am informed are worthy of Shakespeare and were indeed used by him in his noblest tragedy.

Facing page 25 of "Book Four" is a photograph of a man naked sitting on the floor hugging his shins and hiding his face in his knees. I observed it with reverence, for it might perhaps represent Frater Perdurabo himself, whom I have not the honour of knowing by sight. Opposite the picture I read: "The Student must now set his teeth and go through with it."

I set my teeth. I went through with it, and, perhaps because February is a rather wintry month, there resulted first the Shakespearean words and secondly a very bad catarrh. The words were these:—

"Poor Tom. . . . Tom's a-cold."

If any should doubt the Shakespearean nature of this inspiration, my informant, who knows the works of that great master, refers to the Tragedy of Lear, Act iii. Scene 4.

Frater Perdurabo has not been so fortunate. Indeed, I fear that though his method lifted me to Shakespeare's level in "Genius or Godhead" it played its inventor false. Perhaps two or three or even more "ways of attainment" clashed with each other. Or—and with reverence must we contemplate this possibility—Frater Perdurabo attained too much. He put himself so vigorously in motion towards his goal that he overshot it and was carried past the common godhead or genius and hurled into something far beyond it, a region of super-divinity or super-genius so far above us that language will not bridge the gap—the gulf that divides its perfect wisdom from our feeble groping expression. Let me give an example of the poetry of Frater Perdurabo. A few of the names of his poems will no doubt sharpen our appetite, so I copy them out from the list which Frater Perdurabo calls "Pro and Con Tents": "The Sabbath of the Goat," "The HIMOG" (a note explains that this means "Holy Illuminated Man of God"), "Corn Beef Hash," "Trouble with Twins," "Skidoo," "Haggai-Howlings," "The "Blind Pig" (a note explains that $\pi\gamma$ = PG = Pig without an I=Blind Pig). Many of the other titles are no less promising. Here, however, is the chapter called "Skidoo."

"SKIDOO."

"What man is at ease in his Inn?"—"Get out."—"Wide is the world and cold."—"Get out."—"Thou hast become an in-itiate."—"Get out."—"But thou canst not get out by the way thou camest in. The way out is THE WAY."—"Get out."—"For OUT is Love and Wisdom and Power."—"Get out."—"If thou hast T already, first get UT."—"Then get O."—"And so at last get out."

There are two notes to this chapter which do not, to my mind, much elucidate it. "O," we are told, "= VS, The Devil of the Sabbath; U = 8, the Hierophant or Redeemer; T = Strength, the Lion." "T," on the other hand, is "manhood, the sign of the cross or phallus; UT, the Holy Guardian Angel; UT, the first syllable of Udgita, see the Upanishads; O, Nothing, or Nuit."

Here is something far beyond Shakespearean simplicity. Perhaps I should have attained to it if I had persisted in my naked meditation on the floor, beyond the very bad cold that brought it to an end.

Let me take another example:—

"PHAETON."

"No."—"Yes."—"Perhaps."—"O!"—"Eye."—"Hi!"—"Y?"—"No."—"Hail! all ye spavined, gelded, hamstrung horses!"—"Ye shall surpass the planets in their courses."—"How? Not by speed, nor strength, nor power to stay, but by the Silence that succeeds the Neigh!"

There are no notes to this chapter.

"This book," another chapter tells us, "would translate Beyond-Reason into the words of Reason." The difficulty the author encountered was like that of explaining snow to the inhabitants of the Tropics. The result is quite unintelligible to a simple brother like myself, whose only effort so far has been to keep on the hither side of reason, who is also hampered by the cold in the head given him by the position pictured in "Book Four." Yet through these Haggai-Howlings, I admit, there does appear a personality, perhaps a philosophy, a doubt of a doubt of a doubt (I offer this phrase to Frater Perdurabo for his next book), a certain vehemence of passion, a sense of humour rare in philosophers, and a determination not to be too easily understood. "Adepts," we learn, "have praised silence; at least it does not mislead as speech does." Frater Perdurabo howls aloud. That, I suggest, is a mistake. Page 5 of his book is occupied only by a mark of interrogation: a mark of exclamation is alone in the middle of page 6. Perhaps we may take these pages as promises of an improved method. A more silent and so, in the view of "adepts," a less misleading guinea's worth might well be made by a development of the hitherto neglected occult meanings of spaces of blank paper, and the wonderful signs constrained usually by "the slaves of reason" to the servile punctuation of the common speech.—FRATER PERDITUS.

MORTADELLO

OR

THE ANGEL OF VENICE

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRICE TEN SHILLINGS NET

"A little masterpiece."—*The Times.*

WIELAND & CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON,
LONDON, S.W.

TELEPHONE: 2632 KENSINGTON

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR STUDY

All Visitors to London, interested in Occult Books, should call and inspect the large stock kept by

FRANK HOLLINGS, No. 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.

CLOSE TO THE INNS OF COURT AND FIRST AVENUE HOTELS.

Catalogues post free on application. Send me your list of "wants," I have special facilities for acquiring rare and uncommon Books. New Publications supplied to order. Carriage paid within United Kingdom.

THE HISTORY OF MAGIC. Including a clear and precise Exposition of its Processes, Rites and Mysteries. By ELIPHAS LÉVI. Translated, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. With Twenty Plates. Large Demy 8vo, 9 in. × 6 in., 572 pp. *Handsomely bound, Cloth Gilt extra, Gilt Tops.* 15*s.* net. EDITION DE LUXE. Printed on fine quality Rag Paper. *Bound in White Vellum, Gilt Tops.* 21*s.* net.

An English translation of this celebrated work of the well-known French Occultist is now for the first time offered to the British Public.

THE BOOK OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC. Including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy. By A. E. WAITE. Crown 4to, gilt tops, 376 pp., illustrated with about 180 engravings, beautifully bound in art canvas, with design in gold, price 15*s.* net.

In Two Parts. I. Analytical and Critical Account of the Chief Magical Rituals extant. II. A Complete Grimoire of Black Magic. The two chief sections are subdivided as follows:—(*a*) Studies on the Antiquity of Magical Rituals; (*b*) The Rituals of Transcendental Magic, so-called; (*c*) Composite Rituals; (*d*) The Rituals of Black Magic; (*e*) The Descending Hierarchy of Saints; (*f*) The Lesser Key of Solomon the King; (*g*) The Mystery of the *Sanctum Regnum*; (*h*) The Rite of *Lucifuge*; (*i*) The Method of Honorius; etc., etc.

TRANSCENDENTAL MAGIC. By ELIPHAS LÉVI. Translated by A. E. WAITE, *with the original engravings.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Postage 5*d.*; abroad 10*d.*

Contents:—Doctrine of Transcendental Magic: The Candidate, The Pillars of the Temple, The Triangle of Solomon, The Tetragram, The Pentagram, Magical Equilibrium, The Fiery Sword, Realization, Initiation, The Kabbalah, The Magic Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, Black Magic, Bewitchments, Astrology, Charms and Philtres, The Universal Medicine, Divination, Summary and General Key of the Four Secret Sciences, Ritual of Transcendental Magic. Preparations, Magical Equilibrium, The Triangle of Pentacles, The Conjuration of the Four, The Blazing Pentagram, The Medium and the Mediator, The Septenary of Talismans, A Warning to the Imprudent, the Ceremonial of Initiates, The Key of Occultism, The Triple Chain, The Great Work, Necromancy, Transmutations, The Sabbath of the Sorcerers, Witchcraft and Spells, The Writing of the Stars, Philtres and Magnetism, The Mastery of the Sun, The Thaumaturge, The Science of the Prophets, The Book of Hermes.

WAITE (A. E.). The Mysteries of Magic, a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Lévi, with Biographical and Critical Essay. Second edition, revised and enlarged, cr. 8vo, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1897. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Constitutes a valuable introductory work for those desirous of studying the writings of the great French Magus.

BIBLIA CABALISTICA, or the Cabalistic Bible, showing how the various Numerical Cabalas have been curiously applied to the Holy Scriptures, with numerous Textual Examples, collected from Books of the Greatest Rarity, with Introduction, Appendix of Curios, and Bibliography. By the Rev. WALTER BEGLEY. 4to, *cloth extra, uncut*, 1903. 7*s.* 6*d.*

BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGIC (The) of Abra-Melin the Mage, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his Son Lamech, A.D. 1458. Translated from the Original Hebrew into French, and now rendered into English from a unique and valuable MS. in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris; with copious Notes and Magical Squares of Letters. By S. L. MACGREGOR-MATHERS. 4to, *black cloth, Magical Square on side in gold*, 1900. 10*s.* 6*d.*

SPECIAL OFFER OF THE KEY OF SOLOMON

S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR-MATHERS, Author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled," "The Tarot," etc.

THE KEY OF SOLOMON THE KING (Clavicula Salomonis), the true fountain-head and storehouse of Cabbalistical Magic and the origin of much of the Ceremonial Magic of mediæval times; hitherto a closed book to all but the most learned Hebrew scholars, now made accessible to all in this *the first translation.* Carefully edited and collated from various ancient MSS. in the British Museum. Illustrated by 15 full-page plates containing *the Mystical Alphabets, the Knife, Sword, and Other Instruments, and the Holy Pentacles or Medals.* Quarto, buckram back, cloth sides, pp. + 126 (pub. £1 1*s.* *net*). London, 1909, 10*s.* Inland postage, 6*d.*; Abroad, 1*s.*

An important feature of this work is that the Editor, who is well known as a skilled Kabbalist, has corrected as far as possible the many errors in the Hebrew names, etc., which have crept into the various MS. recensions, due to careless copyists. This renders the work of the greatest value to Students of Ceremonial and Talismanic Magic, as the use of correct formulæ in magical operations is an absolute necessity.

MAGICAL MANUSCRIPT.—THE CLAVIS OR KEY TO UNLOCK THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC OF RABBI SOLOMON; THE BOOK OF MAGIC SCIENCE, and several other Magical Treatises, clearly and neatly written on more than 200 leaves, thick 4to, *very many cleverly executed drawings (several in colours) of pentacles, sigils, talismans, etc., old hf. calf, gilt*, N.D. (*circa* 1830). 3 guineas.

The "Clavis" is of exceptional interest. It has apparently been transcribed from an UNPUBLISHED ENGLISH VERSION, translated from the French by EBENEZER SIBLEY, M.D., the famous astrologer, as it bears his name on the Title-page, and at the end of a long preface. The first edition of the Key of Solomon *published* in English, is that edited by Mr. S. L. M. Mathers.

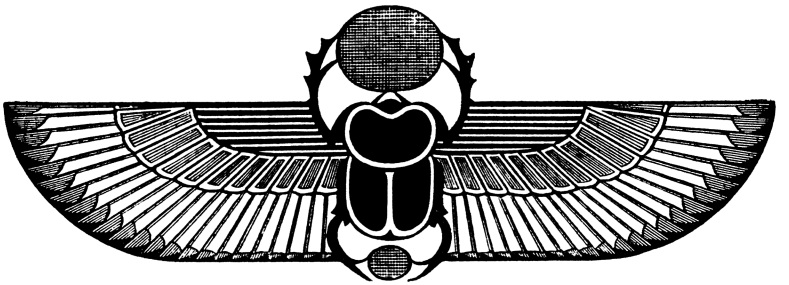
SENT POST FREE TO THE READERS OF "THE EQUINOX"

THE LITERATURE OF OCCULTISM

Being a catalogue of books ON SALE relating to Ancient Worships, Astrology, Alchemy, Animal Magnetism, Antiquities, Behmen and the Mystics, Buddhism, Clairvoyance, Dreams, Demonology, Freemasonry, Folk-lore, Gnostics, Gems, Ghosts, Hermetic, Indra and the Hindus, Kabbala, Koran, Miracles, Magic, Mithraic Worship, Mesmerism, Mythology, Mysticism Phallic Worship, Phrenology, Psychometry, Rosicrucians, Spiritualism, Symbolism, Serpent Worship, Secret Societies, Theosophical, Witchcraft. In all, close upon 1000 volumes. The largest collection for sale in Europe and now offered at reasonable prices at

FRANK HOLLINGS' BOOK SHOP,

7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to Chancery Lane and High Holborn, London.



THE WINGED BEETLE

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

PRIVATELY PRINTED: TO BE HAD THROUGH "THE EQUINOX"

300 copies, 10s. net
50 copies on handmade paper, specially bound, £1 1s. net

CONTENTS

Rosa Coeli—Abjad-i-al'ain—The Hermit—The Wizard Way—The Wings—The Garden of Janus—The Two Secrets—The Priestess of Panormita—The Hawk and the Babe—The Duellists—Athor and Asar—After Judgment—The Five Adorations—Telepathy—The Swimmer—The Muse—The God and the Girl—Rosemary—Au Bal—Disappointment—The Octopus—The Eyes of Dorothy—Bathyllus—The Mantra-Yogi—The Poet and his Muse—Lilith—Sport and Marriage—The Twins—The Convert—The Sorceress—The Child—Clytie—A Slim Gilt Soul—The Silence of Columbine—The Archæologist—The Ladder—Belladonna—The Poet at Bay—Ut—Rosa Decidua—The Circle and the Point—In Memoriam—Ad Fidelem Infidelem—The Sphinx—The Jew of Fez—The Pentagram—Song—An Hymn—Prologue to Rodin in Rime—The Camp Fire—Ave Adonai—The Wild Ass—The Opium-Smoker—In Manu Dominæ.

Mr. Todd: a Morality.

Translations: L'Amour et le Crâne—L'Alchimie de Douleur—Le Vampire—Le Balcon—Le Goût de L'Infini—L'Héautontimoroumenos—Le vin de L'Assassin—Woman—Tout Entière—Le vin des Amants—Le Revenant—Lola de Valence—Le Beau Navire—L'Invitation au Voyage—Epilogue to "Petits Poêmes en Prose"—Colloque Sentimental—En Sourdine—The Magician.

BOOK 4

Part I—MYSTICISM
ONE SHILLING

Part II—MAGICK
(Theory) TWO SHILLINGS

Part III—MAGICK
(Practice) THREE SHILLINGS

Part IV—ΘΕΛΗΜΑ
(The Law) FOUR AND [illegible]

ΤΔΜ 444

BY: FRATER: PERDURABO:
AND: SORORES: A: AND: V

AB
A

PARTS III & IV READY SHORTLY

WIELAND & CO.
[illegible] AVENUE STUDIOS,
[illegible] FULHAM ROAD,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

Telephone: 2032 Kensington.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S

THE EQUINOX

More at https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox

This work made possible by donations from:

Ordo Templi Orientis

AMeTh Lodge
London UK

Horizon Lodge
Seattle WA

Nicholaus Gentry

Michael Effertz

Stewart Lundy

סְתָוִר

IAO131

Connor Smith

Scott Kenney

John MacDonald

Lutz Lemke

Fr. I.V.I.V.I.

Mark Dalton

Dean Ellis

Kjetil Fjell

William S. Habdas

Abigail I. Habdas

Tony Iannotti

Jay Lee

Robin Bohumil

Enatheleme & Egeira

Giovanni Iannotti, Ph.D.

Collegium ad Lux et Nox

Arcanum Coronam

Igor Bagmanov

If you would like to contribute please visit:
https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox/donate.html